THE STORY OF CANADA

GOLD RUSH
TO YUKON
1898
WESTERN
CANADA
ESTATE
OF
FRANKLIN
GAUMICHAUL
Mackenzie to Arct
PEACE
Ch
Indians
to Pacific 1793
Mackenzie
Coast
Journey 1808
GOLD IN
CARIBOO
1861
ATHAB
Thompson
in Athabasca
Pass 1810
NORTH SA
VANCOUVER ISLAND
Captain
Cook
at Nootka
1778
Captain
Vancouver
1792-94
Fraser's
GOLD ON
FRASER
RIVER
1858
Columbia 1811
Thompson on
Blackfoot
Boundary of UNIT

5-9
67.
Hearne to Coppermine River 1771-2
HUDSON BAY
La Perouse 1782
LAKE ATHABASCA
FORT PRINCE OF WALES (CHURCHILL)
D'Iberville 1697
Wyan Indians
FORT NELSON
CHURCHILL RIVER
NELSON RIVER
YORK FACTORY
HAYES R.
Kelsey 1691
FORT PITT
PRINCE ALBERT
DUCK LAKE 1885
BATOCHE 1885
FISH CREEK
NORWAY HOUSE
Rev. James Evans
Selkirk Settlers
LAKE WINNIPEG
1812
ree Indians
SASKATCHEWAN
Assiniboine Indians
FORT GARRY
March of Mounted Police 1874
La Verendrye 1732 1742

Authorized by the Departments of Education for Manitoba and Saskatchewan

THE STORY OF CANADA

BY

GEORGE M. WRONG
CHESTER MARTIN
AND
WALTER N. SAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. W. JEFFERYS

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PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

There is something radically wrong when so many students in our schools dislike Canadian history. There is sufficient romantic interest in the story of our nation to make such a state of affairs unwarrantable. The most important grades of our schools have suffered the most. Less than a quarter of our Canadian students reach the high school. Whatever interest, therefore, in Canadian history the rest are to carry into private life must be kindled before the end of Grade VIII.

Then, too, the story of Canada, though fascinating if rightly told, is by no means simple, and it cannot be told without knowledge and historical insight. Recent historical research has done much to rescue the teacher from the tyranny of the textbook, as well as from conventional digests and outlines of history, which meander through facts and dates with no sense of direction, and with no other idea of achievement in the end than a feat of sheer memory.

To be interesting it must deal with facts and ideas which come within the range of the student's understanding.

Any history for Grades VII and VIII ought to be an interesting and convincing story. It cannot be truly comprehensive, for many of the most vital issues in the development of Canada are quite beyond students of twelve or fourteen years. The historical unity which it affects is largely, therefore, a fiction, and even this fictitious unity is broken up arbitrarily, day by day, into fragmentary lessons which the student is usually powerless to reassemble.

The Story of Canada offers a solution. It is a course in Canadian history, and therefore a connected narrative

from the earliest times to the present, stressing equally all parts of the Dominion. It is written in a simple, vivid, narrative and dramatic style, emphasizing at all times the romance of incident and character. That is, it is a *story*. But there is a constant stimulus, through hints and suggestions in the narrative, in the illustrations and "Read a Story" lists, to go beyond this, and explore the never ending realms of romance.

The Story of Canada is divided into natural and inevitable topical divisions. These are the milestones along the highway of our national evolution. About these main themes are gathered readings, which stress and illuminate the central idea. The reading units may be considered as spokes radiating about the hub, each supplementary in its support of the central theme. The themes into which this story is divided are set in historical perspective. The readings serve the purpose of the broader strokes and brighter colours on a larger canvas. The result in the end is a better picture. These themes, instead of breaking the continuity of the picture, knit it more closely together. These readings, designed as separate lesson units, are based upon the aptitudes and interests of pupils of this age, thereby stressing interest appeal. By emphasizing this element of pleasure-reading, rather than the formal aspects of constitutional study, the foundations are laid for a finer interest in, and enthusiasm for, the historic past and the portentous future of our Dominion. Constitutional problems are given a minor place, along with wars, bills, acts, and party politics, while stress has been laid upon personalities and events of romantic interest.

The spirit of adventure is as strong in Canadian boys and girls as it was in their grandfathers and grandmothers. In a country so vast and undeveloped there is still room for courage and resourcefulness in adversity, and for magnanimity in success. Of this spirit love of country is born. There are constitutional questions which must be understood at a later date, but for the present the story of our

social and economic progress, the fight for democratic institutions, the conquest of the great spaces—these are full of brave lessons in which the love of country may be chastened by the discipline of historical truth.

Men and women have played a large part in this story. The number of readings is less than the number of periods which will be devoted to the study of Canadian history in these grades. By challenging interest in the men and women of each period, opportunity is given for reading more about them, and the events in which they played so important a part. For this reason Lorne Pierce has prepared "Read a Story" lists for each main theme. These books are important as source material in Canadian history. Having taken up one of the history readings, or lessons, the pupil will desire to forage further afield for himself, and will wish to enrich his knowledge of characters and events which have appealed to him in the lesson hour, whether through chapters of history, travel, biography or fiction. In this way *The Story of Canada* not only provides an interesting and connected narrative, but also offers a guide for present and future reading. No one history can hope to cover the whole field, but the pupil can be shown where the material he desires may be found.

The beauty of this book has been enhanced by the drawings of C. W. Jefferys, R.C.A., LL.D. These illustrations are more than decorations. Mr. Jefferys is an artist and a scholar, and, through years of research and artistic work, has provided a valuable commentary upon Canadian history from the earliest times to the present. The scholarly historical illustration is a comparatively new art, and Mr. Jefferys' drawings are a contribution, not only to art, but to the cause of Canadian history also.

THE RYERSON PRESS.

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I

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

By George M. Wrong

THE NEW FOUND LAND
CABOT'S FIRST SIGHT OF NORTH AMERICA

THE STORY OF CANADA

A. THE STORY OF BEGINNINGS

1. BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

During all the years till the time of Columbus, America was unknown to the rest of the world. To reach America from Europe a long sea voyage was necessary and the ships of earlier times were so small as to make us wonder that at last they crossed the wide ocean. The explorers found in America men and women in many ways different, in looks, customs and language, from other peoples, and they called them red men. To this day, if we put an American Indian side by side with a so-called yellow Chinese or white Englishman, or, most striking contrast of all, with a black African, we see at once how different is the American type.

While Europe had only a score or so of separate languages, in North America alone there were more than fifty. The people of one tribe were unable to talk with those of another. They had no written alphabet and thus no books. They had no iron to make axes or swords or spears. Instead they ground stones into the shape of our axes and tied them to handles with leather thongs. No Indian boy had a knife.

In Europe, vehicles on wheels had been used for long ages, but there was no wheel in all America. Loads were carried in canoes or boats, or on men's backs, or dragged on the ground. Not a horse, nor cow, nor sheep, nor goat, nor pig, was to be found in America when it was first reached from Europe. Though the Indians had canoes large enough to carry a dozen men, they had not learned how to make or use a sail. To us the ships of Columbus seem tiny, but the natives who had only canoes thought them

floating castles, and that the sails were white wings, from some wonder world.

Yet, in a long past, man had done wonderful things in America. In Central America are remains of ancient cities, buried now under forests which have grown up over their ruins. When the Spaniards first reached the city of Mexico, high up in the mountains, they saw huge buildings, rising like Venice out of the water. Most were of clay, dried in the sun, and have since crumbled away, but though the Mexicans had no steel implements to cut stone, they had managed in some way to build temples of material hard like granite. Their worship shocks us, for the priests killed human beings at the altars and ate their flesh.

In Canada while some tribes lived a wandering life, secured food by hunting or fishing and lived in rude cabins made of bark or skins, others were more advanced. When Champlain, the founder of Quebec, spent a winter among the Hurons, living near the lake of that name, he found that they had cleared fields to grow Indian corn, and lived in wooden houses sometimes forty or fifty feet long. The roof was partly open at the top, to let out smoke, and the house was like an aisle, along which stretched a row of open fires, one for the two families living opposite to each other. When home from hunting or war, men lounged round these fires and children and dogs ran in and out freely. The women wove mats of rushes and made snow-shoes of a kind still in use. The Indians had no iron kettles, and to boil water dropped hot stones into vessels of clay or into pockets in the rock which would hold water. At meals, the men sprawled on the ground near the fire if the weather was cold; the plates were chips of wood or of bark; there were no knives or forks; and the eaters seized their food with their hands and wiped these on their hair or on a dog if one happened to be near.

There was no school in any Indian village in Canada; no training in reading, or writing or arithmetic. When grave matters were to be settled, the chiefs summoned to

a council the men of the tribe. Women had great influence. Birth from the mother, not the father, decided the tribe or clan to which an Indian belonged. Only a woman might save a captive from torture or death by adopting him. A mother had the right to forbid her son to go off to war. The woman cut wood, tilled the ground, cooked and served the food, and carried heavy burdens on the march, but she was far from being a slave.

The Indian delighted to dance and marked the time by chanting, or the clapping of hands, or the beating of a drum. Children played with balls made of small twigs stuck together with gum from trees, and the men played the game of lacrosse well known to our time. The Indians were eager gamblers and made wagers on the throwing of wild plum stones or coloured pieces of wood or stone used as dice. The dress of men and women was of fur or leather in the form of a tunic with holes for the arms and extending from the neck to the knee.

A few herbs were used as medicine but disease was thought to be due to an evil spirit who might be driven away by noise. An invalid might have his cabin invaded by a crowd led by a so-called "medicine man," which would shout and dance for hours at a time and make the sick man dance, in order to prove that the evil had been driven away.

The Indians had no written laws but were careful to obey the customs of the tribe. During many centuries, the tribes had waged constant war on each other. When war was decided upon a war-party would set out secretly, creep up by night on an enemy camp or village, dash in to massacre, or seize and carry off, prisoners, and then hurry home, usually to rejoice over the scalps taken and to torture the prisoners. This torture of prisoners was a grim feature of native warfare. The victim was tied to a stake and, if he were brave, defied his enemies by proud silence, or scornful words, while they hacked and burned his living body.

What has been said relates chiefly to the Hurons, of whom Champlain gives a vivid account. He shared their feasts, smoked with them round their camp fires, and told them of the civilized world which they had never seen. There was a certain charm in the life in the open air of the Indians, moving in canoes or on forest paths, hunting and fishing, idling by a camp fire and never under a master's eye. From the first the life so attracted some Frenchmen that they turned from civilized work to live like Indians.

2. HOW AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED

The Canada of to-day fronts on two oceans, and the Pacific, like the Atlantic, plays a great part in her life. This makes it hard to realize that our ancestors in Europe, even as late as the year 1500, did not know that there was a Pacific Ocean. Asia was to them so dim a land that it seemed to stretch into an unknown east, while as yet no one from Europe had sailed to the west so far as to know what lay out in the Atlantic. Thus Europe and Asia had not yet met across the ocean. Since the earth is round, a traveller by keeping on in one direction would come back to his starting place, but this as yet no one had proved by doing it, as since so many have done.

The Italians were the great travellers in the days when America was discovered and it was an Italian who told Europe that with his own eyes he had seen many ships on a great ocean which washed the shores of China. This traveller, Marco Polo, who died in 1325, had gone to China as a boy by a hard journey overland, now in drifts of snow, now in blistering heat, and had reached Peking. There he had made a fortune and when he returned to his people in Venice he so vividly described the riches of the East that he was nicknamed "Marco of the Millions." Clearly the ocean washing the shores of Asia might be the very same ocean which washed the shores of Europe, and a bold sailor might venture to cross from one continent

to the other. The reported riches of Asia were a great lure, and from the time of Marco Polo Europe believed that wealth could be had by sailing to the east. A route overland had too many difficulties. Not only did the Turk block the way, but only very light goods could be taken on horses' backs.

Two routes by sea were possible; one by going round Africa, the other by sailing westward on the Atlantic. That by Africa seemed the easier, and it was Portugal which solved this problem. Year after year Portuguese ships sailed southward along the coast of Africa. This had many dangers from raging tropical tempests and from shipwreck and massacre by savage natives. But, farther and farther, the little ships of the time pressed steadily into the south, and at last the startling news rang over Europe that in 1486 a Portuguese ship under Bartholomew Diaz had actually rounded Africa. He had been swept southward in a great storm and when at last he found his bearings he was on the ocean which lay to the east and not to the west of Africa. He landed and reared a stone column on what he called The Cape of all the Storms. Later it was renamed The Cape of Good Hope, and ever since ships have sailed round it to the far east.

The problem was still unsolved of reaching the east by sailing out on the Atlantic, and again it was a bold Italian, Christopher Columbus, who made an astounding discovery. He wished to reach Asia; and by a careful study of charts he believed the distance to be less than half of what it actually is. He talked to many about his plans, but met usually with ridicule. In the end, however, Queen Isabella of Spain listened to him and was persuaded to give help. Columbus believed that his effort would bring great riches and he secured a promise that, if successful, he should be made a grandee of Spain, an admiral, and have one-tenth of all the riches to be reaped.

Thus it came about that on an August day in 1492 three little ships sailed out of the port of Palos in Spain.

The largest, which carried Columbus himself, was of only one hundred tons; the other two were less than half this size and were without decks; and the three ships carried in all ninety men. For more than two long months they sailed on into an unknown sea, the men daily growing more anxious lest they should go so far as never to return. Columbus soothed their fears; and at last on a dark night in October every one was excited by seeing far ahead across the open sea a moving light. Columbus hove to until daybreak and then the company saw before them a land with beautiful green trees. On the beach was a crowd of naked men and women gazing in wonder at the newcomers. Columbus rowed ashore with an armed guard and one of his first acts was to raise the Christian cross and the banner of Spain. He thought he was in Asia and it seems strange that he should claim for Spain the lands of an eastern monarch. To the Europe of that day, however, no monarch who was not a Christian had any right to rule.

Columbus was charmed with what he saw, the beautiful trees, the birds, the rippling streams. He had reached one of the Bahama Islands and he soon passed on to explore other regions. The natives whom he met he called Indians for he believed that he had landed in far India. He knew no word of their language, but he understood them to tell him by signs that they knew of great quantities of gold. In the end he built a fort on the island of Haiti, left in it half his men, and sailed away to Spain to tell his wonderful story. He died before the world knew that he had not reached Asia, but had made the beginning of the discovery of the two vast continents of America.

The news spread over Europe, and still another Italian now leads in discovery. John Cabot, like Columbus, came from Genoa, but he had removed to Venice and there, the old home of Marco Polo, he heard and thought much about the far east. He went to the east and actually reached Mecca, the sacred city of the Moslem

faith. There he saw the caravans arrive from far Asia, bringing silks, spices and other riches. This fired him with the resolve to find an easier route to the east, and in the end he settled at Bristol in England and, year after year, made ventures out into the Atlantic. When news came of what Columbus had done, it proved a stimulus, and at last, in May, 1497, five years after Columbus had first set out, Cabot sailed out of Bristol in a tiny ship, carrying only eighteen men. The King of England at that time was prudent, cautious Henry VII. He feared conflict with the claims of Spain and so he required Cabot to keep a course in the north, far from that of Columbus.

Cabot was gone only three months, but he then came back with a startling report. He had reached land and had raised there the English flag, placing side by side with it that of his own city, Venice. This land was, he said, the Asia of the Grand Khan from which came the rich trade seen at Mecca. A ship could sail to it from England in two weeks and, with this short route open, London could build up a vast eastern trade. The English merchants heard the story eagerly. They lionized Cabot and Henry VII gave him a sum equal to about six hundred dollars of money of our time. Cabot assumed the swagger of a rich man, dressed in silk, and promised rich rewards to his friends. Henry VII encouraged him to try again, promised a pension equal to twelve hundred dollars, and gave him leave to take half a dozen ships to come back laden with the treasures of the East. In 1498 Cabot again sailed away, with two fine ships and three hundred men, but this time he met with ill-fortune. When he sailed into the cold and ice of the far north his men mutinied; and in the end, he returned to England, a man who had failed, and we hear of him no more. None the less he had done great things. He had planted the English flag on the shores of what is now Canada or Newfoundland and thus created England's claim which still holds. His men had scooped fish from the sea in baskets and once the mass of

cod had seemed so dense as to check the course of the ship. Cabot is thus the first to tell of the fisheries of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. On his second voyage he had traded in furs with the natives and thus he made Europe aware of what are still in Canada two great sources of wealth. But he had not, as he supposed, reached Asia, which lay still farther across a broad continent and a broad ocean.

3. THE VIKINGS IN CANADA

There had been a time, five centuries before Columbus, when Europe seemed on the verge of making America known. The people of Norway were hardy mariners and many of them sailed away to fight and conquer in distant lands. Some seized land on the Seine in France, and created that Normandy which later sent the Norman conquerors to England. Some went to Southern Italy, while others went as far eastward as to Constantinople. While these Northmen had turned to the east, others sailed to the west. The rugged island of Iceland lies far out in the north Atlantic, as near to America as to Europe, and here Northmen settled and built up a sturdy little state in which was some of the best blood of their homeland.

Among the leaders was a certain Eric, born about 960, and later called "The Red," no doubt from a luxuriant red beard. The Northmen were quarrelsome people and in a brawl Eric killed a man. To escape the consequences he sailed away into the west, not knowing what he might find across the chill sea of the north. Some of the Norse boats were eighty feet long and could ride the stormiest seas, and at last Eric reached a land of rugged cliffs which he called Greenland. It was not really green, for most of it was covered with ice and snow, but there were a few green patches and Eric gave it the attractive name still in use. Here he settled and with his followers managed to get an uncertain living from fishing and hunting.

The settlement seemed to prosper and it kept up ties with Iceland and Norway. These rough sailors did not mind spending many weeks at sea, and it happened that at Christmas time about the year 985 a certain Bjarni sailed jauntily away from Norway to spend Christmas with his father in Iceland. There he learned that his father had gone with Eric to Greenland, and in joyous recklessness he sailed on farther to join him in the Yuletide revels. The compass was not yet known; he had no way of keeping his course in storms and fog; and when at last he saw land it was flat, with many trees. Bjarni was quick to see that this was not like the icy crags of Greenland, and he turned northward with land in view far away on his left. He reached the little stone village of Brattahild where his father lived, and told his tale. Since he had not landed, he could not say much about the region which he had seen, but it was enough to stir curiosity. Thus it came about a little later that old Eric himself and his son, Leif, made up their minds to sail away to learn more of what Bjarni had seen.

That land was in truth America. The story of what now happened is vague and much of it is mere fable. What we gather is that Eric proved too old to risk the voyage and that Leif sailed away with a lusty crew. They reached some point in America. We cannot fix the spot; but it was probably near the entrance to the St. Lawrence and almost certainly within the present Canada or Newfoundland. They were delighted with the forest trees which would not grow in rugged Greenland; they fished and trapped and enjoyed a milder winter than that of the cold north. They found great quantities of wild grapes and they carried back to Greenland timber for building ships. They did, however, nothing permanent. In time Leif went back home and stayed there, while others made further explorations. Then savage strife broke out among them, and we have half-fabled stories of treachery and murder. The Northmen may have wandered far afield in

America, but if they did they put nothing on record about it, and we are left to guess what Canada might be to-day if the hardiest people in Europe had settled in it when, more than nine hundred years ago, they touched its shores.

READ A STORY

Pioneers in Canada. By Sir Harry Johnston. Blackie and Son, London. Chapter VII gives a vivid account of the social life among the North American Indians and Eskimos before the white man came.

Pioneers of France in the New World. By Francis Parkman. This book should be in every school library.

Pathfinders to America. By S. P. Chester, in the Ryerson Canadian History Readers.* An account of the discoverers both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. "Pioneers in Canada," Chapter I, deals especially with the Vikings, and Chapter III with the Elizabethan pioneers in North America.

†*The Mariner of St. Malo.* By Stephen Leacock. "Chronicles of Canada."

The Dawn of Canadian History. By Stephen Leacock. This is Vol. I of the "Chronicles of Canada," edited by George N. Wrong and A. H. Langton. Glasgow, Brook and Co., Toronto.

Trailmakers of the North-West. By P. L. Haworth. Goodchild, Toronto. Contains two excellent chapters on how the beaver led to great discoveries, with sidelights on Indian life and travel in the early days.

Before the White Man Came. By Mabel Burkholder. McClelland, Toronto. A good collection of Indian legends.

†*The Rise and Fall of New France.* By George M. Wrong. Macmillan, Toronto. 2 vols. The teacher will find this very useful. It is the standard work on the period.

Three Centuries of Canadian Story. By J. E. Wetherell. Musson, Toronto. The first twenty-seven short stories in this book cover the period of discovery and settlement up to the death of Champlain.

When Canada was New France. By George H. Locke. Dent, Toronto. A brief, popular story of the French regime.

By Star and Compass. By W. S. Wallace. Gundy, Toronto. The explorers of Canada from Lief the Lucky to Sir John Franklin.

*The Ryerson Canadian History Readers will be abbreviated hereafter as the Ryerson Readers. They are thirty-two pages each, with illustrations by C. W. Jefferys.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

B. *THE COLONIZATION OF NEW FRANCE*

1. CARTIER DISCOVERS THE ST. LAWRENCE, AND CLAIMS CANADA FOR FRANCE

In the year 1534 one of the leading citizens of the fishing town of St. Malo in Brittany was Jacques Cartier, then forty-three years old. He had sailed on many seas, and we can picture him with the rugged colour and the swinging gait of a sailor. He was highly esteemed by his neighbours. We know that he was present at no fewer than fifty-three baptisms, and at twenty-seven of them he stood as godfather. His wife was the daughter of the high constable.

St. Malo is still a busy port. In an inlet the town lies on a rocky island, connected with the shore by a causeway, and into the narrow entrance the sea pours at high tide in such volume that the water rises fifty feet. By the time of Cabot Europe knew of the rich cod-fishery of Newfoundland, and we may be sure that many a rugged sailor of St. Malo had been to the Banks and was ready for any venture on the sea.

France had had no share in discovery in the days of Columbus and Cabot, but in time her king, Francis I, stirred himself to action. Again an Italian was chosen to lead, and in 1524 John Verrazano was sailing in a French ship along the Atlantic coast of America, hoping to find a passage through to Asia. He anchored at the mouth of the Hudson River where now stands New York and saw there a great array of Indians in canoes. He had no thought of making settlement, and soon he was back in France and told his story to the handsome, pleasure-loving king. After some years Francis looked about for a leader to try again, and he sent for Jacques Cartier.

Thus it came about that on April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo with two ships and sixty men on the eventful voyage which established France's claim to

Canada. On May 10 he saw the great dim island of Newfoundland, and then passed into the Straits of Belle Isle. Great masses of ice lined the shore. The sailors killed a polar bear swimming in the water; they saw great flocks of sea-birds; and most interesting of all, they saw men in canoes trying to catch seals. Cartier sailed round the Gulf of St. Lawrence and as he coasted up its west shore he half expected that he might come to the towers and temples of a city in Japan or China, for he still hoped that this land was Asia.

At last he came to Gaspé Basin, in the present Province of Quebec, and as he anchored a crowd of natives paddled out to see at close hand the strange visitors. When Cartier was rowed to shore, women and children waded out to meet him, and he scattered among them glass beads, combs, and other trinkets for which they scrambled like eager children. They were a wretched company, and Cartier thought they must be the poorest people in all the world. Men and women alike were almost naked. They had only bows and arrows, hatchets of stone, and primitive fishing nets. One thing beautiful they had, the canoe of birch bark which we still admire.

On a July day there was a striking scene on the shore of Gaspé Basin. The French had made a huge cross thirty feet high and had nailed to it the arms of France with an inscription in French, "Long live the King of France"; and now they planted it in the ground and knelt round it in prayer. The ceremony meant that Cartier was taking possession of Canada for France. When the boats had gone back to the ships, an old chief paddled out to ask what the ceremony meant; the land, he said, belonged to his people, not to France. Cartier soothed him and, in the end, persuaded him to let two of his sons go to France, to return in the next year. On September 5 Cartier dropped anchor at St. Malo after an absence of a little more than four months.

This was only a beginning. In May, 1535, the old

CARTIER ERECTS A CROSS AT GASPÉ

In July, 1534, Jacques Cartier set up a cross, bearing the royal arms of France, on a point of land in Gaspé Harbour, and proclaimed Francis I, King of the new world.

cathedral at St. Malo saw Cartier and his men kneeling before the bishop to receive his solemn benediction in their task of founding a new France. Then Cartier sailed away with three ships. With him were the two young natives and they told him that, by following the north shore of the Gulf to the west, he should come into a great river, still unknown to Europe, which, as Cartier thought, might flow out of the heart of Asia. He sailed past the deep and sombre Saguenay, past Murray Bay, and at last he dropped anchor in a great basin beyond which the river narrowed to a mile. Far across the basin under high cliffs was a poor native village. It was Stadacona, and on the spot now stands Quebec. As the French lay at anchor they could hear the shouts of the savages, amazed at the appearance of the ships. Cartier went ashore to visit the old chief, Donnacona, and to tell him that he wished to go still farther and visit a town called Hochelaga, of which much had been told him. This Donnacona opposed. Why should the French go to visit his enemies? They were so savage that no Frenchman would return. In spite of this Cartier set out in a small pinnace with a score or so of men well armed. It was near the end of September; and for the first time Europeans saw the forest-clad shores of the St. Lawrence in the glowing tints of autumn. As groups of natives watched them from the shore they passed on the word of this new wonder and when, at last, Cartier landed near Hochelaga, bonfires blazed and shouting savages danced and showered on the French presents of fish, and of bread made from Indian corn.

A well-marked path under great oak trees led from the shore to Hochelaga. Three guides went in advance and Cartier followed, surrounded by a guard wearing steel helmets and carrying muskets and swords. He thought he might be about to meet a great ruler of the east in his capital city, but when Hochelaga came in view it proved to be a town of native cabins, surrounded by a wooden palisade, and peopled by half-naked savages.

To the astounded natives Cartier seemed a god and they crowded round him with their sick that he might heal them. All that he could do was to read from the Gospel of St. John and make over each one the sign of the cross. On the spot is now the great city of Montreal. Above it towers a mountain, and to its top Cartier went quickly to survey the surrounding country. He had so noble a view that he named the height Mount Royal. He saw the great river, flowing out of the west, and he wondered whether on its banks there might not be great cities of Asia.

Since chill autumn was at hand, Cartier hurried back to Stadacona to prepare for the winter in Canada which these Frenchmen were the first Europeans to see. They could not leave their ships lying at anchor, for this would mean destruction by the ice, and they drew them to the shore in a branch of a little river, the St. Charles, north of Stadacona. To protect themselves from native attack they built a wooden fort. The winter proved dismal. The French lacked fresh meat and vegetables and, when the dread scurvy broke out, many died. The sickly company was discouraged and homesick. The vague talk of the natives about mines of gold, or rubies, and of rich towns in the interior had come to nothing, and every one was anxious to get back to France. When the ice broke up, Cartier abandoned the smallest ship, and drew out and anchored the other two near the shore.

In order not to return to France empty-handed Cartier now planned teachery. He gave a feast in the fort; and when Donnacona came with some other guests, suddenly Cartier seized the party, and carried them away to the ships. All that night a horde of natives lined the shore, howling like wolves at the outrage, and demanding the return of their chief. Meanwhile, Cartier urged Donnacona to consent to go to France and promised him rich gifts and to bring him back to Canada after a few months. This reconciled the "King" to going and, on May 6, Cartier

sailed away with about a dozen red men as his trophies of the costly voyage of his three ships and a long winter of suffering.

Such was France's first contact with Canada. Cartier came back again, but owing to wars in France, not until after six years. When at last a new expedition was planned, Cartier was to go as the master of the ships, but a viceroy was also to be sent to begin French rule in Canada. The viceroy named was a noble, the Sieur de Roberval, a soldier, hardened in the many wars of the times, proud and arrogant. The effort was to be on a great scale. Since the French did not volunteer freely, Roberval took colonists from the prisons. This time women, too, were to go, and the settlers were to stay in Canada and never to return to France.

Cartier with five ships set out in advance of the viceroy. He had provisions for two years and he carried not only men and women but also cows, pigs, goats and sheep, not found in America. When, late in August, 1541, he neared Stadacona he may well have had doubts as to his reception. Though Donnacona had died in France, Cartier told the reassuring lie that he and the other natives had become great lords and had no thought of returning to their barbarous life in Canada. Six or seven miles above Stadacona, under the cliff near where the little Cap Rouge River enters the St. Lawrence, Cartier began a fort which he called Charlesbourg Royal, and kept his men busily at work.

One day, amidst great excitement, some men found in the rock shining veins of what they thought gold and silver and glittering crystals like diamonds. Now all thought that they had found riches, and this cheered them through a dreary winter. In the spring, the whole company prepared to go to France to tell the wonderful story. Two ships had gone back in the previous year; Cartier crowded all his company on the other three and set out. He had heard nothing of Roberval, but when, on a day in

June, he sailed into the harbour of what is now St. John's in Newfoundland, there at anchor were Roberval's three tall ships with two hundred more colonists. When ordered to turn back Cartier quietly raised anchor and sailed away for France.

In France the supposed gold and diamonds proved to be of no value. Meanwhile Roberval went on and occupied Cartier's abandoned fort. During the winter fifteen of his men died of scurvy. They were a lawless company and Roberval hanged one for stealing and flogged both men and women. In the early days of June, he set out towards Hochelaga to reach, as he hoped, some wonderful kingdom. Then the curtain falls; we hear little more of either him or Cartier, though we know that some years later both were back in France.

Something enduring had been done by France. She had established her claim to Canada. She had opened to her fishermen new fishing grounds. She had begun what was to be the source of great wealth, the fur-trade. Canada was, and remains, a great fur-bearing land, and yearly from Cartier's time, ships went to the St. Lawrence to secure furs and paved the way for the settlers led by Champlain who followed nearly seventy years later.

2. CHAMPLAIN, THE FOUNDER OF CANADA

Near the sea, not far from La Rochelle in France, is the grey little walled town of Brouage, once a seaport, but now lying desolate a mile inland from the stormy Bay of Biscay. Here it was that, about the year 1567, Samuel Champlain was born. In his time the little harbour was busy, and we may picture the eager boy climbing about the ships and talking with the sailors. In later life, when he was governor of Canada, he still counted himself as, above all, a sailor, at home on the sea, delighting in boats and maps and charts and in talks with sailor men. In his many voyages across the Atlantic he never seems to

have found that weeks and even months at sea were tedious.

France was torn by strife in religion. Most of her people clung to the Roman Church, but the Protestants, though fewer, were powerful and made a strong fight to have their faith at least tolerated. Eight times civil war broke out and when Henry IV, the first Bourbon king, succeeded to the throne in 1589, the Roman Catholics fought him until at last he adopted their faith but at the same time decreed toleration for the Protestants. Henry was a man of great charm, generous, impulsive, ready in war to share the labours of the humblest soldier, who knew that in the thickest of the battle would always be found the white plume of Henry of Navarre. Champlain had fought under and was known to Henry. The King hoped to have a new France to rival New Spain, and by a strange turn of fortune the young Champlain was able to enter the service of Spain and to go to the Spanish colonies in command of a ship. There he saw what few Frenchmen had ever seen, the wonderful city of Mexico, and he was fascinated by the riches of Spain's colonies. When back in France, after some two years, he had a vivid tale for the eager King and Henry gave him as reward a small pension, and made him a noble, so that henceforth he had in his name the "de" which is the mark of nobility.

In 1603 Champlain joined a French expedition to the St. Lawrence and, for the first time, saw that mighty river and moved among the savage natives who brought furs for trade with the French ships anchored at Tadoussac. Champlain was a fine sailor, but he was more. He could make accurate surveys for charts and maps, he was a keen geographer and explorer, and above all he wished to build up a great new French Empire and to help the degraded natives.

It was, however, not on the St. Lawrence, but on the Bay of Fundy, nearer the open Atlantic, that, in the next year, Champlain took part in planting a French colony.

CHAMPLAIN ON THE OTTAWA RIVER, 1613

Explorers in the seventeenth century used an instrument called the astrolabe to find their positions. It was a flat circular plate of brass, marked into degrees, across which could be moved an eye-piece through which the traveller looked at the sun. Champlain lost his astrolabe while going over a difficult portage. Two centuries and a half later a man working in the woods accidentally found it.

It seemed easier for French ships to reach this coast than to sail up the St. Lawrence closed in winter by ice. On a beautiful island at the St. Croix River, now the boundary between Canada and the United States, Champlain and others spent the winter of 1604-05. With much chopping and hammering they built a group of houses. It was

bitterly cold, and soon all the fine trees on the island were cut into firewood, while swirling tides and dangerous floes of ice made it hard to reach the mainland for water and more wood. The soil, too, was not fertile. They had made a mistake; clearly such an island was no place for an enduring settlement; but eastward across the Bay of Fundy lay a noble harbour and to this in the spring they moved. They built a fort and called the place Port Royal; they planted gardens, and had good sport in fishing and hunting. But here, too, came disaster. Support was lacking from France and, after three years, most of the colonists were forced to go back and Port Royal was left almost deserted.

Two years later Champlain began what gave him his enduring place in the history of Canada. On a July day in 1608, a French ship anchored off the shore where now stands Quebec. Champlain landed his little company and they set to work to create a town. Before winter came Champlain had built a fortified house, of which he proudly made a drawing, and Quebec was a reality. In the next year, when Champlain had made secure his fort at Quebec, he set out for the west to learn more.

In a rash moment Champlain had promised to help the Indians near Quebec, who were at war with a union of tribes in the interior, called the Iroquois, and now he found what this meant. His allies guided him and two other Frenchmen up the Richelieu River to the beautiful lake ever since known as Lake Champlain, and on its west shore Champlain saw savage war for the first time. When the enemies came in sight of each other on the lake, they hurried to land and spent a long night in shouting defiance and insults. It was Champlain who won the victory; for the first time the startled enemy felt the effect of fire-arms when Champlain brought down three chiefs. That night his allies engaged in the brutal torture of a fine young Iroquois. To them war meant this and a rapid return to their own territory after victory. This fight marked the beginning of the long strife with the Iroquois

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER AT PORT ROYAL,

Acadia, held during the winter of 1606, 1607. Each of the colonists in turn had to provide the dinner of the day. The picture shows the company, headed by the master of the feast, marching in bearing the dishes for the meal.

which for more than a century haunted New France and nearly throttled its life.

In the spring of 1610 New France lost, by the murder of Henry IV, a strong friend to whom Champlain could always turn for kindly interest. Now, with Henry gone, those in high circles in France showed little interest in the colony, until the missionary spirit was aroused to help the degraded nations, and meanwhile it was hard to keep alive the little settlement at Quebec. It was supported by the trade in furs; but for this Montreal was a more convenient centre, and there Champlain built a little fort. The natives wished ardently to have what the French had to sell—steel axes, knives, iron kettles, to replace the clumsy ones of pottery which could not be used on a fire, and in

time, fire-arms and warm blankets. From the first the Indians showed a feverish taste for French brandy and would give their best furs for it. It proved to be their ruin.

Champlain's keenest desire was to explore the great region out of which the St. Lawrence flowed. Did it really lead to the east and could he find a route to Asia? Many were pondering the question. Already the English had sent out explorers to follow up the early work of Cabot. In 1576 Frobisher had sailed to the north and, after an absence of only two months, he had returned to England and reported that he had sailed into a strait with Asia on one side and America on the other. While this effort in the north came to nothing, in the south, three years later, Francis Drake, bent on raising England's flag on the Pacific, sailed through the Straits of Magellan and romped up the Pacific coast, plundering Spanish towns, and expecting to sail back to the Atlantic through the passage reported by Frobisher. Of course he failed, but he achieved two things; he returned to England by sailing round Asia and Africa; and he raised the flag of England and claimed rights on the Pacific coast of America which still hold good.

In another scene the same search was going on. Just when Champlain was exploring Lake Champlain, not far off an Englishman in the Dutch service, Henry Hudson, was pushing up the Hudson River in the hope that it might prove the desired passage to China. In the next year, 1610, Hudson, back in the service of England, reached Hudson Strait. It is a passage four hundred and fifty miles long and from forty to a hundred wide. In his little ship Hudson beat his way to the last headland and then sailed out into the vast Hudson Bay, nearly six hundred miles wide and twice this in length. He coasted down its eastern shore and believed that the salt water about him washed on its farther side the shores of Asia.

The region was desolate. Winter came before Hudson

could follow the shore to the west side, and his ship was held by ice as he lay at anchor, near the southern end of James Bay. He ruled with a firm hand through bleak months of cold and famine and in the end his resentful crew plotted mutiny. When, in June, the ship again set sail, they seized the ship, put Hudson and his son and seven loyal sailors into a small boat with no store of provisions or clothing, and cut her adrift amid the floes of ice on that lonely sea. Hudson was never seen again.

Some whisper of this tragedy reached France and when, in the winter of 1612-13, Champlain was in Paris he heard that the English were busy in the north. This stirred in him the hope to be the first really to explore this northern sea for the passage to Asia. In Paris he met a youth named Vignau who said that he had gone up the Ottawa River and reached the northern ocean by which one could sail to China, and had heard from natives some echo of Hudson's story. Champlain took the youth to Canada and made a toilsome journey up the Ottawa until at last the youth broke down and confessed that his tale was a lie. Champlain was not daunted. In 1615 we find him on the borders of Lake Huron, visiting the Huron villages. He joined that tribe in war and it proved a foolhardy venture. After a disastrous journey to attack the Iroquois in what is now New York State Champlain spent a winter among the Hurons. He learned something of their language and customs, ate from kettles their food, filthily cooked, with no flavour of salt, smoked their home-grown tobacco, and made friends with their chiefs. He hoped that they might learn quickly the ways of civilization. They should, he urged, come to Quebec to trade their furs for goods from France, and they should have schools in which their children might learn the better way of life.

Never again did Champlain live among the natives. In France, largely by his appeals, the religious world was aroused to aid them. The Récollet order had made a beginning, just after the founding of Quebec, and later the

powerful Jesuits took up the task. In 1625 three Jesuit priests arrived at Quebec, and one of them, Jean de Brébeuf, hurried at once to the Hurons.

Three or four companies had had in turn the monopoly of the fur-trade in Canada, and none did anything to bring in settlers, since the fewer the settlers the less would the fur-bearing animals be disturbed. Yet Champlain wished to create a populous New France and now he secured the aid of the most powerful Frenchman of the time, Cardinal Richelieu. He had stern tasks in France in crushing rebellious nobles, but, by the influence of a devout niece, he took an interest in mission work in Canada and tried to give new life to the colony. In 1627, the Company of New France came into being with the Cardinal at its head and including so many of the traders to Canada that it was called the Company of One Hundred Associates. Unhappily, just at this time, war with England broke out. Though the Company fitted out ships and loaded them with wares and settlers, they never reached Quebec, for the English captured them on the way. In the summer of 1629 Champlain was startled when three English ships dropped anchor before Quebec and a boat rowed ashore to demand instant surrender. He could make no defence. For the first time the English flag floated over Quebec and Champlain was carried off a prisoner.

New France, however, survived, and the credit is due to Champlain. The English sent him to France and there he appealed to the powerful Cardinal, who demanded as a condition of peace the return of New France. Accordingly, in 1632 the English flag came down at Quebec, there again floated the French *fleurs-de-lis*, and Champlain came back as Governor. While Quebec was a poor little place with fewer than a hundred people it was an outpost for France. Though its streets were rough roads leading to the primeval forest, something was being done. The Indians brought furs to get needed things from the French. The black robes of Jesuit priests meant religious fervour to

convert these natives. A college taught by Jesuits was begun. A little church was built on the high cliff. Ships came and went, the tiny quay was busy, and a few farmers began to till the soil. They seem to have had cattle and sheep and pigs, but not yet was there a horse in the colony, to draw a load or a plough. Champlain was growing old and he died on Christmas Day, 1635. In the face of harsh trials he had given France an enduring footing in North America, and he had shown in his fine character the noblest fruit of his nation's life.

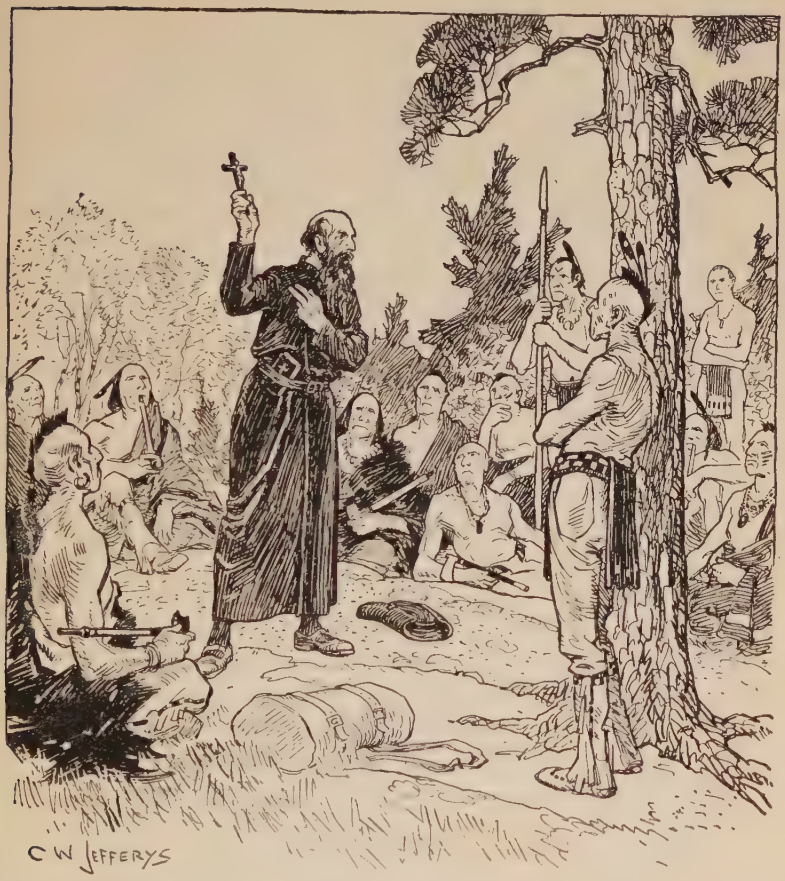
3. THE MISSIONS IN CANADA

Some two miles from Quebec on the banks of the St. Charles, the Jesuit priests had built their mission house. From it to Quebec was a road lined with fine forest trees. When the Jesuits returned to Canada after France recovered Quebec, they found their house partly burned; most of the roof was gone, and of the furniture only two poor wooden tables were left. Soon, however, they brought from France skilled builders and they planned to carry their faith to all the tribes of North America. No labour daunted them. One of the priests had been a page at the French court in scenes of splendour, but now he toiled side by side with the hired workmen, cutting down trees, digging out stumps and carrying heavy burdens.

Every year the priests sent to France a glowing report, and these *Relations* spread interest in their work. The Queen and ladies of rank in France, nuns living in quiet convents, the great Richelieu himself, read these reports, and the devout world of France was deeply stirred. The Ursuline nuns were teachers of girls, the Hospital nuns were devoted to nursing, and from both now came offers to go to Canada. Richelieu and his niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, provided funds for the Hôtel-Dieu, still the chief hospital of Quebec. A rich lady, Madame de la Peltrie, gave her means, and came herself to work for

girls with the Ursuline nuns, and their convent with its half-dozen acres of land in the heart of Quebec still carries on the same tasks. Thus it came about that, on May 4, 1639, a ship sailed from Dieppe for Quebec, carrying nuns to Canada. As yet only a few white women had ever been seen in the little capital, and now, as the nuns landed, the whole population met them. Smallpox and measles, hitherto unknown among the natives, had been carried to Canada, and were working great havoc, so that, from the moment of landing, the nuns were busy among the sick and dying.

The darkest prospect came from the Iroquois. They would not have peace. They hid along river banks, dashed out on passing canoes, and carried off their occupants as slaves, or tortured them to death. Even the few roads about Quebec were not safe. The farmer, who went out to his field, sometimes worked with a musket slung over his shoulder. In his absence from his house savages might slink up and kill his wife and children. The place of greatest danger was Montreal. Here come together the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and by both the savages could descend on settler or trader. The danger did not daunt the French pioneer and the word "Montreal" became the symbol of defiance of enemies of the faith. The story was widely believed that in distant France, a priest, Father Olier, and a devout layman, Dauversière, were each told in a vision or dream to take up work for the sick and ignorant at Montreal. Neither of them had heard of the place, but when they met by accident each knew of the call of the other and they joined to carry out the work. Accordingly, in 1641, a ship-load of ardent colonists set out for Montreal. The leader, Maisonneuve, was a tried soldier, well fitted to defend the dangerous outpost. The gentler art of teaching and healing was to be carried on by Mademoiselle Jean Mance and other women in the party. They paused for the



A Jesuit Missionary Preaching to the Hurons

winter at Quebec; and then, on a May day in 1642, they reached Montreal and, as their first act, knelt to hold a solemn mass on the river bank. Maisonneuve knew the danger, but since, as he said, the call came from God, he would go on with the work even if every tree concealed a murderous Iroquois. Thus was begun what is now the greatest city in Canada. In the end the Sulpician Order

secured a grant of the whole island and it remains the chief landowner.

In this spirit of devotion to the Roman faith was New France founded. If life at Montreal was perilous, to go farther to the native villages involved even greater danger. Champlain had spent a winter among the Hurons, and the priests hoped that this tribe would quickly become Christian and an example to the other tribes. Soon after the death of Champlain, more than twenty priests were working among the Hurons. In Huron villages they built churches, flimsy enough, for they were chiefly of wood covered with bark. They even brought church bells from France and men carried these heavy articles on their backs over the many portages on the way to Huronia. The bell, hung on a tree, near the bark-covered church, summoned the red-skinned natives who flocked to the services. Many seemed to heed the Christian teaching and the priests sent to France glowing reports of hundreds of converts. At Sainte Marie, on the river Wye, near the present Midland, the Jesuits built a central house and brought skilled workmen from France to do the building, which was partly of stone. Sainte Marie was to be a place of rest. No natives lived there and to this haven the missionaries came together from time to time to take counsel and to renew courage for their hard tasks.

The missionaries condemned freely the vices, the cannibalism, the polygamy, and the brutal superstitions of the Hurons and sometimes this stirred violent anger. On one occasion a savage caught a priest by the legs and tried to drag him into a huge fire. The chief danger came, however, from the Iroquois, bent on destroying Hurons and French alike. The most striking of the missionaries was Brébeuf, a tall, powerful man, of noble birth, able to endure great hardships. During twenty years he lived among the Hurons, going in and out of the cabins where often, through the day and half the night, half-naked men lay idly smoking and gambling by the fire.

In the year 1648 the Jesuits had in the mission sixty-four persons, eighteen of them priests, scattered in eleven villages. The work seemed to prosper. In that year the priests baptized no fewer than seventeen hundred natives, while six thousand visited Sainte Marie. The priests had chickens, pigs and cattle. The animals were brought, no doubt, when very young, in bark canoes and then over long portages for the hundreds of miles from Quebec. In 1648 the Superior wrote that they had stores on hand to last for three years: "We secure more from fishing and hunting; . . . we have fish and eggs; we have pork and even milk." In this seeming success the fathers saw the finger of God. "In this strange land, a land of terror, a vast solitude, we seem to draw honey from stones, and oil from the hardest rock."

By this time, while the Hurons had been unable to get firearms from the French, the Iroquois had secured them from the English and Dutch traders and it gave them a perilous advantage. Iroquois parties crept into the Huron country, torturing and killing on a wholesale scale. In 1648 they captured the Huron village which the French called St. Joseph. At the time most of the men were away on a journey to Quebec and the hundreds of people in the village were chiefly old men and women. When the Iroquois rushed in, they killed the Jesuit priest, Daniel, who stood before them in his robes to block the way, and then drank his warm blood in the hope that it might give them his courage. The church was crowded with terrified people and the savages set it on fire and burned many shrieking victims.

It was in the following March that the Iroquois struck their heaviest blow. One morning the anxious fathers at Sainte Marie saw in the distance clouds of smoke rising from the neighbouring village of St. Louis. The truth was that some twelve hundred Iroquois had set out from their distant lodges and come secretly over forest ways deep in snow. At dawn on this day they had set fire to the lodges

in St. Louis, covered with bark, and had seized hundreds of their victims, among them Brébeuf. The priests usually worked in pairs. With Brébeuf was Gabriel Lalemant, a refined young scholar, delicate in health, who had recently come to the mission. The Iroquois knew that they must hurry away to avoid attacks by the aroused Hurons, but they enjoyed first a savage festival of victory. They retired as far as to the next village, St. Ignace, dragging with them the two priests, stripped naked, with the nails of hands and feet torn off, and forced to walk along the frozen forest path.

Each of the priests was tied to a post, and the torture of Brébeuf began in the early afternoon. He had baptized many, and now a renegade Huron poured over him boiling water in derision of the rite. When he tried to exhort his tormentors they cut out his tongue. They put a necklace of red-hot hatchets over his shoulders and stripped off portions of his flesh and roasted it before his eyes, and at last they tore out and ate his heart. While Brébeuf had died after a few hours, the torture of his delicate companion, Lalemant, endured through a long night. Then the Iroquois hurried off on the homeward trail, leaving the stark bodies still tied to the stakes and half burned. The disaster ended the Huron mission. The wretched remnant of the nation gathered about the missionaries and, in the next year, the priests led many of them to Quebec, where their descendants may still be seen at Lorette. The Iroquois laid waste the whole Huron country. It had been well populated but it now became an empty wilderness.

After this, for more than a hundred years, there was rarely peace between the French and the Iroquois. Though these ruthless savages could never muster more than about three thousand warriors, they made war as far as to the Mississippi and to Virginia. Montreal became more than ever a dangerous outpost. It depended on trade in furs brought by canoes from the interior, and since, on every

route, lurking savages might attack passers-by, the fur-trade was near ruin.

In the end, the Iroquois planned by one great stroke to drive the French from Canada. First Quebec should fall with the usual scenes of bloodshed and torture; after that Montreal and Three Rivers; then the Iroquois would hold half a continent. Thus it came about that, during the winter of 1659-60, Iroquois war-parties set out secretly for this final blow. Some hid in the forest below Montreal, while another large party went far up the Ottawa to hunt during the winter and to descend on the French in the early spring. Meanwhile some inkling of this plan reached the French, and Dollard des Ormeaux, a brave officer, led sixteen other young men from Montreal in a desperate venture. They intended to attack the hundreds of Iroquois as they came sweeping down the Ottawa River when the ice broke up. Though they hoped to survive, they were ready for any fate and made their wills and took devoutly the Holy Communion before paddling up the turbid river in chill April. They had reached an abandoned log enclosure at the foot of the Long Sault Rapid on the Ottawa and were getting it ready for defence when suddenly canoes appeared carrying Iroquois warriors down the river.

The savages landed and quickly surrounded the little fort. Dollard's band made, however, a desperate defence. Though the savages had a dozen fighters to one of the French, for a time they were foiled and they drew off until reinforced by hundreds of the other Iroquois lurking nearer Montreal. In the end the Iroquois carried the fort and Dollard and his brave band perished, but not before they had taught the Iroquois a lesson. Since a few Frenchmen had held for a week a thousand Iroquois, the Iroquois began to see that France could not be forced to abandon Canada. She could send help from her millions of people, while the Iroquois could not replace their slain warriors. Henceforth Montreal was safe.

Moreover, the cry for relief was heard in France, and soon a fine regiment of soldiers came out to humble the arrogant savages. The pride of France, at the time the greatest nation in Europe, refused to bend before a few thousand savages. To this day French Canadians look back with pride to these deeds of heroism in the dark hours when the labour of Champlain and the martyrdom of the missionaries seemed almost to have been in vain. Nothing stirs deeper remembrance in the life of a people than endurance and sacrifice relating to their past. The Jesuit martyrs of Huronia, the heroism of the gallant Dollard and his companions, passed into the traditions of French Canada and still inspire devotion to the faith and the race for which the heroes died.

4. THE FIRST BISHOP AND THE FIRST INTENDANT

In Quebec at the head of the steep mountain street which leads from the great river to the Upper Town, stands a colossal statue of François de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec. Laval went in boyhood to a strict Jesuit school in France, and later, while waiting to go out as a missionary, he lived in The Hermitage in Caen. He and other zealous men went about the country, wearing the peasant's dress, begging for their food, and trying to give sympathy and hope to the neglected classes. They helped in the most revolting tasks in the crude hospitals of the time. Then the call came to Laval to go to Canada. Behold therefore in 1659 the young bishop arriving in Quebec and the whole town turning out to meet him. His diocese reached from the far north to the Gulf of Mexico. He intended to repress if he could all vice, to control the clergy, to direct the schools, and to rebuke even the governor, should he err. He was a great aristocrat and his air of authority kept those about him in awe. Yet his life was very simple. He went about in a threadbare cassock, and slept on a thin

mattress laid on planks. In the street he was likely to empty his purse to the first beggar. He went from house to house in Quebec to meet his people and visited the wandering savages in their wigwams, travelling sometimes on snowshoes, and in summer in a cramped position in a canoe. Always he looked upon himself as the moral guardian of Canada.

To the Indians strong drink had quickly become a curse. The natives who came to Montreal and Quebec were ready to exchange for brandy their richest furs, and, down to the last days of French rule, drunken Indians howled their savage cries and fought each other in Montreal. In the Indian villages there were fearful scenes. Even women and girls and boys would get drunk, and yelling savages, for the time demons, fought and killed each other and sometimes set their cabins on fire. To secure drink a native would sell his clothes, and even himself as a slave.

Here was a great evil and Laval declared that to sell brandy to the natives was a mortal sin, and that those who did it were worthy of death. On the other side, it was urged that what kept Canada alive was the trade in furs with the Indians, who would go off to the Dutch and the English if they could not get brandy from the French. This argument prevailed; Laval could not have his way, but the dispute went on for a long time. He was busy with other plans. In 1663 he founded a seminary at Quebec for the training of priests and from it has come the great Laval University. He also founded "the little seminary," a school for the training of boys, and to this day the visitor sees in the streets of Quebec hatless boys wearing a long coat held in at the waist by a green sash. They belong to Laval's seminary, which has trained many of the leaders in French Canada. He secured the enforcing of the tithe to the clergy, which the people still pay on their crop of grain.

Laval was so strict that even to see a play in a theatre

was to him sin, as was also the reading of books with any but a high moral tone; women should dress modestly; above all, no taint of Protestant teaching should be allowed in the country. He set an austere example. In his old age, long after he had made way for a successor, he lived on at the seminary. At about three in the morning he rose and, without a fire, even in the coldest winter, spent a long time in prayer. Then he would light a lantern and go to the church, to say mass at half-past four for any devout labourers who might come before the day's work, and to remain long in prayer before the altar. This practice caused his death. In the bitter winter of 1708 he knelt so long, absorbed in prayer, that his feet were frozen, and from this he died.

Laval had come to Canada at a critical time. The Iroquois were vowing that they would destroy the French, and it was in the year after his coming that Dollard's party made their heroic fight on the Ottawa River. When, in the next year, Richelieu's successor, Cardinal Mazarin, the real ruler of France, died, and the young King Louis XIV took control, his pride was stirred by the news from Canada that Iroquois were murdering Frenchmen and defying France. This was an insult to a king who thought himself the greatest monarch in the world; and he acted with energy. During more than thirty years the Company of New France, founded by Richelieu, had failed to keep its pledges to bring in settlers, while at the same time it had made huge grants of land to its members, lands which they never visited and which remained untamed forest. Now in 1663 the members received a shock when Louis told them that they had been false to their trust, and simply swept the Company out of existence, and himself took over the rule of the colony. He did not, however, abolish monopoly, for at the same time he created the great Company of the West Indies, which was to control all that France had in both North and South America.

It, too, failed after ten years. Canada was not a good field for a selfish monopoly of its trade.

Under the young king Canada seemed to take on new life, and the day had come for humbling the Iroquois. By 1665 many ships were reaching Quebec. The fine Carignan-Salières regiment, which had just served in Hungary, arrived, twelve hundred strong, and caused joy in the little capital. The churches sang *Te Deum* for this rescue, and now, at last, some of the Iroquois saw their danger and proposed terms of peace; but when others held out for war the only thing to do was to teach them a lesson.

Louis XIV sent to Canada a distinguished general, the Sieur de Tracy, a man of fine character. He had visited the French colonies in the West Indies before he reached Quebec in 1665 with a great retinue and received a joyous welcome. Tracy took a year for his preparations, and when, in 1666, he set out, Iroquois spies carried to their villages the astounding news that boats full of soldiers were coming by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to invade their country. The forest seemed full of armed men. The savages fled in terror but, like the Arabs in the desert, they were hard to catch, for the forest had many hiding-places. When the soldiers reached the villages of the Mohawks they found them deserted. They burned the well-made long-houses, and set fire to the ripe crops in the fields; but after this there was nothing to do but to march back. They had, however, frightened the Iroquois, and in the next year they sent envoys to Quebec and made peace.

Louis now sent to Canada a remarkable man. In France in each province there was an Intendant, in charge of business affairs, like the Prime Minister now in a Canadian province, while the governor received the honours and performed the social duties of the head of the state. Jean Talon had been an Intendant in France and had

shown such capacity that, in the dark days in 1665 when the Iroquois threatened ruin to the colony, Louis XIV sent him to Canada. Talon, like Laval, was bound to be a real ruler, but they did not quarrel, though Talon, bent on extending the fur-trade, the chief source of wealth, did not accept Laval's views about the liquor traffic. He made roads and built mills, laid out some model villages, brought in a good breed of horses, encouraged the raising of sheep and cattle, and the growing of flax and hemp. The habitants' wives learned to make homespun; and Talon was able to say proudly that the clothes which he wore were made of this cloth which is to-day one of the excellent products of French Canada. There was iron near Three Rivers and he aimed to have great forges. The French are a wine-drinking people and every year great hogsheads of wine came in the ships from France. Since Canada could not herself supply wine, Talon asked why should not the Canadians make beer from their barley and learn to drink it instead of wine and brandy? Accordingly he built a brewery at Quebec on a spot where there is still a brewery. He planned to use the noble forests to create a ship-building industry. Why, he asked, too, should not Quebec become a great seaport sending Canada's products to the West Indies and to Europe and bringing back sugar and other things needed in Canada?

Talon did not remain long enough to complete his plans, for in 1672 he returned to France. There the King made him a noble, with a title derived from his seigniory of Les Islets near Quebec. He lived for more than twenty years after his return, but, though in daily contact with the King, he could do little for Canada, in which Louis XIV soon lost interest. The King grudged the expense of maintaining distant Canada, when, nearer home, he had the ambition to add Holland and other territories to France, and to make himself the supreme power in Europe. Spain was decaying; and Louis hoped to be able to control her vast colonies—all of America in the south

but Brazil, and to take Brazil itself from weak Portugal. In the end, he made his grandson King of Spain, and his further plans included the seizure of the English colonies in America. Then France would dominate the two continents. Louis had a religious aim; wherever France ruled, only the Roman Catholic religion would be tolerated and both Americas should have this one faith.

Louis had some reason to hope that England would fall in with his designs. In 1670, two years before Talon returned to France, Louis took into his pay Charles II of England, who was ready to support French designs in Europe. Yearly, under the secret treaty of Dover, Charles received large sums of money from his cousin in France. At heart a Roman Catholic, Charles desired to bring England back to that faith, but he had to move cautiously; and time deepened, instead of softening, England's suspicions. Louis ignored something else about England. She was creating a world-wide trade and, to carry it on, built many ships. Louis, however, took no interest in ships. Never once did he sail on the sea; we are indeed not sure that he had ever seen one of the great men-of-war of the time with their towering masts and their port-holes black with cannon. England offered another contrast. Louis would allow only Frenchmen of his own faith to go to his colonies while England received in hers many people of other nations with their varied faiths.

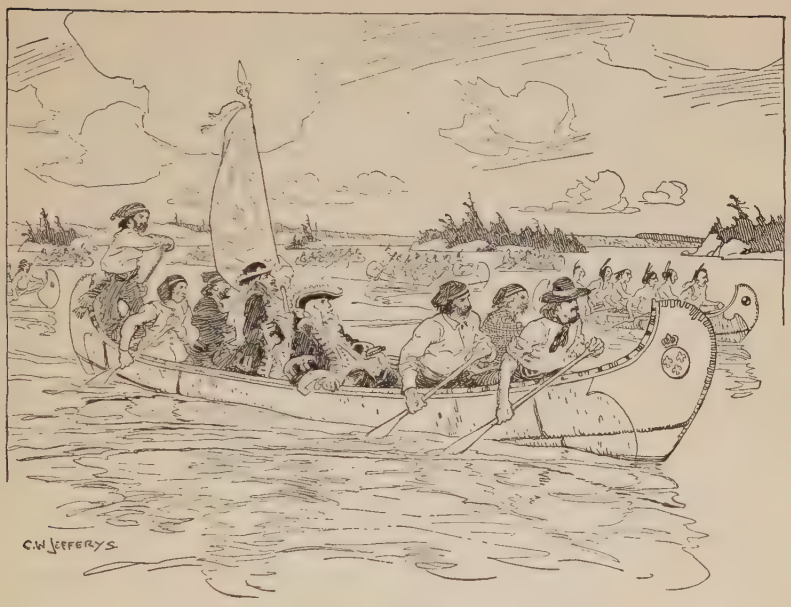
5. FRONTENAC, THE FIGHTING GOVERNOR

Among the persons best known at the court of Louis XIV were Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, and his fashionable wife. The pair were not well matched, for she, a social leader, was too independent in spirit to submit to her boastful and arrogant husband, who must always be master in the circle about him. The courtiers at Versailles were amused at his talk of his house, his horses, his servants,

as superior to those of others. Recently he had won honours which added to his arrogance. He was a fine soldier and when the republic of Venice, fighting the Turks, had asked France for a leader of its forces, Turenne, the greatest general of his time, had chosen Frontenac. He became, however, a ruined spendthrift, who had to beg the King for a salaried post, and he was made Governor of Canada. In 1672, a man of fifty-two years, he arrived at Quebec.

In 1663 Louis XIV had created a Sovereign or Supreme Council to rule Canada. In it sat the Governor, the Bishop, and Talon's successor as Intendant, with seven other appointed members. Frontenac's policy for the natives ran counter to that of the Bishop and the missionaries, who knew the dangers from the white man's vices and wished to keep the Indians apart under their own control. Frontenac's opposition was furious; the natives, he insisted, should intermarry with the French and live like Frenchmen. His rage turned chiefly against the Jesuit priests and he sent to the King hot charges that they were hypocrites, thinking more of gaining money by trading in furs than of winning souls. Time has shown that the sound policy was to keep the natives isolated. The English adopted it and, to this day, a hundred thousand Indians in Canada live on reserves in charge of superintendents. The natives were, in truth, not fit to meet the dangers from free contact with Europeans.

Inevitably Frontenac quarrelled with Laval. The age was one of ceremony. When the King went to church he was received with special pomp and Frontenac claimed similar honours. Sometimes this clashed with Laval's view of what was fitting and involved unseemly disputes. There was a furious quarrel about selling brandy to the Indians. Frontenac charged heavy fees for licenses to trade in furs, and it seems certain that, to increase his meagre pay, he pocketed some profits from the fur-trade. In 1673 Frontenac went to Montreal and on from there



FRONTENAC AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS
On his way up the St. Lawrence to found Cataraqui, now Kingston, in 1672.

up the river to meet the Iroquois. The pleasant city of Kingston stands at the point where Lake Ontario flows into the St. Lawrence. A French post here would not only show the Iroquois that the French were not afraid to come to their neighbourhood, but it would also help the fur-trade by saving the Indians the long journey to Montreal. Of course this would hurt the Montreal traders and they opposed the plan.

Frontenac sent word to the Iroquois to meet him at the spot proposed and on a July day in 1673 the waiting Iroquois chiefs saw a wonderful procession approaching. In front were canoes in four columns; then followed two large barges, armed with cannon, while other canoes brought up the rear. Frontenac landed and then summoned the chiefs to his presence. He did not call

them brothers; he was their father to give praise if they obeyed him, censure if they did not. He told them to become good Christians, to avoid war, to keep away from the English and the Dutch, and to love the French, who would protect them. He invited the chiefs to his table, and made gifts to their wives and children. All the time, the work for which he had really come was going on. Hundreds of men were cutting down trees, laying foundations and building walls; and in about two weeks there stood on the spot Fort Frontenac. Frontenac placed in charge young Cavelier de la Salle, destined to high fame as an explorer.

Frontenac had made himself formidable; he had awed the Iroquois, and had secured a firm hold on the fur-trade. But the bishop, the new intendant, Duchesneau, the Jesuits, and some jealous fur-traders, were all against him. Their complaints went to Louis XIV and brought sharp rebukes to Frontenac. Supporters of either side fought in the streets of Quebec. In time the King lost patience and, in 1682, he ordered both governor and intendant back to France. Frontenac seemed to have failed. Yet, within seven years, he was back again, and was received gladly even by the priests, who had opposed his policy. Two weak governors who had come after him had brought the colony near to ruin.

Louis XIV was partly to blame for these consequences. After Frontenac's recall the King sent an order to Canada to take to France some Iroquois warriors to be made galley slaves. The Governor, the Marquis de Denonville, seized some friendly Iroquois near Fort Frontenac, and sent them away to France to be chained to the rower's bench day and night under the lash of an overseer, and to die like cattle from merciless cruelty and neglect. The Iroquois, enraged by the treachery, took a ghastly revenge. The village of Lachine, near Montreal, was not aware of any danger, when on a night in August, 1689, a band of Iroquois rushed in, and amidst wild war-whoops, set fire to the houses and

killed or carried off about a hundred persons. They paddled to the south side of the river and the next night the horrified people of Montreal could see far across the broad stream the fires at which some of their own friends were being tortured to death.

Even before the terrible massacre of Lachine, the need of Frontenac had been clear and his return in 1689 restored hope. He was now an old man, but his vigour remained; and at once he had on foot far-reaching plans. The situation had changed, for war broke out with England. To Frontenac, as to most Frenchmen of the time, a king was the anointed of God; and the subject who dared to attack a king was guilty of terrible crime. Yet now, in 1689, the English drove out their Stuart king, James II, and forced him into exile in France. France supported James and, for the first time since the remote days of Champlain, Canada and the English colonies faced each other in war. Here was a task well suited to the genius of the old soldier. The English, masters of New York, looked upon the Iroquois as subjects of their new king, William III. This, Frontenac said, should not be; the land where the Iroquois lived had long since been proclaimed as French territory; the Iroquois were under the protection of the King of France; if they denied this he would humble them; and he would drive the English from North America. Fifteen years earlier, the English had sent a small force to the Dutch New Netherland and made it New York, without striking a blow and the French thought that they could, as easily, drive out the English. Frontenac was to lead sixteen hundred men up Lake Champlain and Lake George. They would seize the little English trading post at Albany and then descend the Hudson to New York. Here a French fleet would meet them and go on and take Boston. All the Protestants were to lose their property and to be removed and scattered so widely that never again should they be able to return.

Frontenac returned to Quebec too late in 1689 to try

to carry out the plan but, during the following winter, he sent out three war parties. One went from Montreal against the colony of New York. Schenectady, to-day a busy manufacturing city, was then a little frontier village of Dutch settlers, under English rule. On the cold night of February 4, 1690, in a storm of wind and sleet, a war-party of Canadians and Indians crept in past the gates of the little fort. By midnight they had scattered through the silent village and then the massacre began. With wild war-whoops the assailants, tomahawks in hand, rushed in and set fire to the houses, and killed men, women and children just awakened. Soon sixty dead lay in the poor village, twenty-two of them women and little children. Frontenac sent a similar party from Three Rivers and a third from Quebec against frontier villages of New England, and with similar results. These massacres fired the English colonies with the resolve, unchanged during the next seventy years, to destroy the power of France in America.

Frontenac was not able to renew peace with the Iroquois. When he sent a haughty summons to them to come to meet him, they answered, with equal pride, that the council fires with the French had been quenched in blood and that he must go to them if he wished to talk of peace. Frontenac was forced to turn to the other tribes; and to Montreal in the summer of 1690 came even the Sioux from the far west. If Frontenac's high air had lost its spell with the Iroquois, it was not so with the other tribes. He told them that he would destroy their common enemy, the Iroquois, and with them the English. As the savage chiefs sat round the council-fire he jumped up, brandished a hatchet, and led the greasy, whooping savages in a wild war dance, which was the pledge that they would be the unfailing allies of the French. He then gave his Indian allies Iroquois prisoners to torture to death.

The war with England pitted Frontenac against a strange foe. William Phips, of Boston, was a son of poor

and ignorant parents on the frontiers of Maine. When just grown up he went to Boston, learned there reading and writing, and also the trade of a ship's carpenter, and won and married a well-to-do lady of better station than his own. Then the coarse, rough man made for himself a remarkable career. He had heard stories of Spanish ships, laden with gold, lying at the bottom of the sea in the West Indies. He studied charts, made up his mind as to where one of these ships lay, and went to England to get help to find her. The admiralty sent him out in a frigate. In those days pirates were many. Phips' crew plotted to turn pirate with him as captain, but when they proposed this he knocked down the leaders with his fists and then awed the crew into submission. In the end he did what he set out to do; on a second voyage he found the sunken ship and took from her some three hundred thousand pounds in treasure. Most of it went to his backers in England, but he returned to Boston with enough to make him a rich man. Easy-going King Charles II must have enjoyed Phips' tale, and, no doubt with some glee over the vigour of the man who could use his fists, made him Sir William Phips, knight. Later when Phips became the governor of Massachusetts he knocked down officials who angered him, exactly as he had beaten his sailors.

In the summer of 1690 Phips sailed from Boston to the Bay of Fundy, captured Port Royal in Acadia, and forced the inhabitants to take the oath of loyalty to England. He was so greedy as to take for himself even the clothes of the captive governor. Again, in August, he sailed away with twenty-two hundred men, and thirty-four vessels, some of them war-ships, others mere fishing craft. It was October, more than two months after setting out, when Phips reached Quebec. Frontenac was there in a state of blustering fury. When Phips anchored and sent off a boat to demand instant surrender, the French blindfolded the messenger and rushed him through streets cumbered with barricades to Frontenac's presence in the

chateau of St. Louis. There, surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms, Frontenac awaited him, and when the bandage was taken from the young officer's eyes he faced the counterpart of an angry Louis XIV. The French, so ran Phips' demand, had been guilty of brutal outrages and there must be unconditional surrender within an hour. When some of those about Frontenac urged him to hang the envoy as a pirate, he seemed to give up the plan only at the urgency of the bishop. He dismissed the messenger with the scornful insult that he should answer only from the mouth of his cannon. Phips could not take Quebec. It was late October, and since wintry fogs made the great river dangerous, he sailed away beaten and Frontenac was victor.

The war continued for many years and to this day heroic deeds of the time stir French pride. A French officer, Verchères, had a seigniory on the St. Lawrence twenty miles below Montreal. The Iroquois haunted the neighbourhood and in 1692, while Verchères and his wife were absent, the savages crept up on his fortified house. His daughter, Madeleine, fourteen years old, was at the dock on the river when she heard war-whoops. She ran amid flying bullets and was able to close the gate of the palisade. Within were only some women, two soldiers, a retainer, eighty years old, and the girl's two younger brothers. She posted the few defenders so as to make the savages believe that the place was strongly held; and cries rang out through the night, as if the defenders were changing guard. After a week aid came from Montreal.* When the girl's heroism was reported to France she received a pension from the king.

Though seventy-six years old, Frontenac decided to go in 1696 to the very heart of the Iroquois country. From his cherished Fort Frontenac, he set out with two thousand men, and a strange procession wound along forest paths to the Iroquois villages. When Frontenac's strength failed,

*See illustration on page 63.

fifty Indians seated him in a great war canoe and carried him on their shoulders. The Iroquois burned their chief villages and fled to hiding-places in the forest. Frontenac had struck them a heavy blow and never again did they seriously menace Canada.

The old Governor was near his end when France and England began to treat for peace. His enemies said that the fur-traders made the posts in the interior hotbeds of vice and they gained the ear of the king. Frontenac must grant no more licenses to wandering fur-traders; he must abandon the distant posts; and he must make peace with the Iroquois, even if this involved betrayal of the other native tribes with whom the Iroquois were at war. We may imagine the anger of the old governor at these instructions. He took no steps to abandon the posts and continued to issue licenses. In truth, in the end, his policy really triumphed. When, in 1697, peace came by the treaty of Ryswick, dangers to the colony were eased and events soon made the French continue a policy for which Frontenac had been rebuked. They kept up the posts and pushed on ever farther. He was not a great man; and his vanity and hot temper made him at times unbearable. It may be, however, that, but for his defence of Quebec, the English would have done in 1690 what they did seventy years later, when their flag was raised at Quebec and Canada became British.

READ A STORY

The Ryerson Readers provide excellent supplementary reading: *Jacques Cartier*, by J. C. Sutherland; *Samuel de Champlain*, by Adrian Macdonald; *Sieur de Maisonneuve*, by Lorne Pierce; *Count de Frontenac*, by Helen Williams; *Jean de Brébœuf*, by Isabel Skelton; *Isaac Jogues*, by Isabel Skelton; and *Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville*, by Norman McLeod Rogers; *Hébert: The First Canadian Farmer*, by Julia Jarvis.

Pioneers in Canada. By Sir Harry Johnston. Chapter IV contains a good account of Champlain and the Foundation of Canada.

†*The Founders of New France.* By Charles W. Colby. *The Jesuit Missions.* By T. G. Marquis. "Chronicles of Canada."

Samuel de Champlain. By Ralph Flenley. Macmillan, Toronto. A brief account of this resourceful man of action.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

C. EXPLORERS AND SEIGNEURS

1. THE MYSTERY BEYOND THE GREAT LAKES

A mystery is always fascinating. In 1535 Jacques Cartier had wondered whether the swirling waters which he saw at Montreal did not flow out of China. Many years later Champlain pushed on to Lake Huron in the effort to solve the same mystery. Later the French explored Lake Huron to find flowing into it from the north-west a swift river with plunging falls. They named the river and the falls after the Virgin, Sainte Marie. Going farther they found a narrow strait leading into another great body of water, Lake Michigan, and when they pushed up the St. Mary's River they reached still another lake, vaster than any of the others, cold, stormy, with long stretches of rocky shore and towering cliffs. It was Lake Superior, the last of the five great lakes of fresh water.

Like the English colonist the French colonist on the St. Lawrence had before him the humdrum task of creating a farm. He must cut down trees and dig out stumps; he must build his house; he must plough and sow and reap—all slow tasks, needing patience as well as energy. But he might do something else. Past his door flowed a river, and his canoe would carry him to remote regions where, with a few goods from Europe, he could buy rich furs from the Indians. There was adventure in his Norman blood and this life was alluring. It was pleasant to paddle all day past forest-clad shores, and at night to rest by a bright camp-fire, smoking, talking, often drinking and gambling. There was danger, too, for the fur-trader had to go among savages who massacred each other and might kill him. But danger has never held men back from adventure. Many, far too many, colonists took to the life. The French called them *coureurs-de-bois*, runners of the woods. The hazards made them reckless. When they came back to their villages, they were apt, like the lumberman of to-day,

who goes to the forest for the winter, to spend their money on drink and foolish luxuries, and to be penniless within a few weeks. Few of them ever saved any money. The life wore them out quickly; and often, when too old to endure the hard work, they spent their declining years in dire poverty.

Among the traders were leaders who played a great part in discovery. In the spring of 1659, two men, pushing on west of Lake Michigan, were bent on solving the great mystery of the interior. They were brothers-in-law, the younger of them Pierre Esprit Radisson, the elder Chouart des Groseilliers. Radisson bore many scars. The boy, when out shooting near Three Rivers, had been captured by prowling Iroquois, who carried him off to their village where, at the entrance, he had to run the gauntlet between two rows of savages striking at him with clubs. He was so quick on his feet that he dodged the blows, but this did not save him. The savages had begun to torture him to death, when an old chief rescued him. Then the youth had dressed like the Indians and had hunted, and trapped and shared in their wars.

In the end he had escaped and now lithe, tough, skilled in the life of the forest, and expert in his knowledge of Indian ways, he and Chouart were off to the west to seek fortune in the fur-trade. In the next year they were leading a fleet of native canoes down the Ottawa River to sell their furs at Montreal. At the Long Sault Rapid were signs that an Iroquois war-party was lurking in an enclosure near its foot. When Radisson's men raised their war-whoop the few Iroquois fled and there, in the enclosure, Radisson found scalps and the charred bones of men who had been tortured to death by fire. It was the ghastly scene of Dollard's heroism.

Soon the two Frenchmen were again in the west; and it seems clear that in their journeys they went beyond the Great Lakes, passing in safety from tribe to tribe, warring on each other. They crossed a great river, quite certainly

the Mississippi, and went beyond it on the prairie among savage Crees and Sioux Indians. They lived with them their hard life, now starving, now gorged with the abundant flesh of buffaloes and deer. They ventured far northward until they were able to paddle out upon a vast sheet of water. It was, we can hardly doubt, Hudson Bay. We may well wonder why the two Frenchmen were not killed by the savages, for there would be no one to avenge them. The savages, however, looked upon them almost as beings from another world and knew well enough that only through them could they get the things which put out of date their stone axes and their bows and arrows. In the summer of 1663 Radisson again led a great fleet of canoes, paddled by bronzed, savage arms, along the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Huron and on down the Ottawa to Montreal. The Indians saw with wonder the buildings of the French town. No doubt some of them got drunk and startled Montreal with savage whoops and bloody fights. Radisson looked on content. He seemed to have made a fortune by his trade in furs.

He did not, however, keep it. When the Governor asked for Radisson's license and found that he had none, he fined him so heavily that he had little left. He set out again secretly for the west and soon, since he could not get past the well-guarded gateway of the St. Lawrence, he drifted away to the English in Boston. Then we find this astonishing Frenchman in another scene. He is in London, telling the English how to secure the richest fur-trade in the world. Pleasure-loving Charles II was curious to hear about strange regions; and Radisson wrote out for the king in odd English his engaging story. He told the English that they could sail to Hudson Bay where the Indians would come with their furs to the sea-shore and save the laborious passage by canoe which the French had to make in Canada.

From this came the great Hudson's Bay Company. To-day it has stations scattered over Canada, great stores

in Montreal, in Winnipeg, in Vancouver, and lesser ones in a hundred places. It sells delicate silks and rough blankets —anything required in the mansions of the rich, or in the remote cabin of the trapper. Still in London meet Englishmen to control this vast trade; but the Company was founded on the advice of the Frenchman, Radisson. When Charles II heard Radisson's story, his cousin, Prince Rupert, took it up. He was the dashing young cavalry leader of the civil war; he had commanded on land and sea, and had visited many regions. Already he had interests in Africa and he was now ready to explore a new field.

The result was that, in 1670, Charles II put his hand to the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company and gave to Prince Rupert and about a score of his friends a monopoly of all the trade of Hudson Bay, and with it the ownership of all the lands bordering on the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay. Since the greatest of these rivers, the Saskatchewan, flows out of the distant Rocky Mountains, Charles had made a gift to the Company of the present Canadian West, which has thus been British longer than any other part of Canada. He pledged England's might to keep what he so freely gave, and the pledge was needed, for at once France disputed his right.

The English were planted south of Canada, and the French were resolved not to have them also on the north. Now overland, now by sea, they sent expeditions during forty years to assert ownership of Hudson Bay, and they made a remarkable fight. Their most notable leader was Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, whose life of adventure reads like a story from Greek fable. He and half a dozen brothers, all of whom won distinction, were sons of a Canadian seigneur; but not for them was a quiet life on their father's broad acres. At the age of twelve, young Iberville began a service of ten years in the French navy which fitted him for his later brilliant exploits on the sea. Then he returned to adventure in Canada. The English thought themselves secure on Hudson Bay when, in 1686,

Iberville was one of about a hundred men who set out on a hard journey from Montreal to dislodge them. In April, amid ice and snow, they struggled up the Ottawa River, then on to Lake Temiskaming, and at last they launched their canoes on the Moose River, flowing into the bay. In a fierce rapid Iberville's canoe was wrecked and the two men with him were drowned. But the party reached the bay and Moose Factory was deep in sleep when suddenly the French dashed in. Not far away lay Fort Rupert and, anchored before it, an English ship. Iberville hurried on and when, in the dead of night, two canoes paddled out silently, Iberville, lithe, tall, strong, was up over the side and by one blow struck the single sentinel dead. The party captured fort after fort and in the next summer Iberville sailed away to Quebec in an English ship with an immense booty of furs.

This was in 1686, when James II of England and his loving cousin, Louis XIV of France, were at peace To Iberville peace or war mattered little, but in 1689, when the two nations went to war, he had an enlarged field. In that summer he plundered the English on the bay; and before winter ended he was one of the war-party which crept up on Schenectady in New York, during a wild storm, and burst in to massacre men, women and children. Two years later we find him taking St. John's and burning many villages in Newfoundland. In 1694 he is again on Hudson Bay and captures the most important English post, Nelson. When the English retake it he sails in 1697 with a single ship to the bay and is before it demanding its surrender, when an English squadron of three ships comes in sight. They carry twice his number of cannon, and more than twice his number of men; but he gets the advantage of the wind, sinks the warship, *Hampshire*, with her hundred and fifty men, captures a second ship,and forces the third to sail away. When peace came in that year the French had nearly all the posts on the bay.

Both nations continued to hold forts there after the

peace was signed in 1697 and Iberville sailed away to France to find other tasks. Accordingly, in the next year, he is leading an expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi, to found the colony of Louisiana which France had long planned. When, in 1702, war again broke out with England, he told the French government that, if given support, he could take a force overland from Canada, on snowshoes, surprise and capture Boston, and go on and take New York. Instead he was sent to attack the English in the West Indies, and there, in 1707, he died when only forty-five years old.

The career of Iberville shows how strong a fight the French could make to hold Hudson Bay. But they failed; in Europe England struck blows so heavy that, in 1713, Louis XIV was humbled into a peace by which he gave up all claims to Hudson Bay and so justified the lavish grant of Charles II to the Hudson's Bay Company. Soon the Company built at great cost at the mouth of the Churchill River on the bay, Fort Prince of Wales, which still stands, a massive ruin, with walls forty feet thick, and with some of its forty guns still lying where they were first placed. To-day the railway from the western prairie has reached this spot.

2. DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

In the year 1670, when the French first challenged the English on Hudson Bay, they had made an even bolder stroke. The Intendant Talon, who was watching at Quebec, decided to settle, as he thought for ever, the ownership of the region of the Great Lakes and beyond, one of the richest in the world. He chose a tried officer, Saint-Lusson, who, in June, 1671, was at Sault-Sainte-Marie. At his summons the Indians came from far and near to meet him. On the day appointed the French raised a tall wooden cross bearing the arms of France and Saint-Lusson and announced to the savage throng that the land

belonged to the King of France. The Jesuit missionary, Allouez, told them that this King was the greatest being on earth; none could withstand his victorious armies; he would protect all who obeyed him, but he must be obeyed as the ruler of all that region. The Indians yelped a seeming assent and New France had spread to the farther west.

All this stimulated exploration. The lure of the mystery touched trader and priest alike. A young Jesuit priest, Father Marquette, had already founded a mission at Sault-Sainte-Marie, and had gone on farther to the remotest shore of Lake Superior. Now, with ardent zeal, he was working at Michilimackinac, on the straits leading to Lake Michigan, and he wished to explore, not in order to enlarge trade but to convert the degraded tribes. This frail, bearded man, wearing the priest's black robe, had learned half a dozen native languages and is the symbol of undying missionary zeal. The Indians told him of the wonders of the great river, the Mississippi, flowing out of the north, to what point no one knew. Might it not, he wondered, empty into the Pacific Ocean? Far away at Quebec Talon had pondered the same problem and now, though Talon was gone, Frontenac intended to solve it, if he could. He did not like the Jesuits, nor wish their aid. In 1672 young Louis Jolliet, only twenty-seven years old, arrived at Michilimackinac. Though so young, he had already done much exploring, and Frontenac had sent him to learn what he could about the great river, so much talked of. Naturally he and Marquette discussed what could be done, with the result that they set out together in the spring of 1673. It was easy to reach the Mississippi, but when their canoe floated out on its broad flood they did not know whither it would carry them.

Danger lurked everywhere since at any time they might be attacked by ferocious savages. For the most part, however, the country seemed empty and, day after day, no human being came in sight. They saw deer and

herds of buffalo. At last they reached an Indian village and ventured to land. When they explained their aim, the startled savages told them that to go farther would mean certain destruction by demons or men. Afraid to sleep on shore, they anchored their canoes at night in the turbid river. One day they were swept into a raging current dotted with drifting trees; it was the Missouri, pouring into the Mississippi waters from the far Rocky Mountains.

For a long month they went on, and when they stopped they knew two things; one that the river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and not into the Pacific; the other that if they went farther they might meet Spaniards. A hundred years earlier Spain had massacred a thousand Frenchmen who ventured to Florida, and they knew that she still proclaimed death to intruders in this region. They turned back after they had reached a native village in the present Arkansas, still far from the sea. Jolliet hurried to Quebec to report to Frontenac, while Marquette, with death upon him, lingered among natives in the north to preach to them, and he died on his way to Michilimackinac.

Much had been done; but the spirit of adventure would never be content until an explorer had followed the river to its mouth. In the Sulpician monastery at Montreal was a priest named Jean La Salle. He came of a well-to-do merchant family in Rouen, and he must have written home letters which fired the thoughts of his younger brother, Robert Cavelier, for, in 1667, this youth of twenty-four arrived at Montreal with his head full of plans. He had energy, ambition and a masterful temper. The Sulpicians owned the island of Montreal, and they made him a large grant of land above the Rapids. Here he prospered; but this life did not satisfy him. He would go on and on to the west, until he should come either to China or to the ocean across which lay China. So much did he talk of this that men laughingly called his seigneury La Chine, China.

He sold it and in 1669 equipped a party to go to the west. He led them the length of Lake Ontario, then on past the cataract of Niagara, to Lake Erie. He had heard of a great river flowing to the west to join the greater one, the Mississippi, and he found it—the Ohio. His energy was too much for his men, and when they all deserted he went on alone and risked his life by wandering into native villages. Soon after he had returned to Montreal, Frontenac arrived; and when he built Fort Frontenac in 1673, he made La Salle a huge grant of land and left him on guard at this outpost. La Salle settled families on his land, attracted Indians to come to live near, built a school for their children, and again prospered.

He must, however, explore the mystery still unsolved; and now he did what had not been done before. Canoes were not spacious enough for the vast fur-trade which he intended to carry on, and he built a ship to sail on the waters of the first of the Great Lakes. Wondering natives saw her spreading sails as she went the whole length of Lake Ontario. Then came disaster; she was wrecked as she reached the mouth of the Niagara River. This did not daunt La Salle; he built another ship above the falls and sailed away in her, on past Lake Erie to Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, surprising men everywhere by planning trade on a scale never before reached. On Lake Michigan he loaded the ship with furs and sent her back. She passed out of sight and La Salle hoped and waited; but never again did he see her; she must have gone down in those uncharted waters with all on board.

Even this did not break La Salle. He went on and founded a trading post on the Illinois River west of the present Chicago. Indians flocked to him eager for trade. In some way he secured goods from Montreal, but he was still bent on the great purpose of discovery. Thus it happened that in 1682, nine years after Marquette and Jolliet had failed to reach the Gulf of Mexico, a group of canoes pushed out on the upper Mississippi, bound for the

sea. Nothing could check La Salle. Day after day they paddled on, past lonely stretches of forest and open prairie; past the villages of warring tribes; but with no thought of stopping until the goal was reached. At last from a low marshy shore La Salle looked out on far-spreading salt water. It was the Gulf of Mexico. Spain claimed all that region but this did not matter to La Salle's master, Louis XIV, who despised Spain, or to La Salle himself. He raised the French arms and declared that all that region belonged to France. Then it was that Louisiana and Canada were linked together under the same sovereign.

La Salle had solved the mystery which had so long hung about the river. When he had made the hard journey back to Quebec he found there only opposition, reproaches, and bankruptcy. Still undaunted he went to France to put his case to Louis XIV himself. The King gave him the rank of noble, was glad that he should have flouted Spain, and helped him to get together a hundred soldiers and a hundred colonists and to sail away with four ships to found a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. Accordingly, in the summer of 1684, La Salle is ploughing the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico. When he missed its marshy mouth and landed some four hundred miles to the west, the error proved fatal. He built a fort, but after that all was tragedy. One by one, he lost his four ships. Then, helpless to get to the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, he had to try to go for aid to Canada by a long journey, first overland and then by the great river. He became morose and gave such harsh orders to his men that one day in 1687, in a desolate forest scene, the climax came and they murdered him. A little later Indians and Spaniards destroyed the small colony which he had left at his fort in what is now Texas. Yet, within a score of years, Louisiana became a reality, with thousands of French colonists; and to this day the great city of New Orleans looks back proudly to its French origin.

At Three Rivers was born in 1685, two years before

La Salle was killed, to La Vérendrye, the Governor of the town, a son whose mind was haunted by the unsolved further mystery of a passage to the Western Sea. La Salle died at the age of forty-four. Pierre, Sieur de la Vérendrye, was already fifty-three when, late in 1738, with a party of about fifty, he set out from Fort La Reine (now Portage la Prairie in Manitoba) to find the Western Sea. It was a cold day in December when he reached a tribe, the Mandans, who, he had been told, were highly civilized and even had white skins and could guide him to what he sought. They proved, however, to be only greedy, thieving savages. Thus began the labours of the French on the western prairie, of which the story is more fully told on page 231. In 1742 two of La Vérendrye's sons came in view of snow-capped mountains, perhaps the Rockies, and realized that a vast range barred the way to the Pacific. Later, one of the sons was, as far as we know, the first of white men to see the great Saskatchewan, whose waters reach not to the Pacific but to the Atlantic, by way of Hudson Bay. Soon, dotted over the prairie country, were a number of French trading posts.

When, far away on Hudson Bay, word had come to the British that the French were busy among the Indian tribes on the prairie, a bold youth, Anthony Hendry, set out with some Indians; went up rivers and across lakes, and at last floated out on the broad Saskatchewan. He paddled up this river in summer and then advanced on foot across the prairie until he reached a tribe of Blackfoot Indians near the present Calgary. This was in 1754, and already the French had a trading post in full view of the Rocky Mountains. When Hendry was back on Hudson Bay in 1755, the long struggle had already begun in which the fate of what is now Western Canada was decided, along with that of the lands of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi.

3. THE SEIGNEUR AND THE CURÉ

The influence of Laval and Louis XIV still endures in the Province of Quebec, where survives to this day the spirit of the tall young bishop who, with the stately bearing of both a great churchman and an aristocrat, stepped ashore at Quebec in June, 1659, and went in procession to the little cathedral on the top of the cliff. In a scene of magnificence we find another enduring influence in Canada. To-day, as one wanders through the vast palace of Versailles, its connection with Canada seems remote. Yet Versailles is a symbol of the aims of Louis XIV, who was the ruler of New France for seventy-two years. Names of places in Canada and the United States, such as Louisbourg and Louisiana, remind us of the monarch whom his subjects liked to call "Le Roi Soleil," the Sun King, the source of light and warmth.

Louis pictured himself as the greatest monarch on earth, fit to be master of both Europe and America. The King of Spain was Louis' own grandson. The King of England ruled a population only one-third that of France; and the rest of Europe was divided and weak. The greatest nobles in France were ready to live in an attic at Versailles, if they might only be near their wonderful ruler. He was fond of hunting and of life in the open air. He made France the model for art and manners in Europe; he encouraged men of letters, and adorned his great buildings with the best painting and sculpture. The wealth of France was his and he spent it lavishly.

While Louis was, in truth, only a man of moderate ability, even a superb genius could not have done what he tried to do. He counted himself the father of his people, with the right to regulate their affairs; nobles might not marry without his consent; and no minister was to reach any decision before consulting him. He tried to control the religion of his people, and decreed that all must accept the Roman Catholic faith. While the English

colonies received many who wished to escape coercion in religion at home, Louis would allow no discontented citizens of France to go to Canada; and while the English colonies received foreigners from many lands, only Frenchmen might go to Canada. Quebec was to be a copy of Versailles; and in truth it had a dignified social life. The governor was usually a man of rank—there are half a dozen marquises in the list—and etiquette was strict. In the last days of New France, Montcalm found at Quebec a cultivated society; men and women dressed in the best fashions of France gave elaborate dinners and dances.

It was in the days of Louis XIV that the system of land-holding in Canada, which had come down from feudal days in France, was finally settled. We know it as Seigniorial Tenure. In Quebec was sometimes to be seen a ceremony like that in stately castles of France at the time of the Crusades. The Governor waits in one of the reception rooms of the Chateau of St. Louis. A seigneur enters who has just become owner of a wide tract of land. He has removed his sword, and he advances to where the Governor is seated, kneels humbly before him, places his hands between the Governor's, and makes solemn oath to be the King's loyal and true man and to discharge the duties laid upon him. The seigneur was perhaps a former officer and usually a man of some education. His large tract had sometimes a frontage of as many as twenty miles on the St. Lawrence. As soon as he could he built a manor house, regarded by his people as a great mansion, and some of these fine old buildings still survive.

The seigneur did not sell land to his people; for a small annual payment he made them grants of from fifty to a hundred acres. He was the seigneur, the landlord in the old sense of that word. He stood as godfather to the eldest son of his tenants. On the first of May, they came to salute him, and to dance round the Maypole before his door. The great occasion for the seigneur was St. Martin's

Day, November 11. Then his people paid their dues, and there was festival at the manor house. From all over the seigniory they came in their *calèches* (two-wheeled vehicles) or *planches* (buckboards) and he offered them wine or other refreshment in the large dining-room of the manor. A respected seigneur was at the head of what was like a large family, their friend, adviser and protector.

Each tenant was required to clear some fields, to build a house, at first usually made of logs, and a barn for his cattle. He was in effect the owner of his land and, if he worked, it would not be long before he was able to make a good living. In contrast with the hovels in which many peasants lived in France, his house was spacious. Soon he was likely to have a swarm of children and to enlarge his house to meet this need. He had privileges denied to the peasant in France; he could hunt freely in the forest and fish in the rivers and lakes, rights which in France the seigneur kept for himself.

These settlers soon had a proud self-reliance. While, in parts of France, the small farmer was almost a serf, showing servile deference to the seigneur, in Canada he felt himself a man. He would take no title that marked inferiority, but called himself simply an inhabitant—a *habitant*—and this name still endures. He paid little in rent; as much as five dollars a year would have been thought a high rental, and sometimes it was met by a few bushels of grain or half a dozen chickens. During each year he was called upon to work for a few days on the roads or in the seigneur's fields. He had to grind his grain at the seigneur's mill; but, in return, the seigneur had to provide the mill, often for him a profitless duty. If the habitant sold his holding the seigneur had the right to one-twelfth of the price, but the holding was rarely sold.

In time there was a church in each village; and the seigneur and the priest usually worked in harmony. The seigneur was shown honour in the church; usually the service would not begin until he arrived; he had a special

pew, with his coat of arms carved above it; he was prayed for by name; in processions he came next to the clergy; the habitants waited at the church door until his calèche drove away, and it was a mark of gross rudeness to pass him on the way. The priest, of course unmarried, sometimes lived with him in the manor house. The old custom in Europe of levying the tithe for the support of the priest was in force; in Canada the burden was very light; for while, in Europe, it was sometimes one-tenth, in Canada it consisted of one twenty-sixth of the crop of grain; of wheat and oats and peas and barley. When it was proposed to build a church or a priest's dwelling, the parishioners debated the need and, if a majority gave their approval, every one in the parish must pay his share as a tax, just as nowadays a community is taxed to build a school. Since all were of the same faith, this divided equally the burden; and in the Province of Quebec this system is still in force, though Protestants are not obliged to pay such dues.

4. THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

In the early days, when Louis XIV took a real interest in Canada, he greatly aided settlement. He had sent out many soldiers. While hundreds of them were willing to stay as settlers, few women had gone to Canada, and yet these men needed wives. Since there was much poverty in France many respectable girls were ready to risk finding suitable husbands and homes in Canada. They were carefully selected, and behold, in the year 1667, shiploads of marriageable girls arriving at Quebec. As they landed, there were strange scenes; expectant young men looking for a bride; a brief courtship; the priest at hand to perform the marriage ceremony. Then the couples went off to found homes on the abundant land. They did not start empty-handed. The King provided cattle and pigs and chickens and a sum of money. He was the father of his people in Canada as in France.

THE RELIEF OF FORT VERCHÈRES

Madeleine receives the officer in command of the force sent to relieve the fort, which she had defended against the Iroquois.

In the main such marriages seem to have worked out happily enough. One of the advantages which the Roman Catholic system offers is cheap education. The members of the religious orders of men and women who teach are content with the bare means to live. Near the church in some of the villages grew up in time monasteries where, for almost nothing, boys and girls were educated. Those for the girls were the more numerous; sometimes the girls remained for a long time; and often the young habitant's wife was better educated than himself. To this day on remote farms one may find the man rough and hardly able to read, while his wife has a good education and good manners. There was gaiety in the village; the fiddle invited to dancing; joyous and sometimes also sad *chansons* of old France were sung; old legends with verses, endless in number, were set to music, or were related by a story-teller

expert in the practice. Social life was pure; the young men married early and there were few illegitimate births.

The life had its darker side; some habitants were quarrelsome and there were too many lawsuits. The lack of education led to ignorant and lazy farming. Many went off to a wandering and reckless life in the woods; and when these *coureurs-de-bois* came back from their fur-trading, they spent too much time and money at the village cabaret and often sank into an old age of wretchedness. But the priest watched them as he watched his other people, and reproof was not lacking; the seigneur, too, had authority; and so also had a third person in the village, the captain of militia. He was chosen for his capacity and did more than military duty. Before his door was a flagstaff, to show his standing as the agent of the government for the wider affairs of the parish. With seigneur, priest, and captain of militia, the village had an organization which proved effective when came the cloud of war.

The long reign of Louis XIV had ended when, in 1715, he was succeeded by his great-grandson, a child of five, Louis XV. The old King had lost interest in Canada; now the child King was too young to feel it, and under him France lost Canada. Louis XV might have grown into a good ruler. Whatever the faults of Louis XIV, he ruled with dignity and he worked hard. Louis XV had as good a mind, but it was perverted. The handsome boy was not wisely trained. He flew into fits of passion when crossed; and those about him were only too ready to secure his good will by yielding to his whims. Though he had a haunting fear of death, he put little restraint on his desires. He was a glutton at table; he drank to excess with boon companions; he was licentious and wrote indecent songs; and he was indolent. "It will last my time," was his careless word, when warned of dangers to France.

The life of French Canada was haunted by the ambitious design to drive out the English and take the whole continent. Just before the last war, in which the British

did exactly what the French had planned, and drove out their rivals, the French governor, La Jonquière, at Quebec, sent the British at Halifax an arrogant message. Take notice, he said, that this whole continent belongs to the King of France. We may imagine what stirring of wrath such a message would cause in Boston and New York. When, in 1713, France ceded Nova Scotia to Britain, she was founding the colony of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi and with the two mighty rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, in her possession, she intended to have all that lay between, the present United States. While the habitant in the Canadian village was thinking of his farm, of his horses and cattle and pigs and sheep, his leaders were thinking in terms of this vast French Empire.

When, in 1713, France renounced all claim to Hudson Bay, which cuts half-way across North America, she showed new interest in the old problem of finding elsewhere a river flowing to the Pacific. At the Jesuit College in Paris was a professor, Charlevoix, who had taught in Quebec, and was an acute observer. In 1720, he arrived in Quebec, sent by France to find this route. Though Charlevoix wore the black robe of the Jesuit priest, he was a man of the world who moved freely in good society and had the skill to write a lively account of what he saw. He was no stranger in Quebec. The Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, was an old friend. Though Quebec was only a small town Charlevoix was charmed with its society and with some of its great buildings; he thought the bishop's palace, in course of erection, worthy of Versailles; and he pictured the time when Quebec should be a second Paris and when its harbour should be crowded with many ships. Montreal, which he saw in winter, pleased him less. In the spring he set out for the west. He travelled in luxury and he describes himself sitting in comfort in a canoe, in which strong arms paddled him past beautiful forest-clad shores. When evening came, he lay on a bed of evergreen twigs in the glow of the camp-fire. He reached the

Mississippi, but learned nothing of a route to the Pacific; and at last he went down the murky river to Louisiana, and so back to France.

Charlevoix saw that Canada was not prospering. England's neglect of her colonies did not matter; they wished chiefly to be left alone, while Canada was always directed from France. There were few roads; it was a century after the death of Champlain before a road was open from Quebec to Montreal. Travel was chiefly by canoe or sailing boat. In winter, from October to May, Canada was cut off from the outside world and there was stagnation. Though Talon had planned to build ships and to develop manufactures in iron, little was done. The fisheries were neglected. Farming was backward and the fur-trade was declining. No longer came to Montreal the great fleets of canoes paddled by hundreds of Indians. Charlevoix describes drunken fights among the few who came; how, with wild howlings, they "gnawed each other with their teeth like so many enraged wolves." With a shiver he heard that they had prolonged for a whole week the torture of a French gentleman, their prisoner. Clearly the missions had not yet tamed the Indians. In the Canadian villages there was much poverty and ignorance; sometimes even the children of officers could barely read. Yet Charlevoix thought the habitant much better off than the peasant in France; he had hunting and fishing; fuel for warmth in the severe winter was abundant; he could make most of his own farm implements; and his wife clothed him in homespun. Like all isolated peoples, not humbled by contact with those more advanced, he had too high an opinion of himself, was pleased with flattery, detested criticism, and prided himself on his freedom.

In the Canadian village, while the Seigneur might be a somewhat distant great man, held in awe, the priest was every one's friend. The old war with the Church about selling brandy to the natives was no longer acute. Frontenac had really won; and now the traders took brandy as

they took other things to the Indians. The governor ruled, but though the bishop occupied a secondary place he was held in reverence by the whole colony. To this day the visit of a bishop to a parish marks a great occasion; the population turns out to receive him and kneel for his blessing. Laval's successor, Saint-Vallier, was thought to be a very holy man. Visitors to Quebec to-day will see on the banks of the St. Charles River the fine stone building known as the General Hospital. It is not a hospital in the English sense but a home for aged people.

Saint-Vallier built it; there he lived and, when he died in 1727, many believed that miracles of healing would take place, like those which every year are reported from the shine of Saint Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec. Certainly the canons of the cathedral in Quebec thought so, and they took steps to have the body buried in their church to attract worshippers and gifts such as had made rich many ancient shrines. Out of this came a struggle which throws light on the religion of French Canada. Saint-Vallier had directed that his body should lie in the adjoining church; and to make sure of this, it was buried hurriedly; the tomb was made secure under a heavy stone; and a guard was placed at the church door. The same night a crowd from Quebec, led by the canons, came to demand that the body be taken to the Cathedral. There was talk of carrying it off by force and a lively quarrel followed, so acute that appeal was made to the King of France to settle it. The zeal of the first two bishops, who ruled from 1659 to 1727, was not imitated by the next two, both of whom preferred ease and dignity in France to the hardships of their diocese. Then the governor had no watchful critic such as Laval had been to Frontenac.

READ A STORY

† *The Fighting Governor.* By Charles W. Colby. *The Great Intendant.* By Thomas Chapais. *The Seigneurs of Old Canada.* By W. B. Munro. *The Old Regimé.* By Francis Parkman. *In Pioneer Days.* By Donalda Dickie. Dent.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

D. FRENCH AND BRITISH RIVALRY

1. THE DRAMA OF NOVA SCOTIA

Three places in Nova Scotia have great historic interest. One is Annapolis, the French Port Royal, where, before Quebec was founded, Champlain planted a garden and thought that even the birds sang in welcome to the French, and where, too, at the same time, the young lawyer, Lescarbot, wrote verses to glorify the New France that was to be; but Port Royal is now the quiet British town, Annapolis, and the French have gone. The second place is Louisbourg. In 1713, when forced to yield Hudson Bay and Nova Scotia, Louis XIV held on to the Island of Cape Breton, and, to guard it sure, began there a great fortress, Louisbourg. For many years it challenged British power; but to-day the fort at Louisbourg is a melancholy ruin, and no French are there. The third centre of interest is Halifax. It was built by the British on the mainland of Nova Scotia to meet danger from Louisbourg; and to-day it is a strong British fortress, with its spacious harbour thronged at times by British men-of-war.

In these three places we find in outline the fascinating drama of Nova Scotia. For it during a hundred and fifty years French and British struggled. England had handed it back to France in 1632 when she handed back Quebec. Then the King of France made huge grants of land to two rivals, La Tour and Charnisay. Their claims clashed and they warred on each other like barons in the Middle Ages. La Tour built a Fort Saint John, where now stands Saint John, New Brunswick. Across the Bay of Fundy Charnisay held Port Royal; and in 1645 he sailed across to attack La Tour's fort. La Tour himself was absent, but his wife kept up a spirited defence until Charnisay agreed to favourable terms of surrender. When he saw how few were the defenders, he broke his word; the horrified lady was forced to see her brave men hanged one by one and

THE MEETING OF MARIE JACQUELIN AND CHARLES DE LA TOUR

La Tour had sent his friend Desjardins to France to choose a wife for him. The picture shows the arrival of the bride at La Tour's fort on the coast of Acadia.

died of the shock. There was soon a startling change. When, five years later, Charnisay's canoe upset near Port Royal and he was drowned, to our amazement La Tour married his widow and their descendants still survive. Soon after this we are surprised to find in the history of Nova Scotia the great name of Oliver Cromwell. Manhattan, the present New York, was then a Dutch town. With most of Europe hostile to their Protestant faith, England and Holland should have stood together; but rivalry on the sea caused war and in 1654 Cromwell had a little fleet at Boston to attack the Dutch colony. When peace came before this was done the English must have some conquest for the fleet and accordingly they descended on Nova Scotia. Only after sixteen years did it go back to France as Acadia.

The Acadians had a land rich in fisheries and in a fertile soil. The tide rises so high in the Bay of Fundy that the Acadians had to build dykes to hold back the sea, but the sea brought its reward, since, after flooding the pasture lands in the spring, it left a rich deposit of red soil. The few French farmers lived a simple life; there were no seigneurs among them like those in Canada; they were led by their priests; few of them could read or write; but they had good land, good houses and, in time, horses, cattle, sheep and poultry in abundance.

Across a stretch of sea from Acadia was New England, with Boston as its chief centre. There, too, were fishermen and farmers and traders, deeply suspicious of everything that was French and Roman Catholic. Seafaring Acadians took products to Boston and brought back things which Boston had to sell. In time of peace a trade grew up; but in the time of war, from 1689 to 1713, there was a different story. Acadia had good harbours, easily made a base for French privateers; and when these captured ships from Boston the demand went through all New England to conquer Acadia and end the danger. This seemed to have come about in 1690 when, before going to confront Frontenac at Quebec, Sir William Phips took Port Royal. In 1697, however, Acadia was restored to France. Neither side seemed to value it. All Acadia had fewer than a thousand settlers, and it might have remained obscure and well-nigh forgotten but for events in Europe.

Louis XIV, a constant trouble maker in Europe, had in 1700 persuaded the childless Charles II of Spain to bequeath his crown to Louis' young grandson, who became Philip IV of Spain. We may imagine the startled fear of the nations at this union of France and Spain under one line. A stately ceremony took place at Versailles in 1700. A crowd of courtiers was waiting when the great doors of the royal chamber swung open and Louis led out his grandson: "Gentlemen, the King of Spain," he announced, as he presented the youth. His act defied and alarmed Europe,

but what matter? Was not Louis the great monarch before whom, as his agents told the natives in Canada, all the earth trembled? The war with England which soon followed lasted for eleven years.

On a September day in 1710, Subercase, the French officer in command at Port Royal, saw with dismay a fleet from Boston sail into the harbour. The officer in command, Colonel Francis Nicholson, landed his forces and demanded instant surrender. Subercase was brave but he had been left unaided; his little garrison was unpaid and half-starved; and now he had only two hundred and fifty men to sixteen hundred under Nicholson. By the terms of surrender the French force marched out with the honours of war; the white flag of France, with the *fleurs-de-lis*, came down; and up went the flag of the victors. It was now not the English, but the British flag, for, three years earlier, England and Scotland had united under one Parliament and were no longer separate states but one kingdom, Great Britain. Nicholson changed the name Port Royal to Annapolis—the city of his sovereign, Anne—and France had lost Acadia for ever.

Not yet, nor for many years still, was she to lose Canada, but the British now made a great effort against Quebec. A lull in the war in Europe, while peace was being talked of, enabled Queen Anne's ministers to send to Boston a great fleet carrying an army which was to go on and conquer Canada. On a summer day in 1711, many British men-of-war, imposing with their tall masts and great spread of sails, came into the harbour—nine great men-of-war and sixty other ships, carrying twelve thousand men, half of them soldiers. No such display of naval force had been seen before in those waters. The admiral was Sir Hovenden Walker and the general, John Hill, brother of Queen Anne's favourite, Mrs. Masham, and neither of them was competent for his tasks. In the end the fleet sailed away for Quebec, and New England was hoping soon to have joyful news that Canada had fallen.

For a long time it heard nothing, and when news came it was bad. Egg Island, Ile aux Œufs, is in the Seven Island group some two hundred miles below Quebec. On the dark and foggy night of August 23 the great fleet, heading for Quebec, lost its bearings in the gloom. The admiral, in no way disturbed by the danger, had gone comfortably to bed, when an officer rushed down to tell him that, instead of being near the safe south shore, as the admiral believed, the fleet was off the north shore, with breakers ahead. At first Walker refused to be disturbed; but a second call brought him on deck in dressing-gown and slippers. It was too late. Though the men-of-war edged off and were safe, eight transports, loaded with soldiers, were wrecked on the rocks and cries of men drowning in the dark reached the other ships which dared not draw near to give help. Morning saw a thousand drowned men on that desolate shore. The season was early and Walker still had eleven thousand men; but, appalled by his losses, he sailed for England. Later he thanked God for the disaster; had he gone on, he said, winter would have caught him at Quebec. The St. Lawrence, he believed, froze solidly to the bottom; his ships would have been crushed by the ice; his men would have starved for lack of provisions. Quebec heard of its deliverance with joyous thanksgivings.

Weary of war and crushed by taxes, the people of France cared little for the costly colony and Admiral Walker's powerful fleet and army, led by a better man, might have taken Quebec in 1711 and mastered Canada, as did the British half a century later. Even as it was, France, by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, ceded her claim to Hudson Bay, to Newfoundland, and to the mainland of Nova Scotia. She kept, however, the two islands Cape Breton and what we now call Prince Edward Island (Isle Royale and Isle St. Jean); and hoped to regain later what she had lost.

2. HALIFAX CONFRONTS LOUISBOURG

Now appears Louisbourg. The old king, Louis XIV, was near his end and he died two years after the treaty, majestic even in meeting death; telling those about him, with an air half divine, that their devotion had pleased him, and deigning to say that he was mortal like themselves. We may doubt whether, in these last days, Louis XIV gave any thought to the colony far across the sea. Not so, however, with some of those about him; they were still resolved to build up a great empire of New France. To them England was merely a usurper in North America, and had no right there to a foot of territory. Cartier had made all that bordered on the waters of the St. Lawrence French; Frenchmen had discovered the Mississippi and made it a French river; and to all the continent from the far north to the Gulf of Mexico they claimed a supreme right.

On the south coast of the Island of Cape Breton is a bay with a narrow entrance, and free from ice in winter. Here the French decided to build the great fortress which should challenge British power. Inevitably it was called Louisbourg, in honour of their old monarch. Thus it came about that in 1713 some French ships sailed into the little bay, a lonely spot, with only a few Indians scattered near. The ships brought a few French exiles from Newfoundland, now become British. Near by, in Nova Scotia, were hundreds of Acadians, and the French hoped that these would go to live in Cape Breton under a French king who would cherish what they valued most, their Roman Catholic faith. This hope was, however, not realized. The Acadians would not leave their cherished farms; and it was others who created Louisbourg. Workmen and soldiers came from France; a few Canadians came; and buildings and fortifications, planned by the best skill in France, were reared. Even the stones of which Louisbourg was built came from France. On that desolate shore grew

up a lively town with the social life, the pleasures and the quarrels of a town in France. Louisbourg, the French said, should be not only a great fortress but one of the great seaports of the Atlantic, with a vast trade. We may imagine with what uneasiness Boston saw growing up this strong place to menace New England. There followed, however, a long peace of more than thirty years. While Sir Robert Walpole was in power Britain kept out of war.

When at last war broke out in 1744, Louisbourg heard of it first, and lost not a moment. Off the coast of Nova Scotia was the little fishing station of Canso with a few poor houses; and now soldiers from Louisbourg swooped down on it, burned the houses, and carried off some scores of men and women as prisoners. When Boston heard of this it realized that its own turn might come, and planned reprisals. If Canso had been surprised, might not Louisbourg, too, be taken by surprise? The fleet lying there would go away in the late autumn to escort to France the trading ships. While, no doubt, it would come back in the spring and try to work havoc in New England ports, the interval gave Boston an opening which it took. Word went out to New England to arm; and then along wintry roads men, carrying their own muskets and wearing their own clothes, for they had few uniforms, made their way to the recruiting centres. Before the end of March they were ready, and, early in April, four thousand men in every kind of boat that would carry them were before Louisbourg. The hope of surprise could not be realized but, by a lucky chance, a British man-of-war arrived, too, and soon others came from the West Indies. For a time ice so blocked the shore that the soldiers could not land. In the end, however, land they did, in the rear of the fortress, after wading in surf breaking over hummocks of ice and bitterly cold.

These civilian soldiers were used to hard work on frontier farms. Now they dragged cannon across marshes and up hills and soon were pouring into Louisbourg so

THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX

The illustration depicts a bright morning in the autumn of 1749. Colonists, landed from the ships in the harbour, are busy erecting log-houses. A line of tall palisades, with several wooden block-houses, surrounds the town plot. Beyond is seen the encircling forest. A sentry is on guard against prowling Indians.

hot a fire that, after seven weeks, the fortress surrendered. It was a joint victory of colonial troops under Sir William Pepperell and a British fleet under Commodore Warren. The striking thing was that militia troops had led in taking a French stronghold. It was the first great military success that the British had ever won in America against France and to this day New England remembers it with pride. But a day of gloom came. In India Britain lost Madras to France, and, since neither nation could win the war, the rivals made in 1748 at Aix-la-Chapelle a peace, by which each gave up what it had seized. Accordingly, Louisbourg went back to France. Once more French men-of-war lay in the harbour and French officers talked

of the day when Boston should fall to them. At the same time all through New England ran angry murmurs that, by giving back Louisbourg, the mother country had betrayed the colonies.

This, however, she had not done, for now Halifax appears. Some two hundred miles west of Louisbourg, on the south coast of Nova Scotia, lay a spacious harbour, one of the finest in the world, which the Indians called Chebucto. It was a deserted spot. Though Nova Scotia had been British since 1713, the native tribes were attached to France; and both they and the Acadians would have made life intolerable for any British settlers. The British had placed slight value on Nova Scotia, so long as it was not used to their injury by France, but now both sides were roused, and Britain made a strong move. In the summer of 1749 ship after ship sailed into the lonely Chebucto harbour, carrying many hundreds of colonists. The officer in command, Edward Cornwallis, had been sent out as governor of Nova Scotia, which was now to become a settled British colony. He laid out a town, and granted lots to the settlers. Soon there was a busy felling of trees and digging of foundations; and before winter Halifax was a reality, with some three thousand inhabitants. It took its name from the Earl of Halifax, the President of the Board of Trade of the time, and the great basin was named after another minister, the Duke of Bedford. Above all, Halifax, like Louisbourg, was a fortress, and such it remains. The two places stood for the rival ambitions of Britain and France; and within six years they were engaged in the long struggle out of which has come British Canada.

3. THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH

After making the peace in 1748, which settled nothing, Britain and France were each bent on driving the other from North America. Halifax and Louisbourg menaced each other; Boston and New York were resolved that

THE BATTLE OF TICONDEROGA, 1758

The French were protected by a high breastwork of logs and fallen trees, through which they fired on the attacking British. The day was very hot, and Montcalm took off his coat and directed the battle in his shirt-sleeves.

Quebec and Montreal should fall; farther west Virginia and Pennsylvania were ready to challenge the claim of France that the Ohio and the Mississippi were French rivers and that no Englishman was to dare to set foot in that country. The first clash of arms came on the Ohio. The French built a fort at its headwaters near Lake Erie, then pushed on down the river, and in 1754 were busy rearing Fort Duquesne where now stands the great city of Pittsburgh. When a young militia officer, George Washington, was sent from Virginia to warn the French that the Ohio was a British river, they made him prisoner and sent him back to report that no English would be allowed in the Ohio country. When in the next year, 1755, arrived from England a well-equipped force under a well-known

general, Braddock, French and Indians defeated and killed him as he led his force to the Ohio.

In this summer we find grim scenes in Nova Scotia. War involves brutality. The French, by their tact, had won to their side most of the tribes of the interior and they could not always restrain these savage allies, who sometimes massacred even women prisoners. The British, with fewer Indians on their side, kept them sternly in order; but one British deed still rankles in the memory of the descendants of those who suffered. Though, for nearly fifty years, Britain had held Acadia (Nova Scotia), the French Acadians remained on their farms. The Micmacs and other Indian tribes hated the British, and the priests and French agents assured these people that France would soon win back Acadia. Thus, except at a few forts, of which Annapolis was the chief, and fishing stations, no British lived in Acadia. A change began, however, when in 1749 Halifax had been built to face Louisbourg. After this the British insisted that the Acadians should take the full oath of allegiance as subjects of George II, while, at the same time, French agents forbade them to do so. When war drew near, the Acadians desired to remain neutral, and to remain quietly on their farms, a claim which neither side would admit.

At last, in 1755, Colonel Lawrence, the governor of Nova Scotia, told the Acadians, whose sympathies were naturally with the French, that they must definitely swear allegiance to George II; and when, in fear of French reprisals, they refused, he told them that by disloyalty they had forfeited their property and must be removed from the country. He gathered transports at Acadian seaports, put on board the men, women and children, and sent the ships away to land their unhappy cargoes wherever they could, in the English colonies, in the West Indies, in France, even in England. Sometimes children were separated from their parents; seven hundred Acadians perished in shipwreck; and six or seven thousand people

were sent off to a hard life of poverty and neglect. It was a ruthless measure of war, which hardly disturbed the military spirit of the time, but to-day shocks us by the sufferings involved to war's helpless victims.

This was done in a time still of nominal peace. When the two nations declared war in 1756 there appears on the scene the French general whose name is linked with the fall of French power. The Marquis de Montcalm came from the sunny south of France, and during his three hard winters in Canada he was always longing for the sunshine of the Riviera which so many English now seek. At first he won some brilliant successes. In 1756, he captured the British fort at Oswego on Lake Ontario and took nearly two thousand prisoners. In the next year he pushed into the heart of the present state of New York and captured Fort William Henry at the foot of Lake George. When, in 1758, a great British army attacked Montcalm at Ticonderoga at the north end of that lake, again he won an astounding victory and drove back a British army four times the size of his own.

By this time it was clear that the British must have better leaders or face defeat, and the needed reforms began when, in 1757, William Pitt became the Secretary for War. He threw new energy into the war in America and chose such leaders as Amherst and Wolfe, young men of great military ability. With Pitt's driving energy and the coming of generals chosen for merit and not for rank or influence, the successes of the French ended and the British closed in on every important point held by France.

The first decisive British success came at Louisbourg. In May, 1758, forty great British warships and many transports lay in the harbour of Halifax. They carried twenty thousand men, and Pitt hoped to have all Canada in that one year—first Louisbourg, and then Quebec. Amherst, a capable organizer, but slow, too slow, was in command in the attack on Louisbourg. While the great fleet cut off all hope of rescue Wolfe led a bold landing,

wading in surf in face of a sharp fire. There was a long, brave defence; but in August came the surrender of the fortress just when the British received depressing news from Ticonderoga. Wolfe was the hero of the hour. On to Quebec at once, he urged, and finish the task before winter. But Amherst was cautious and the naval leaders, who knew of earlier disasters, dreaded the dangers of the St. Lawrence with winter near.

Meanwhile, in England, Pitt prepared a final blow. Wolfe, only thirty-two years old, was to lead against Quebec the greatest force that had ever left Britain's shores and, in June, 1759, forty-nine British war-ships and scores of transports were spread out for fifty miles on the St. Lawrence, heading for Quebec. Wolfe and Admiral Saunders of the navy were a formidable pair. Amherst was to send two other armies, one by way of Lake Champlain, the other by the upper St. Lawrence, to close in on Montreal, the last point where the French could make a stand. Wolfe's was the supreme task, and he was pitted against a much older man, Montcalm—as keen a soldier, and of wider experience.

In this, his last campaign, Montcalm had many drawbacks. François Bigot, the Intendant, a corrupt man, was robbing his King on a gigantic scale, while the Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, was vain and jealous, and used his higher authority to override some of Montcalm's orders. Yet Montcalm defeated, with heavy loss, an attempt by Wolfe to land on the shore east of Quebec; and on the west, too, Wolfe made no progress. He fell ill and grew so despondent that, the day before he won immortal fame before Quebec, he repeated to others the sombre words of Gray's Elegy: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Winter was drawing near, the fleet must soon sail away, and, as a last desperate chance, Wolfe planned to get up the cliff near Quebec by a surprise at night. Silently, shortly before daybreak on September 13, boats laden with soldiers dropped away from warships

WOLFE AT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Leading the advance of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, just before he received his fatal wound. His tall, ungainly figure was conspicuous in a bright new red coat. He carried a short, straight, cross-hilted sword, without a guard, called a hanger.

higher up the river, and Wolfe was the first to land on the beach at what is now Wolfe's Cove. High above towered the menacing cliffs, but twenty-four volunteers managed to climb up; soon a cheer told Wolfe that they had reached the top; the French guard ran off; and at daybreak a long red British line stretched across the Plains of Abraham, in full view of Quebec.

Staggered by the surprise, Montcalm hurried his soldiers from the Beauport shore, east of the city, to face Wolfe. While the British line stood immovable and silent, Montcalm on a black horse rode down his line with words of encouragement, and received answering shouts from his soldiers. At half-past nine they moved forward.

Wolfe ordered his line to wait until the French were only forty yards away; then to fire, reload, and dash forward. The volley was like a roar of artillery; the French were mowed down; and then with bayonet and claymore the British were upon them. Wolfe himself received a mortal wound and lay dying on the field as the French line broke. Montcalm, too, was mortally wounded. In those days of crude warfare the generals on whom victory or failure depended fought at the front of their troops, easy victims of a stray shot.

The British task was only half done, for Montreal still held out. Amherst might have pushed on and taken it before winter, but extreme caution held him back and he so waited that still another year was needed for what might have been done quickly. Meanwhile the French were able to rally at Montreal. In the next spring they laid siege to Quebec, and on April 28 won, as Wolfe had won, a victory, that of Sainte Foy, before its walls. The arrival, however, of a British fleet ended their hopes. Then, Lévis, the French leader, drew in all his forces to Montreal, on which the slow Amherst advanced early in September. On the 8th the French flag came down and Montreal and all Canada were yielded to Britain. The Peace of Paris, made in 1763, gave her all that France claimed as far west as to the Mississippi River. Already Britain held Hudson Bay and with it the Canadian west. From the far north to Florida and the Gulf of Mexico waved the British flag over a region which time has proved to be perhaps the richest in all the world.

READ A STORY

The Ryerson Readers also cover this period in the following. *Madame la Tour*, by Mabel Burknolder; *Madeleine de Verchères*, by E. T. Raymond, and *Marguerite Bourgeois*, by F. O. Call; *Sieges of Quebec* (French Régime); *Louisbourg*, by Grace McLeod Rogers; *General James Wolfe*, by J. C. Sutherland; *Marquis de Montcalm*, by J. C. Sutherland.

Montcalm and Wolfe. By Francis Parkman.

II

CANADA AS A BRITISH STATE

By George M. Wrong

Confederation Leaders

TILLEY McGEE TUPPER McDOUGALL GALT

BROWN CARTIER MACDONALD MOWAT

In 1867 with the bringing about of Confederation, Canada was christened a Dominion; significant alike of its extent and destiny.

A. THE BRITISH IN AMERICA

1. CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE

The long struggle with Britain had ended in dispelling the dream of a great French Empire in North America. It had never received effective support in France, where the prevailing feeling was one of relief at the loss of a costly and backward colony. France did not abandon everything to Britain. She still held islands of the West Indies with a rich trade, and she yielded North America only as far west as the Mississippi River. She retained Louisiana and even kept a footing on the east bank of the Mississippi River, for she kept New Orleans. But not any more than Canada did she value Louisiana, and she handed it over to her ally, Spain, as some compensation for her loss of Florida to Britain. Already, in 1713, by ceding Hudson Bay, France had really renounced any claim to what is now north-west Canada; and to-day she holds not a foot of territory on the whole continent of North America.

In the autumn of 1760 a large number of British sailing ships were heading across the Atlantic to France, carrying the French soldiers and officials who had surrendered, and a few Canadians who could not make up their minds to accept British rule. On the whole, however, very few Canadians went away. There was little opening to earn a living in France; many had their own land in Canada, and belonged to families which had lived there for more than a century. In truth they had suffered under French rule, for there had been gross roguery and oppression on the part of officials. Though the habitant was a brave fighter, if well led, he was now weary of war; and he longed for the peace and quiet which he might have under British rule. Thus it happened that he was soon content to till his farm and to smoke his pipe by his own fireside, even under a British king.

The first British Governor was General James Murray. The son of a Scottish peer, he had seen service in many lands, and he now showed a kindly spirit to a conquered people. Murray was an aristocrat, and the aristocrat of the time felt scorn for the trader. When the war ended, traders, chiefly from the English colonies, flocked into Canada to explore a field in which the fur-trade offered rich promise. These traders were of the victor's race, and some, though not all, of them believed that they had the right to rule the country and be masters of the conquered people. Murray, generous, hot-tempered and outspoken, was soon in bitter conflict with the traders while he made himself the protector of the French, and tried to give them what they had long lacked, just and fair rule.

To this problem of ruling the French was added, for the British, that of dealing with the Indians. This was in the hands, not of Murray, but of General Amherst at New York, in command of the British forces in North America. Not unnaturally, the Indians were restless and suspicious; they counted themselves the real owners of the country and had tried to play off the French against the British. Now, with the French gone, they feared the power of the victor. In earlier times the French had made them annual presents to reward their friendship, and many a French fur-trader had married an Indian wife and thus created enduring ties. The tone of the British was different. When the Indians looked to them for gifts, and especially for bounteous supplies of the strong drink for which they had a passion, these were not forthcoming. Indians loafing idly round the posts were told roughly to get out, and Amherst demanded angrily the return of British prisoners still held captive.

This was a note of mastery, and out of Indian resentment came the conspiracy of Pontiac. This chief of the Ottawa tribe lived near Detroit and by sheer ability had made himself a leader. His policy was to pledge the

tribes to destroy the British, but at the same time to profess devoted friendship to them. He planned to gather warriors near each fort, and suddenly, when the British were off their guard, to massacre them. He believed that the French, who were still on the west bank of the Mississippi, would soon come back, greater than ever. The storm broke in 1763. Alexander Henry, a fur-trader from New Jersey, had lost no time after the fall of Montreal, for, in the next year, he went to trade at former French forts in the interior. In 1763 he was at Michilimackinac and he saw with his own eyes the horrors of Indian treachery. Some tribes lived near the fort, and one day the chiefs invited the British to watch a match between two tribes at the Indian game of lacrosse, outside the fort. As the match went on, Indian onlookers, some of them squaws, well wrapped up in flowing blankets, hovered near the gate. When the players on both sides had reached a point near the gate, suddenly the ball was thrown over the palisade into the fort. The Indians grabbed the weapons concealed by the onlookers, rushed into the fort and carried out a hideous massacre. Only by great tact did Henry manage to save his own life.

At Detroit, the Indians, led by Pontiac, were confronted by an able officer, Major Gladwyn, who, in some secret way, managed to know what they were plotting. When Pontiac came by agreement for a friendly conference within the fort, Gladwyn had been warned that the warriors with Pontiac would carry, under their flowing blankets, shortened muskets and that they intended sudden murder at the meeting. Accordingly, Pontiac found guards stationed everywhere, and when he asked the reason, Gladwyn charged him with his intended treachery. We wonder that Gladwyn did not seize Pontiac, but he allowed him to go away. Soon the savages laid siege to Detroit. They murdered Gladwyn's agents who went out to treat with them, and help was slow in coming. For nearly a year Gladwyn held on and his men so suffered

from lack of food that destruction seemed at times to be inevitable. When, at last, rescue came, the savages professed a change of heart and were anxious to be received as friends. Some years later, Pontiac, the man who had failed, was treacherously murdered by one of his own people.

Meanwhile, at Quebec, Murray had the hard task of ruling many thousands of French, with a few English new-comers always complaining that they should be the favoured people and dominate the country. When peace was finally signed in 1763, rule under the military law of the conqueror ended; and then the new masters had to decide whether the old French laws should still prevail, or whether Canada should be ruled on the model of an English colony, with English law and an elected legislature. If the English abolished French law, dire confusion would come to the whole land system of Canada. The seigneur could no longer collect his dues from the habitants. Under French law his children divided the land among them; under English law it would go to the eldest son.

This made one great difficulty. Another was the question as to the right to sit in a legislature on the model of an English colony. In England no Roman Catholics might sit in Parliament. Could this be applied to Canada where nearly every one was a Roman Catholic? The English Protestant new-comers said that of course it must. They numbered only a few hundred, but to them this did not matter; had not the conquering race the right to rule? The Roman Catholics they thought, might be allowed to vote, though this fad was a privilege which no Roman Catholic then enjoyed in Great Britain. Far across the sea, the British Government was considering the problem and it seemed to agree with the traders; for in October, 1763, it issued a famous Proclamation that Canada should have the system of an English colony, English law and an elected Legislature.

The result of this was strife and confusion. Murray was a soldier, with little knowledge of law. He did his best for the French, with the traders always demanding their rights under the Proclamation. They were angry because Murray refused to summon a Legislature in which they alone might sit. The confusion was not ended until, in the year 1774, the British Parliament passed the famous Bill, the Quebec Act, which left to the French their own laws relating to the land, and to the right of the Church to levy the ancient tithe, and at the same time ensured British justice in Canada by retaining the English criminal law, which was milder than that of France. Even then it did not think fit to create an elected Legislature, and only after the long struggle of the American Revolution was this done.

The trading element had gained a point when, at their demand, Murray was recalled to England in 1766. Then Guy Carleton took charge, and in 1768 he was made Governor. He had been Wolfe's intimate friend and a Protestant, but he had lived in Catholic Ireland, and had learned to be tolerant. Like Murray, he showed great sympathy for the conquered French. At the time, it was believed that kindness would induce them even to turn from the Church of Rome to the Church of England. Carleton was stiff and formal, and there is no evidence that he was a very able man, but he was honest and had a high sense of duty and justice. He ridiculed the idea that the affairs of Canada should be handed over to an assembly in which sat only Protestants. He hated democracy, and, like Murray, he despised traders as an inferior class. Government, he said, was no affair of theirs: "Let them stick to their shops." Rarely was a trader invited to the table of the stately governor. It was not long before he made up his mind that British settlers would prefer a climate softer than the Canadian, and that, since only the French inhabitants were likely to remain in Canada, their wishes should be favoured. They were devoted to the Roman

Church and it can hardly be doubted that Carleton's opinion decided the terms of the Quebec Act, which retained to the Church the right to tax its members for the support of the priests and for building churches.

2. THE RIFT IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Carleton spent in England the four years from 1771 to 1774. While there, the elderly bachelor had proposed to Lady Anne Howard, daughter of the Earl of Effingham, but she had refused his offer, since she was in love with Carleton's nephew. With tears she told her younger sister, Maria, then only eighteen, that she had rejected "the best man on earth," and Lady Maria's comment was: "The more fool you. I only wish he had given me the chance." The remark reached Carleton's ears, and the younger sister accepted him. She had seen much of the French Court at Versailles and she kept up at Quebec something like regal ceremony.

It might seem that an era of peace was dawning in Canada when, in 1774, the seigneurs and the Church had recovered old rights. There were, however, dark clouds. Trouble with the British colonies had long been brewing. The recent war had laid a heavy debt on Britain and the tax-payer demanded relief. Hitherto, a British standing army had not been kept in the English colonies, but now, with France and Spain bent on revenge for their recent defeat, and with the menace from the savage tribes in the west, Britain decided that an army of at least ten thousand men should be kept chiefly at Quebec, and at the posts at Detroit and farther west. Who should pay the heavy cost? Well, asked the British tax-payer, who gets the chief benefit? Surely the protected colonies; therefore let them pay.

When, however, they took no steps to meet this demand, Parliament acted and aroused anger in the colonies. Hitherto only their own legislatures had im-

posed direct taxes, and when, in 1765, Parliament passed the Stamp Act conflict began which led to revolution. In England to raise revenue many kinds of stamps were used: stamps on legal documents sometimes running to many pounds; stamps on pamphlets and newspapers, such as now are required on cheques. This method of taxation was strange to the colonies; it would hamper business; above all, it was imposed from across the sea in face of colonial protests. As the date, November 1, when the act was to come in force, drew near, and large quantities of stamped paper and stamps were distributed for sale to agents of the British Government in the chief towns, riots began. In Boston a mob destroyed the stamp office and threatened to hang the collector. Few dared to buy and use the stamps, and trade suffered. In Britain, meanwhile, the merchants protested against theun wise Act; and after a year it was repealed.

Peace seemed to have come, but it did not last. In Parliament were still angry demands to lower taxes, and members asked why something was not done to collect from the colonies at least part of the cost of their protection. No doubt some of them, asked to raise funds in their own way, would have assented, but others would certainly have held back. Since they could not agree, it seemed fair that the mother country, which still claimed supreme authority in their affairs, should impose an equal burden on all. Since they had disliked the Stamp Act which led to collectors in every town, it was now urged that their protests might be silenced by a tax to be collected at only a few ports. Accordingly, in 1767, Britain undertook to collect an import duty on paints, glass, tea, and a few other things. But again, when the anger in the colonies was acute, the taxes were removed, except that on tea, kept to assert the right of Parliament. When, however, in 1773, great quantities of tea were sent to American ports, the ships were not allowed to land their cargoes. No one, said the colonists, should pay a duty levied by Great

Britain, and at Boston the tea was simply tossed into the sea. Then came in Britain an angry response to this outrage. Force, it was decided, must be used, and the method adopted soon brought the reality of war. In Boston the better elements had opposed mob violence and might in time have ended it. But the Cabinet in London decided themselves to do it, quickly passed an Act closing Boston harbour to all trade, and sent ships and soldiers to enforce obedience.

British soldiers, on guard in the streets of Boston, and challenging its citizens, aroused deep resentment. Neither side really understood the point of view of the other. Few in England had ever read a colonial newspaper, and to the great mass of people the colonies were remote and rather barbarous regions, owing obedience to a mother country which had just saved them from the French menace. In the colonies, on the other hand, the opinion was general that they were in full control of such matters as taxation, and they would not let any outside authority touch their property. Half a dozen fair-minded men from each side, sitting in conference, would have reached a peaceful settlement, but such a body never met. Britain gave orders and the colonies refused to obey. Communications were slow; a despatch might take three months to cross the Atlantic; the telegraph, the radio, even the steamship of to-day might have led to better understanding and averted quickly the danger.

Instead, the colonies summoned in 1774 a Continental Congress and outlined their claims; while far away in London Parliament continued to pass strict laws, and the British Empire drifted into its most tragic disaster. When, in April, 1775, General Gage sent a force from Boston to seize arms stored at Concord, colonial militiamen attacked the soldiers at Lexington, and on both sides many were killed, while all were as yet subjects of King George III. Two months later, at the second session of the Congress in Philadelphia, George Washington of Virginia was put in

command of the colonial forces and the devastating civil war had begun.

Carleton in Canada had seen trouble coming, but the crisis found him ill-prepared. When he was ordered by the British ministry to enlist six thousand Canadians for service in the war, it must have been with a grim smile that he read the despatch. It was long before he came in touch with even a single recruit from the habitants, and then he handed the man a guinea as a reward for the refreshing sight. While few habitants saw any reason to fight for their new British master, the seigneurs and the clergy, on the other hand, were well content with British rule which had restored their old privileges. The English colonies hardly doubted that the Canadians would join them; they had been made British subjects against their will, and Congress appealed to them to strike now for liberty. Canada seemed vital to the American cause. If Britain continued to hold the St. Lawrence, she could send troops by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to the heart of the colony of New York. Then, if a British fleet should seize New York and hold the Hudson River, a force from Canada could advance southward to this river, meet a British army coming northward, and the united army could cut off New England from the other colonies, and then crush each section in turn. Washington saw this danger. He was certain that the Canadians would welcome an American army as their deliverer, and he planned a twofold advance on Canada.

3. THE INVASION OF CANADA FAILS

In the early morning of May 10, 1775, most of the forty-eight men in Fort Ticonderoga, lying between Lake George and Lake Champlain, were sleeping, with no thought of imminent war, when they were aroused by the sudden appearance of some eighty men under Ethan Allan, of Vermont, demanding instant surrender. "In

whose name?" asked the captain in charge; "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" was the reply. Thus began what led to all but the complete occupation of Canada. Later, Richard Montgomery, an Irish officer who had been present at the surrender of Montreal to the British in 1760, was placed in command of an invading colonial army. He had married into a colonial family and he had an estate in the colony of New York. Only after anxious searching of heart had he joined the colonial side, an act which Carleton, a fellow Irish officer, regarded as infamous in one who had worn a British uniform. Early in October, Montgomery was leading down Lake Champlain a ragged army, chiefly of frontiersmen without uniforms, but ardent for a cause which must bring, as they declared, "Liberty or Death." While Montgomery was pressing on to the St. Lawrence, Carleton was trying to rouse Montreal to fight. To his disgust he found that neither the French nor the traders, chiefly from the colonies, would fight. By the 10th of November, Montgomery had taken the two forts on the Richelieu River, Chambly and St. Johns, and had camps on both sides of the St. Lawrence below Montreal.

The capture of Montreal was thus certain, and it looked as if Carleton himself would be taken. Quebec held out and Carleton planned to go there and make his last stand. He had a little fleet of eleven sailing ships, but when he tried to sail away down the river, adverse winds held the ships back. In the end they were taken by the Americans, but meanwhile Carleton had escaped in a small boat. Near Sorel enemy camp-fires were blazing on both shores when, like a derelict log, the boat drifted with the gurgling current past the danger point. When Carleton reached Quebec on November 19th, a diarist of the time wrote: "We saw our Salvation in his Presence."

Just at this time a new danger had appeared. Next to Washington, the most resourceful leader in the American Revolution was Benedict Arnold, who, near its end, proved

a traitor and became a general in the British army. In mid-September Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, set out to march from the sea-coast of Maine through an uninhabited region, in the hope of taking Quebec by surprise from the south. After terrible hardships he reached Lake Megantic, out of which flows the Chaudière into the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec. When he arrived at French settlements, the habitants readily supplied food to his famishing army, and at last Arnold paraded his ragged following, reduced to seven hundred worn men, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence in full view of Quebec. He managed to gather canoes and rowboats and, in the dense darkness of the night of November 13, he braved in these small craft the surging currents of the river, passed between two men-of-war watching for him, and landed his force a little above Quebec. The next day his men, cheering and defiant, stood on the Plains of Abraham. It was this situation which Carleton found at Quebec. In due course Montgomery joined Arnold and the united force numbered about eighteen hundred men.

Of the five thousand people in Quebec, more than three thousand were non-combatants, some of doubtful loyalty. On December 6, Montgomery demanded the surrender of Quebec. It was useless, he said, for Carleton to put on a bold face; he had "a few of the worst troops who ever styled themselves soldiers," and nearly every one in Quebec was friendly to the American cause. Carleton replied that the only word which he would receive from rebels in arms was an entreaty for the king's pardon. Montgomery was really engaged in a desperate venture. He knew that a British fleet might arrive early in the spring. Meanwhile he hoped to escape the disease and cold from which his men were suffering, by taking Quebec by assault. Before dawn of January 1, 1776, a wild snowstorm was raging when Montgomery, at the head of a column, marched on the Lower Town by the road below the cliff. The column had been halted before a barricade

when from behind it the cry rang out: "Fire!" Twice volleys swept the advancing column and the survivors turned and fled. At the same time, on the other side of Quebec, Arnold was beaten in the streets of the Lower Town. The Americans had three hundred casualties and lost four hundred men as prisoners. Next morning the British saw a frozen hand protruding from a snow-drift before the western barricade. It was the dead hand of Montgomery.

The American Congress was deeply moved by the death of Montgomery, and it shows the liberty of thought and speech in England that in Parliament Chatham and Burke and even the Prime Minister, Lord North, praised him as brave and generous. When North deplored that he was a rebel, Fox retorted that the British Parliament owed its liberties to men who had dared to rebel. To the Canadians, still supposed to be ardent for the American cause, Congress sent word: "We will never abandon you to the unrelenting fury of your and our enemies." Congress hoped to instruct the Canadians in the principles of the patriot cause and, in the spring of 1776, three American commissioners, among them Benjamin Franklin, the most astute man of his time, arrived in Montreal, bringing a small printing-press for circulating news and ideas among the Canadians. Franklin found that he could do little in Canada. The Canadian Bishop Briand knew that no other rule would yield to his Church rights which the British had yielded and the habitants were no more willing to fight for the Americans than for the British.

Then came a decisive event. At Quebec, on May 6, gun-fire could be heard down the river, and hundreds watched from the ramparts when a ship sailed into the Basin and ran up the British flag. Soon more ships arrived and at once Carleton sent volunteers and newly arrived troops to attack the American camp. Already, however, it was deserted. In the panic flight of the colonial army, dinners had been left cooking, arms had been thrown away,

and letters and clothing scattered about. When this news was carried to Montreal, Franklin left hurriedly to report to Congress. Though, a month later, the American army fought a brave fight at Three Rivers, its efforts were hopeless. The habitants were now unfriendly, and smallpox so raged that in nearly every American tent was a dead or dying man. The only route southward was by way of Lake Champlain. Ten thousand Americans had come, and only half that number went back.

Sound policy dictated that the Americans should be harassed in their retreat, but since Carleton had no ships in which to follow them, he had to pause to get some built. Workmen were few, and his flotilla was not ready until early in October. He and Arnold had faced each other on land at Quebec, and now they did the same on the water. When he defeated Arnold, that agile leader managed to land his force and to get away southward. Before the end of October, Carleton could have taken Fort Ticonderoga, but he asked himself whether it would be wise to try to hold so advanced a post in enemy country. When his answer was "no" and, instead, he went into winter quarters, this act cost him his post. An enemy in England, Lord George Germain, the minister directing the war, rebuked Carleton for his failure to take Ticonderoga and appointed General Burgoyne to command the army which arrived in Canada in the following summer. In 1778 Carleton returned to England, and a Swiss officer, Sir Frederick Haldimand, governed Canada in his stead.

Though Carleton was absent during many years, his days in Canada were not over, for after the war had ended he returned as Governor. It was his firm lead which had saved Quebec from capture, and it is possible that had Quebec fallen the Americans, in possession of the two chief centres, might have made Canada a state in the republic. This is, however, by no means certain. The British fleet had command of the sea, and even if Montgomery had taken Quebec by storm he could not have held it

against the powerful rescue which the fleet brought in the spring. Canada is to-day a British country because of the power of the British fleet in the day of trial.

It was by way of Canada that the British made the chief effort by land against the revolted colonies. In the spring of 1777 again a fleet, carrying many soldiers, arrived at Quebec, as in the previous year. Perhaps it was with a wry smile that Carleton welcomed General Sir John Burgoyne, who now superseded him in command of the army which was intended to give a telling and final blow to the resistance of the colonies. In truth, however, Carleton was well out of this adventure. In Burgoyne's army were many Germans, hired to fight Britain's battles against her own sons, and he led them to disaster. Along the well-marked route of war up Lake Champlain and Lake George to the sources of the Hudson River, Burgoyne advanced, only at last to be surrounded by colonial forces and to be forced to capitulate with his whole army. France had been watching the progress of the Revolution, ready to help if it offered any prospect of success, and now this came with the failure of Burgoyne. The colonies had declared their independence in 1776 and in 1778 France joined them and sent out an army in aid.

Since France fought with the colonies, it was hoped that French Canada might still join these formidable allies. In the first days of the war, when France tingled with sympathy for the revolt against her old enemy, the young Marquis de Lafayette, the head of an ancient family, had hurried to America. He was rich, full of generous sympathy for what he thought the cause of liberty, and also a bitter foe to Britain, which had so recently taken Canada from France. Washington received him joyously, made him a general, and hoped to use him to arouse the Canadians to join in the Revolution and save it from the menace which the British fleet could bring in the north. The truth is, however, that Congress did not wish to have France again on the northern frontier,

but hoped instead to draw into the United States the whole continent. Twenty years earlier France had been weary of keeping up her costly colony and now did not greatly desire its return. Sir Frederick Haldimand, who succeeded Carleton as Governor, watched the Canadians closely and suppressed with stern energy any seditious movement.

Meanwhile, French aid ensured final success in the revolt of the colonies. When, in 1781, by a brilliant march from New York to Virginia, Washington shut up, from the landward side, the British general, Cornwallis, in Yorktown, he had two French soldiers to one American under his command. The British fleet was far away and, when the arrival of a French fleet cut off Cornwallis from aid by way of the sea, he was forced to surrender with his whole army. It was one of the decisive events of history. When the British Prime Minister, Lord North, heard the news, he cried out: "O God, it is all over!" In 1783 Britain was forced to acknowledge the independence of the United States, but Canada remained to her, and its fortunes were linked finally with the island nation far across the sea. As the future was to show, North America was to be half a republic, half under the British crown.

READ A STORY

†*The Great Fortress.* By William Wood. "Chronicles of Canada."

The Sieges of Quebec (British Regime); *Pontiac and the Siege of Detroit,* by T. G. Marquis, two Ryerson Readers, may be read here.

Three Centuries of Canadian Story. By J. E. Wetherell. Musson, Toronto. Contains several good sketches of men and events.

†*The Acadian Exiles.* By Arthur G. Doughty. "Chronicles of Canada."

Quebec Under Two Flags. By Arthur G. Doughty.

The Rise and Fall of New France. By George M. Wrong. Macmillan, Toronto. There are fascinating chapters in Volume I.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac. By Francis Parkman.

†*The Passing of New France.* By William Wood. "Chronicles of Canada."

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

B. THE MAKING OF CANADA

1. THE EXILED LOYALISTS

It was surely by a strange turn of fortune that the colony which France had founded became now a refuge for thousands of unhappy people, exiled from their former homes in the English colonies. The story of the Loyalists is one of sorrow and suffering. The colonies, carrying on a bitter fight against their former king, showed no mercy to those who stood by him. In the first days of the struggle in Boston, Edward Winslow, a member of one of the oldest families, says that he "received every species of insult and abuse which the utmost rancour and malice could invent." It is likely that the sympathies of at least one-third of the colonists were with the British side. But if they dared to say so their lives were in danger. Committees watched every move of suspected Loyalists. We hear of Loyalist clergymen dragged from their pulpits and maltreated; of other Loyalists who were whipped through the streets and had their ears cropped; of others covered with tar and then rolled in feathers taken from their own beds, or held astride of the sharp edge of a rail and made to take a rough ride which involved acute pain; or held under the water and brought to the surface to breathe and then ducked again; or tied roughly to a post, with some dead animal dangling by them. Charles Lynch, of Virginia, led in inflicting the type of dread punishment on Loyalists which we still know as lynching. Decent people did not encourage these barbarities, but even the mild Washington said that the best thing the Loyalists could do was to commit suicide. John Adams, who became the second President of the United States, said that they ought to be hanged, and Benjamin Franklin, the grave philosopher, was relentless in the hour of their defeat.

Such are the passions of civil war. When they could, the Loyalists retorted in kind. Their opponents, they said, were the scum of the earth—quacks, cobblers,

LOYALISTS ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA

barbers, convicts, hardy knaves, stupid fools. In the south, in particular, each side was guilty of horrid massacre; each threatened the other with dire penalties in the hour of its defeat, and when the Loyalists lost the war the bitterness against them was frantic. In hell, wrote one versifier, the most evil spirits would turn in loathing from an Englishman; George III, to whom the Loyalists adhered, was a crowned ruffian, his statesmen were scoundrels, his sailors were pirates, and his people were degraded slaves. It is interesting to see that this suppression of free opinion was unknown in England. In Parliament the colonists found hot support from Chatham and Burke and Fox, and even at public banquets George Washington was toasted as a Whig champion of liberty. It was in the scene of bloodshed in America that passions were extreme.

In the earliest days of the war the Loyalists in Boston were the stronger, but in 1776, when Washington cut off Boston on the landward side and the British general, Howe, decided to evacuate the place, a dark day came for the Loyalists. They could not be left to the fury of their foes but could get away only by sea. They numbered at least eleven hundred, and many of them belonged to the most honoured families in Massachusetts. In the harbour lay many British transports and the Loyalists were hurried down to them. Those were happy who could secure a horse and cart to carry their effects. Many trundled theirs in wheelbarrows or carried their belongings on their backs to the water-side. Never before, said an observer, had so many ships sailed at one time from Boston; and they carried hundreds of sorrowing exiles, forced to abandon houses and lands. The ships headed for Halifax, and few of the Loyalists ever again saw their former homes.

The British Government found Sir Guy Carleton a handy man when any hard job was to be undertaken, and in the last days of the war he again crossed the sea to take command in America, with headquarters at New York, securely held by the British since 1776, owing to their command of the sea. The British demanded, as one of the conditions of peace, pardon to all the Loyalists and the restoration of their property. But to this Franklin and the other peace-makers, on behalf of Congress, would not consent. Franklin said blandly that Congress had no authority with respect to the Loyalists. Each individual State must decide for itself. None the less, in Article VI of the Peace of Paris, the United States promised to release Loyalists still held prisoner, to end the seizure of Loyalist property, and to request each State to restore what had been seized. The states gave, however, little response, and peace brought slight relief for the Loyalists. A Loyalist, it was said, was "a thing with its head in England and its body in America, and its neck ought to be stretched." The story of a Loyalist, named Frost, who

LOYALISTS DRAWING LOTS FOR THEIR LAND

The leader of a loyalist party wrote the numbers of the lots to be granted on pieces of paper, which were placed in a hat. The land agent wrote on his map the name of each settler on the lot he had picked out, and registered the name and number in his notebook.

ventured to return to his former home in Stamford, Connecticut, to see his parents, is the story of many. He was arrested, his head and eyebrows were shaved, he was covered with tar and feathers, with a special lump of oozing tar on his shaven head. Then he was paraded through the town with a pig's yoke about his neck to which was attached a tinkling cow-bell. When not expelled, the Loyalists were usually social outcasts, and had to pay special taxes. They could not vote or hold land, or sue a debtor, or keep arms, or serve on a jury, or be lawyers or physicians or schoolmasters, and only slowly did the passion against them die out.

Any one who had served on the British side was

branded as an outcast Loyalist, and the sorrowful task of Carleton was to get these people safely away. From all directions they drifted into New York. Some came by sea from the far south, others by land, often on foot, from long distances; some were educated and formerly well-to-do; others were ignorant and poor. When Congress tried to hurry Carleton, he replied that he should hold New York until he had placed on board a ship the last Loyalist to claim his protection. More than thirty thousand refugees crowded into New York. Whither should they go? They must, in truth, scatter far, since no one British colony could receive suddenly so great a number. The only territory left to Britain on the mainland, with English-speaking people, was Nova Scotia. It was easily reached by sea, and thousands of the refugees went to Nova Scotia. Halifax was soon overcrowded. Annapolis, on one day a quiet village with about a hundred people, was next day overcrowded with six hundred people.

On the opposite side of the Bay of Fundy, the fine St. John River drained an unsettled region, and thither came thousands of Loyalists. Of two hundred and nine people on one ship, one hundred and seven were children. The sea was often stormy, and the discomfort was great of a voyage lasting sometimes for two weeks. Where now stands the city of St. John were two log huts, and here many Loyalists landed amid the rough stumps. When the ships went away, says one of these exiles, "I watched the sails disappearing in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down on the damp moss with my baby in my lap and cried." During the first dreary winter even "strong men cried like children, and, exhausted by cold and famine, lay down in their snow-bound tents to die." We have, on the other hand, glowing accounts from some, of the beauty of their new surroundings, the noble trees, the flowing river, the promise of fertility. "I am in perfect health and high spirits," writes Edward Winslow,

"nor shall any rascally vicissitudes . . . lower them." "We cut yesterday," he writes later, "with about one hundred and twenty men, more than a mile through a forest hitherto deemed impenetrable. . . . There opened a prospect superior to anything in the world, I believe, . . . the most magnificent and romantic scene I ever beheld."

For these unhappy people the British Government did what it could. In 1783 a commission inquired into their losses with the aim to compensate them. Government action was, however, often slow, and it was little comfort to outcasts in the wilderness to know that some day they might be paid for what they had lost. Food and clothing the British Government supplied and, ten years after the war ended, some Loyalists were still being fed and clothed. The Government supplied saw-mills and grist-mills for Loyalist settlements, furnished timber for houses, bricks for chimneys, nails, axes, saws, hoes, and spades, sometimes even cattle to supply the farms. Church bells were sent out from England. It was so hard to distribute these things evenly, that places to which ships could go received more than remoter spots inland. The British government spent in all something like six million pounds in the task of relief.

Mistakes were made in the choice of settlements. Shelburne, in Nova Scotia, is to-day a quiet little seaport. Chiefly because of its fine harbour, imagination pictured there a city to rival Halifax, and by spring in 1783 more than four thousand Loyalists had landed from New York. The government gave them land, lumber for houses, and food for a year. "We knelt down," says one of them, "my wife and I, and my two boys, and kissed the dear ground and thanked God that the flag of England floated there." A town was laid out. Each settler was to have a farm of fifty acres in the country, a site for a house in the town, and also a lot on the harbour, for fishing and shipping were to be among the chief industries. In a

single summer a considerable town of wooden houses sprang up.

It took the name of Shelburne from the British Prime Minister of the day. Within a year or two the place had ten thousand people. Ships were building. There was a good trade in fish and timber. No fewer than three newspapers appeared. A gay crowd listened to the military band on summer evenings. Then slowly the truth became clear. This was not the spot for a city. The land and the fishing were alike poor, and one by one the families drifted away. Judge Haliburton, the creator of *Sam Slick*, saw Shelburne when it stood like an abandoned city. In some houses were still furniture and trunks with clothing, and a deserted churchyard with its mouldering dead, told, says Haliburton, "a tale of sorrow and of sadness which overpowered the heart."

The Loyalists who went to the St. John River realized that it was a far cry to the distant capital at Halifax, and they founded a separate colony, New Brunswick, with its capital, Fredericton, at some distance from the sea. Sir Guy Carleton's brother was Governor for nearly thirty years, and St. John, at the mouth of the river, grew into an important seaport. Many Loyalists found their way by sea to the older Canada. During the winter of 1783-84 the government at Quebec was caring for six or seven thousand Loyalists, and Sir Frederick Haldimand, the governor, had a heavy task on his hands. While the Loyalists often expected too much, in truth often they received too little. To the region farther west about Lake Ontario, thousands of Loyalists came by various routes; some by sea from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; others by way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence; others by crossing Lake Ontario from the State of New York; others by way of the Niagara River. Perhaps in the whole of what is now Canada sixty thousand Loyalists took refuge. The number is about equal to that of the

French-Canadians who became British subjects at the time of the conquest.

Stiff firmness of character made most of the Loyalists pioneers of the right type. In what was soon to be Upper Canada, still an unsettled region, they built their log cabins, often with the howling of the wolves in their ears at night. They hewed furniture from the rough wood of the forest and sometimes a tree stump served as a table. From docile Indians they learned to make of deer-skin durable clothing for men and women. They wore home-made boots and spun linen for themselves. They sowed grain amid scattered stumps and cut roads through almost trackless wastes. Sometimes it was a hundred miles to the nearest place where they could sell their produce or buy their supplies. It was hard to educate their children, for schools were few. But many of them, made strong and not weak by hard labour, lived to a ripe old age. The Loyalists are the chief strain in the ancestry of the people of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario, and in the Canadian West some of their descendants play a leading part. One of their enduring memories is that their ancestors were exiles from the United States. The old bitterness is gone, but the resolve remains that Canada shall always be a British state.

2. THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA

On October 23, 1786, the people of Quebec watched with keen interest the arrival of a governor who had already played a great part in their history. Sir Guy Carleton was coming back, now as Lord Dorchester. He knew what lay before him. He had been wounded on the day when Wolfe died; during ten years he had ruled at Quebec as British governor; he had been in command at New York to rescue the harassed Loyalists and had sent off many thousands to settle in Canada; and now he came, with this rich experience, to try to solve the hard problems

for Canada created by the American Revolution. No longer were there British colonies farther south to which British settlers might go in preference to the chill north and leave Canada to the French. Thousands who knew only the English tongue and mode of life, mostly Protestants used to self-government, now lived in Canada side by side with men reared in French traditions; and to each must be given a system of rule which should bring content.

Before the coming of the Loyalists the region lying west of Montreal had been an unsettled wilderness. France had created, indeed, trading posts reaching to the remote west of the prairie country, but apart from the few spots where fluttered the *fleurs-de-lis*, the forest had been almost unbroken. Indians, hunters, and traders threaded their way along forest pathways, while here and there might be seen curling upward the smoke from some lonely camp-fire or rough cabin. The rivers were the highways; the vehicles were bark canoes; and man himself was but a pigmy in the forest solitude. Champlain had once made a winter journey in the region between the points where now stand Toronto and Kingston. He describes park-like lands dotted with noble trees; but they were only a hunting-ground for the savages, and a hundred and fifty years after Champlain this condition endured. Now, however, changes had come, and by the year 1790 there were some ten thousand people between Montreal and Detroit and still more were arriving.

These exiles came from a land where public questions were the daily topic for discussion and candidates asked for their votes; but in the new land there was no right to vote for there was no elected legislature. In Canada were now more than a hundred thousand people of French origin, while those of English origin were barely a fifth of this number. The French lived chiefly on the lower waters of the St. Lawrence, the English on the upper St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and this made a natural division into Lower Canada and Upper Canada. It was

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unthinkable that the Loyalists, who had given up everything in order to cling to the traditions of British rule, should not wish to have in their new homes the British type of society. From all this came two Canadas, one prevailingly French, the other English.

Haldimand, who was Governor when the Loyalists first came, had asked them why they should wish to have votes and an elected legislature. Had they not suffered enough from legislatures which had hounded them away from their former homes? When Carleton returned to Canada he, too, thought that what Canada chiefly needed was one strong government which could hold its own against the peril from the Indians and from the designs of the United States. Both the English traders and the Loyalists were, however, bent on having in Canada a system modelled on that of Britain, and in 1791 the British government decided to divide Canada into two provinces, each with a Legislature having two chambers. Subject to approval in England, each might make its own laws: Upper Canada might have English law, while Lower Canada, if it liked, might retain the old French law and the privileges of the Roman Catholic Church.

It was natural that Protestant England should wish to ensure Protestant teaching in Canada, and the Canada Act of 1791 provided that one-eighth of the surveyed lands should be reserved to maintain "a Protestant clergy." Fox asked the Prime Minister, Pitt, what was meant by "a Protestant clergy," and Pitt replied that he meant the clergy of the Church of England. He intended, he said, to send a bishop to Canada and to set up and endow rectories. Pitt had insisted, too, on a Second Chamber in each province, and declared that "the habits, customs, and manners" of Canada were peculiarly suited to the working of an hereditary chamber—a House of Lords—though for a time the members must be appointed instead of sitting by right of birth. Could Pitt have had his way Canada

would have had for ever a copy of the established Church of England and of the British House of Lords.

Sitting in the House of Commons and keenly interested in this debate was a new member, John Graves Simcoe. His sailor father had gone to Canada with Wolfe, but had died just before his ship reached Quebec, and the son, now just short of forty, was an English landowner who had seen hard military service. In the American Revolution he had commanded the Queen's Rangers, a regiment of light horse; he had fought in many engagements and been wounded and twice taken prisoner. His deepest conviction was that Britain had been in the right in America. He had a profound contempt for all on the American side, from Washington down, as men who had failed in loyalty to their sovereign, and he loathed the republican system which they created. Simcoe's temper was not, indeed, a happy one, but it was well suited to the mind of the Loyalists of Canada. He was a fierce patriot, a man of honour, with a fine integrity, a high sense of duty, and great energy and persistence.

Who more fitting to send to Upper Canada than this soldier of wide experience, who knew the dangers to which Canada was exposed, and would be in sympathy with the ideals of the exiled Loyalists? Thus it was that Colonel Simcoe became the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. To-day his statue, in the uniform of the days of George III, stands before the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, and his name is borne by a lake, a county, and a town in Ontario. Dorchester was continued as Governor of Lower Canada, and was to be the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the two Canadas. To him the appointment of Simcoe was unwelcome, for he had wished to see in Simcoe's post some leading Loyalist in Canada, who would more readily accept the authority of a chief at Quebec.

Dorchester was absent in England when Simcoe arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1791 and remained for the winter in the old capital. When he set out in the

MEETING OF THE FIRST LEGISLATURE OF UPPER CANADA, 1792
Its sessions were held in one of the log houses in the group of buildings known as Navy Hall, at Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe is addressing the members.

spring it was easy to sail to Montreal, but the journey from there through his new government was in awkward boats, now under sail, now rowed, or dragged by hardy men past the rapids of the swift river, still without canals, while the passengers advanced over rough roads, like muddy bogs in wet weather. Not until July 26 did Simcoe reach the mouth of the Niagara River where stood the few buildings of the little fort, for the time his capital. Already Upper Canada had been divided into constituencies and at once an election took place. Simcoe hoped that the members would be chiefly retired officers of his own class, but instead, for the most part, the electors chose men of their own type who had just hewn out new homes in the wilderness.

On September 17, 1792, Simcoe opened his little Parliament. No matter if the place of meeting was a plain structure, made roughly of wood, and if in the Upper House there were only nine members and in the Lower only sixteen; Simcoe had brought into being the first Parliament in the whole region of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Cannon roared in salute; a guard, elaborate in equipment, for the red coat and braid and plumes went everywhere with the British army, escorted Simcoe; he entered the Chamber with stately pomp, and made to the two Houses, summoned to his presence, his Speech from the Throne just as in the British Parliament.

A few months later, in Lower Canada, for the first time in their history, the French had the interest and excitement of an election. Carleton was absent, but there, too, was stately ceremonial at the first sitting in December of the Legislature. Among those present was a son of George III, the Duke of Kent, whose daughter, Queen Victoria, was to have so long and so memorable a reign. For some years the tiny Parliament of Upper Canada held its sessions in what was only a shed at the barracks. At the opening of one session only two members of the Upper House and five of the Lower House were in attendance. With doubtful taste Simcoe changed the name of his capital from Niagara to Newark. To him what was English offered the perfect model, and if, in the United States, it was a reproach to believe in monarchy, no less to Simcoe was every settler who came into Canada by that act renouncing democracy which lay at the root of the American Revolution. On the road he meets an American family coming, like a party of gipsies, with their own cattle and effects, to see the land. He greets them gladly since they have come to be again under their "old father" the king; they are, he sees, tired of the rule of the many-headed mobs; "we love such good royalists as you are; we will give you land."

3. A COPY OF ENGLAND

The Legislature lost no time in making clear that Upper Canada was not under French law and by one of its first Bills brought into operation the whole body of English law. Lower Canada made no such change, and the Ottawa River, the frontier between the two Provinces, was that also between two systems—the one French, the other English. Upper Canada was to have neither seigneur nor priest with his right to the tithe. At first there was slavery. When a newspaper, that inevitable expression of modern life, appeared at Newark, in its columns was this notice of sale: "A negro wench, named Chloe, twenty-three years old, who understands washing, cooking, etc." Simcoe had seen slavery in its worst form. During his campaign in the Southern States the marching column would sometimes pass on the roads groups of staring negroes, some of them stark naked, despised, and brutalized slaves, and this, he was resolved, should not be in Upper Canada. Some of the settlers, familiar in their former homes with negro labour, desired to have it, but Simcoe's Parliament prohibited the bringing in of negro slaves.

If settlers were to take up land they must have roads, and Simcoe began the great road, called Dundas Street after a British minister of the day, from Lake Ontario westward to the Detroit River. He built, too, a road from Lake Ontario to a lake some forty miles to the north which, in honour of his father, he called Lake Simcoe. The road was named Yonge Street, after a forgotten minister of the time, and is to-day an important thoroughfare in the great city of Toronto.

Simcoe's capital at Newark was within gunshot of the American side. It would probably be attacked the moment war should break out, and he quickly decided that the seat of government must be removed elsewhere. Soon after his arrival, he had gone, chiefly on foot, along almost untrodden paths from Niagara to Detroit, then held by the British, and

he thought the safest place for the capital was inland at a point in a fertile area on a small river about half-way between these two places. Here was to be a new centre of a great state and it was to bear the name of the ancient metropolis. Accordingly, with a deplorable lack of imagination, the river was called the Thames, the village, which has expanded into an important city, was called London, and the surrounding county Middlesex.

Far away at Quebec Carleton objected to planting the capital in a forest-clad, roadless region, difficult to reach with supplies. He was Simcoe's military superior, and Simcoe had to yield to his insistence that the capital should, indeed, be removed from the dangers obvious at Niagara, but placed where it could be reached by water. To-day, as the result of a wise treaty made later, no British or American warships patrol the Great Lakes; but in Simcoe's time each nation planned the protection of its territory on the lakes by men-of-war. Accordingly, the British made the little town of Kingston, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, their naval arsenal, and it was decided to place the capital at a suitable spot near its western end.

Two rivers, now known as the Don and the Humber, which flow out of the narrow isthmus between Lake Ontario and Lake Simcoe, empty near each other and form from their silt a semi-circular island enclosing a secure harbour. From time immemorial the Indians had come to trade at what was called Toronto, "the place of meeting." The Humber River offered a short route to the waters of the great Lake Huron which in the early days of exploration La Salle had found convenient. So important was Indian Toronto that in the last days of their rule the French had founded there a trading post and called it Fort Rouillé, after the minister in charge of the colonies in 1750. Into the spacious harbour Simcoe sailed on a July day in 1793, to survey the scene of the future capital. Already camped on the beach where now stand vast buildings were a few of his soldiers. Majestic trees lined the

shore and in the two clear streams salmon so abounded that sportsmen might kill in half an hour enough to load a canoe. Simcoe had brought with him a huge canvas tent which had belonged to the navigator, Captain Cook, and this now became his first dwelling in the capital. Soon trees were felled and streets and wharves begun. True to his love of English names, Simcoe called the place York, after that son of George III in whose honour as Commander-in-Chief a great column now stands in Waterloo Place in London. York it remained for fifty years and then the better name of Toronto was revived.

Surrounding Simcoe was an official group of people who knew the best culture of the times. He could entertain with dignity the Duke of Kent, who visited him in 1792; American envoys, who came to treat with him on great issues; a French duke, exiled from a land tortured by revolution; and other persons of rank. There were "fair women and brave men" at Simcoe's little court. He himself had been educated at Eton and Oxford. He wrote tolerable verse and prose which may be read still, and he played well the part of a great gentleman. Sometimes he was brusque and passionate to the point of rudeness. Grave old Dorchester at Quebec had to bear much from Simcoe's quick temper. But every one knew him to be a man of deep faith and of noble integrity. He was, he said, trying "to form a nation obedient to the laws, frugal, temperate, industrious, impressed with a steadfast love of justice, of honour, and of public good." "This nation," he said, "should honour the king, and it should fear God and thank Him for His good gifts."

Simcoe's nation material was stubborn enough. Upper Canada was a refuge for the oppressed and the poor who came straggling in from regions widely scattered. Hard drinking was a habit of the time. The Indians had a feverish eagerness for drink, and unscrupulous traders carried it to the Indian villages. Simcoe would have put a stern control on the traffic, but lacked the necessary

authority. Settlers isolated and lonely often themselves fell into bad habits. The newcomers held every variety of religious faith, and many belonged to obscure sects which have long since died out. Wandering preachers went by forest pathways to the settlers and, with noble zeal, not always chastened by knowledge, preached what of Christian truth they knew.

Simcoe had little sympathy with the variety and liberty of rough and hardy pioneers. The staid English village was his model. He took steps to secure a bishop for Upper Canada, and offered one-quarter of his own salary for the purpose. The Church of England was to be the state church and to it must go the lands set apart for the "Protestant clergy." When it was claimed that other than the Anglican clergy should have the right even to celebrate marriage, Simcoe was annoyed as if at sedition. In his views of a privileged state church lay trouble for future days, since only a fraction of the people adhered to the Anglican Church. In Simcoe's views the great landowner should play the leading part in rural Canada, as did the squire in England, and he would be the fit person to send to Parliament to rule the country. In each county Simcoe would have had the equivalent of the lord-lieutenant in an English county, who should have a special pew in church and receive the deference due to his position. The contrast is amusing, between Simcoe, insistent on an aristocracy as the warrant of steadiness in society, keeping up in the wilderness stiff military pomp, arrayed in silk and plumes to meet his Parliament, and the studied lack of pomp shown by Jefferson, who a few years later became the third President of the United States. He rode alone without guard or servant to the capitol at Washington to be inaugurated, dismounted, and tied his horse to a fence; and he received in dressing-gown and slippers a foreign envoy who went to him in ceremonial dress, wearing a sword.

Since, during the previous score of years, Canada had

been harassed by war, it might have been hoped that a better era had dawned when peace had come in 1783. This was, however, not to be; for a further twenty years, war was rarely far from the thought of the rulers of Canada. Relations with the United States were still troubled. Under the terms of peace, the republic had undertaken to use its best efforts to soften the hardships of the Loyalists and also to secure the payment of many million pounds owed by private persons, chiefly merchants, in the United States, to creditors in Great Britain. Delay in carrying out these conditions led to irritation on both sides. The United States had secured all the territory lying south of the Great Lakes, and within these new frontiers were certain posts still occupied by the British at the close of the war: Oswego at the east end of Lake Ontario, Niagara, Detroit, Michilimackinac at the entrance of Lake Michigan. It caused bad feeling that, more than ten years after the signing of peace, Britain held the posts as hostages to ensure that the United States should fulfil the terms of peace. When Simcoe met his little parliament in 1792, the British flag still floated over the forts on the American side, in defiance of angry demands from the United States.

4. ALARMS ABOUT WAR

Another menace of war came when in 1792 France overthrew her ancient monarchy and in the wild fury of the moment proclaimed her willingness to go to the help of any oppressed peoples aiming, like France, to set up republican rule. This seemed to involve war on Britain under a king. In January of 1793 the French republic showed its temper and sent to the block its former king, Louis XVI, and this caused such horror in England that, within a few days, the two nations began a war which, with slight intermission, lasted for more than twenty years. From this it came that a certain "Citizen" Genet arrived in the United States as the envoy of the French Republic,

and insisted that, since the two nations were allied, the United States not less than France was at war with Great Britain.

Though, in time, Washington rebuked Genet and demanded his recall, in parts of the United States he was received with enthusiasm, both because he represented a nation which like the United States was now a republic, and because of the bitter hatred for Great Britain surviving from the recent war. Under Genet's orders privateers were fitted out in ports of the United States and sent to sea to prey on British commerce, and British ships thus captured were brought in triumph to American ports. In truth Genet treated the United States as if it were a colony of France and we may imagine the uneasiness of Dorchester at Quebec and of Simcoe at Niagara at the nearness of war on the Canadian frontier. In those days communications were slow and at one time Genet's acts and words led Simcoe to believe that war with the United States had actually broken out. His outlook was that of the soldier; his thoughts dwelt upon the best means of defending Canada; and he was determined not to be taken by surprise.

There was unrest among the Indians. During the French régime the Iroquois Indians had been the relentless enemy of the French and they took part in the conquest of Canada. A remarkable young chief of the Mohawk tribe, Joseph Brant, had fought with the British. His people were a conquering race. They had subdued other tribes as far west as to the Mississippi and beyond, and Brant himself had been born in the valley of the Ohio during a hunting foray of his tribe. He had been educated in New England and twice had visited England, where his grandfather had been one of the four Iroquois "Kings of Canada" who had made a sensation in London society during the reign of Queen Anne. It shows the pride of the Indian chief, who counted himself the equal of any king, that Brant refused to kiss the hand of George III, though he paid that courtesy to the queen. Brant had taken an

active part in the American war and had led the Mohawks in savage raids.

When peace came Brant secured for his people a large tract of land on the Grand River in Upper Canada, where now his monument stands in the centre of the thriving city of Brantford and his name is attached to the surrounding county. He translated into Mohawk the Prayer Book and parts of the Bible and to this day in "His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks," built under Brant's lead, gather the remnants of the warlike tribe, long ago a terror to the French and to the revolted colonies. Brant had great authority among the many tribes of the west. They were restive because American settlers were encroaching on the lands north of the Ohio, yielded by Britain at the peace, lands which the Indians regarded as belonging neither to Britain nor to the United States, but to themselves. So acute became the situation that, in 1790, an Indian War with the United States broke out. Since the tribes trusted Brant, Washington invited him to Philadelphia, and in 1792 Brant went on horseback the long journey and was received with great honour by the President of the United States.

The Mohawk chief, swarthy in face, tall, erect in figure, and proud to array himself in Indian costume, skilled in the white man's ways, and not free from the cunning of the forest, met Washington and Simcoe as their equal. Simcoe went to visit him and, on a February day in 1793, Brant and his Mohawks welcomed the Governor, who attended service in the mission church and then went on in moccasins over the snow, with Brant as guide, on the long journey to Detroit.

Simcoe distrusted Brant's influence with the western tribes, since he thought the warlike chief was bent on driving the British into the Indian War against the United States. Instead, after some American reverses, General Wayne broke, for the time, the power of the tribes and in 1794 made with them the treaty of Greenville. The

Americans made it a cause for complaint that the Indians had British arms, which of course they had, since for many years French and English alike had sold them arms in exchange for furs. Even after this peace at Greenville the Indians were often on the verge of renewed conflict, caused by the rough traders and settlers who ill-treated them; and always in the United States it was thought to be British scheming with the savages which led to strife. Assuredly Simcoe did not wish war, but he feared it would come, as in time it did. He thought that the natives had real grievances, and he ardently desired that Canada should stretch southward to the Ohio.

Meanwhile, far away, the tension with the United States was, for that time, ended. Washington sent John Jay as an envoy to England and from this came in 1794 the famous Jay treaty. Each side made concessions, and the important point for Canada was that Great Britain handed over all the posts which she held within the United States. To Simcoe this was a heavy blow; a member for Detroit had actually sat in his Legislature. He believed that no republic could endure, and that the Union would break up; to him a king was necessary to a well-ordered state and he would have had "God save the King" ring out in the streets of every town in Canada. He believed that the best elements in the United States were already weary of what he thought mob rule and longed to be again under a king.

Simcoe's distrust of the mob rule of democracy, and its crude lack of refinement, and Dorchester's stately scorn of the trading classes, were in the tone of the aristocratic society in England where common people had few rights. Both misread the times. In a new land, without evidences of rank or wealth, each man had to depend on his own character and ability and, however slow might be the advance, democracy was inevitable. Time has shown that a king may reign in a state as truly democratic as any republic; Canada's advanced democracy has remained

true to monarchy and still sings "God save the King" with the fervour which Simcoe desired.

Neither Dorchester nor Simcoe liked what was necessary under the terms of Jay's treaty, the hauling down of the British flag over so many posts. While the two Governors were often in sharp disagreement, both suspected the designs of the United States; both were soldiers and saw truly that in the end war would come; but both spoke out in terms too defiant. In England, engaged as she was in war with France, the last thing desired was a war in America. In 1796 Simcoe went home on leave of absence, and in the same year went also Dorchester, old, tired after some thirty years spent chiefly in Canada, indignant that Simcoe was not more under his control. Neither of them ever again saw Canada.

5. TWO STIFF-NECKED NATIONS AT WAR

In the year 1804 when Napoleon Bonaparte became Emperor of the French, Britain and France had already been at war eleven years, except for a brief peace made in 1802. Napoleon intended to dominate the world: soon he was King of Italy; a brother was King of Spain; two other brothers ruled Holland and the Rhine country; Austria and Prussia had been conquered; and Russia was his ally. The one great country which stood out and defied him was Britain. In 1805 Nelson's victory at Trafalgar gave her dominion on the sea which enabled her, after a long, hard fight, to destroy Napoleon's dominion on land, and to restore liberty to Europe.

It is one of the tragedies of history that during this period war broke out with the United States. Britain did not desire war; the most important states in the Union did not wish it; as assuredly did not Canada, the most certain, then as now, to suffer in any such strife. Who, then, brought it about? The answer is that two hundred thousand fighting men, chiefly in Kentucky and Tennessee,

were pushing ever farther into the lands north of the Ohio, hunting, trading in furs, clearing the forests for rough settlements, and were determined that nothing should keep them from going as far as they liked. The two obstacles were the Indians and the British, and the "war-hawks," as they were called, were certain of victory over both. By selling the Indians whiskey and then getting the drunken chiefs to sign away the titles to their lands, by making war in the spirit that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, the men from Kentucky had weakened the power of the savages. As to the British, the "war-hawks" thought it would be easy to push the American frontier to the North Pole. Themselves living in wild and lawless freedom, hot still with the passions of the Revolution, they believed that what they called "the ruffian power of the British King" made the Canadians slaves, and that the moment an American army should appear in Canada, the people would rise to welcome those who brought them liberty, and would join their liberators in a triumphal march to Quebec. "Canada! Canada! On to Canada!" was the cry heard often in the Ohio valley long before war broke out.

While this was the vital cause which led to war, there were other reasons for strife between two nations, kindred in blood, and kindred, too, in their stiff-necked pride and stubbornness. Britain was engaged in war with perhaps the greatest military genius whom the world has ever seen. Her salvation lay in her power on the sea, but to secure the needed sailors was difficult, and she took them by force. At night press-gangs haunted the dark streets of English towns, seized unsuspecting workmen on their way, perhaps, to or from the tavern, and hurried them off to serve on warships which might then sail away to remote parts of the world. Not only might these sailors never again see their families, but they were also subject to hard conditions of life on the ships: bad quarters, a discipline which included brutal floggings, bad food, and

low pay on a scale which had not been increased since the time of King Charles II.

Sailors secured with such difficulty were assets to be well guarded. Not unnaturally, however, many sailors deserted, when they had the chance, and the favourite places for desertion were the ports of the United States, for no other nation spoke the same language or offered better conditions. If, as was likely, the deserter wished again to go to sea, he could get on an American ship high pay and lighter discipline. The American navy, like the British, had difficulty in manning its ships and gladly welcomed trained British sailors. To check this, Britain used the "right of search" which her supremacy on the sea made possible, stopped American ships on the high seas, mustered their crews and required American sailors to show passports to prove their nationality. Though it was not hard for a British sailor to get a forged passport, there were other tests: accent gave a clue to a man's origin and sometimes Irish deserters were caught when they pronounced the word "peas" as "pays." The United States protested against the right of search, which remains still a cause of keen dispute. Britain, fighting desperately with France, would not give it up, and in 1804 a British squadron kept the port of New York almost in a state of blockade and stopped every suspected ship which put to sea.

In June, 1807, a British fleet was hovering off the coast of Virginia at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, watching both for two French men-of-war lying at Annapolis, and for deserters setting out on American ships. It had just happened that five men on a British sloop had seized a boat and rowed to shore and that Ratford, one of these deserters, had actually insulted one of his former officers whom he met in the streets of Norfolk. When the American warship, the *Chesapeake* (Commodore Barron), put to sea, she was stopped by the British frigate, *Leopard*, and boarded by an officer who demanded that the crew should be mustered in order that he might take off any

British deserters. When Barron refused to accept this assertion of authority by a foreign officer, within a few minutes the *Leopard* fired three broadsides into the *Chesapeake*, killed three and wounded eighteen men, and then boarded her and took off four men, three of whom turned out to be American sailors, while the fourth was Ratford, who was hanged. By way of retaliation, four years later, off New York, an American ship, the *President*, fired on the British cruiser, *Little Belt*, and caused thirty-two casualties.

Although, in due course, such incidents were explained and apologies were made, they were in themselves likely to produce war and there were other causes of irritation. In 1806, when Napoleon was in control of nearly the whole of Europe, he thought that he could bring Britain to her knees by ruining her trade. Accordingly, by the Berlin Decree, he ordered that the ports of the continent should be closed to British ships. Britain struck back by her Orders-in-Council that no neutral ship should trade to a continental port, and soon British cruisers were stopping American vessels on the high seas and taking them to British ports. Since Napoleon had so little power on the sea that he could not stop American ships from carrying supplies to British ports, nor even prevent a vast secret trade which Britain carried on with ports on the continent, it was chiefly Britain which checked the trade of the United States to the continent and it was upon her that wrath fell. In the Great War, a century after Napoleon, Britain again stopped neutral trade with enemy ports and, until the United States entered the war, caused there acute irritation.

President Jefferson tried in 1808 to meet the high-handed acts of both Britain and France by ordering an embargo which meant that no ships from American ports should carry goods to Europe. Jefferson thought that Europe was so dependent on American products that he could starve both Britain and France into reopening their ports. What happened was that American ships slipped

out with goods and were given safe passage to British ports by the British fleet, or that goods were taken into Canada and shipped from Canadian ports. While the embargo thus did little harm to Britain, it lessened New England trade and caused distress. Since war with Britain would only make matters worse, the trading centres on the Atlantic coast were opposed to war and never joined in it heartily.

Clearly the United States had cause for irritation, and in the end Britain agreed to withdraw her orders-in-council. Then President Madison, with the "war-hawks" urging that now was the time to take Canada, insisted as a condition of peace that the proud mistress of the seas should give up the right of search. To do so in time of war might have meant that the navy of the United States would be manned largely by British deserters; on this point Britain would not yield; and on June 18, 1812, the United States declared war with nearly half of Congress dissenting. Almost at the same moment Britain had revoked the Orders-in-Council and so removed the chief reason for war. With both peoples reluctant, the cable, the press, and public opinion, such as we now have them, would have made war impossible.

Neither side was prepared for war in America, but the United States had eight million people, while Canada, the destined scene of the war, had not yet half a million. It was inevitably a straggling war. Pitt's plan to conquer Canada had included four great movements: to secure the Ohio valley; the Niagara frontier; Montreal; and Quebec. While the Americans had no fleet with which to take Quebec, they followed the other three lines of Pitt's strategy. Both sides lacked good leadership. Sir George Prevost, the British commander-in-chief at Quebec, was a kindly man, who had won the affection of the French-Canadians, but he was timid and weak in action. In the United States there was no Pitt to lead. Its generals had served during the revolution and were still boastful of

the success against Britain. Most of them believed that Canada, like Jericho, would fall at the sound of the trumpets of war.

6. CANADA DEFENDS HER FRONTIERS

The "war-hawks," ready for a triumphant ride across Canada, were led by General Hull, who, since the Revolution, had practised law in Massachusetts. He reached Detroit and on July 12, 1812, when he crossed into Canada, he issued a proclamation that he had come to save Canadians from British tyranny. If they failed to welcome him they should suffer the horrors of war; and if they used Indians against him they would be exterminated. Two formidable leaders confronted Hull. The Governor of Upper Canada was Sir Isaac Brock, a man of magnificent physique, now in his forty-third year. He had seen military service in Europe, had now spent ten years in Canada, and by his frank kindliness had won the affection of both soldiers and civilians. Brock was a man of rapid and vigorous decision. One night at York, when he found that some deserters had seized a boat and rowed away across the lake, he himself set out at midnight in a small skiff, caught the men on the American side near Niagara, and forced them to come back as his prisoners.

The other leader was a chief of the Shawnee Indians, Tecumseh, a man of noble qualities. He had deplored the degradation into which the western tribes were falling and had tried to rally them as a united Indian nation to hold their own against the inroads of the white man. Their doom was, however, inevitable. So few were they that now in all the tribes there were not four thousand warriors; but Tecumseh and his brother, "The Prophet," truly noble "red men," had stirred them, one as warrior, the other as preacher of righteousness, to give up drink, to keep the corrupting white man out of their country, and to admit no right of his to own Indian lands. To Tecumseh the

LAURA SECORD

On her journey to warn the British, at Beaver Dams, of the intended attack by the Americans.

"war-hawks" were the enemy, and now he threw his whole force on the British side.

Hull's invasion was quickly countered by a British force which Brock took by boat to the Detroit River, where he was joined by Tecumseh. When Hull, to his surprise, found that the Canadians would fight and learned of Brock's coming, he quickly retreated to Detroit. On Sunday, August 16, from behind his defences, he could see the advance of a red-coated British force which had crossed the river, and he knew that in the surrounding woods were scattered Tecumseh's warriors who sometimes burst out into echoing war-whoops. With a thousand civilians in Detroit in fear of Indian barbarity, Hull lost his nerve and agreed to surrender. Brock with fifteen hundred men secured twenty-five hundred prisoners, food and stores, and sent Hull a prisoner to Montreal.

None the less did the Americans win the western frontier. Naval action played a great part in this war in Canada. With the abundant timber of their forests, the Americans had become skilful shipbuilders. Each side now built ships on the lakes, and there, in 1813, rival squadrons faced each other. On Lake Erie the Americans, with larger resources, built ships bigger and stronger than the British ships and with a longer range of guns. Accordingly, when in September, 1813, the inevitable fight came at Put-In Bay the American commodore, Perry, battered the small British fleet under Barclay into surrender. This control of Lake Erie meant also victory on land. With some three thousand mounted men, chiefly from Kentucky, General Harrison reoccupied Detroit in 1813, pushed forward into Upper Canada, and overtook and, in October, defeated at Moraviantown, near Chatham, a force of about one thousand British and Indians. In this battle Tecumseh fell, and his loss was a disaster. It ended the union of the tribes, and Harrison's victory meant the final ownership by the United States of the Ohio valley which Simcoe had so ardently desired for Canada.

Meanwhile, on the Niagara frontier, each side had loss and gain. In this unhappy war the United States was so profoundly divided that the militia of New York, while protesting that they would defend their own homes, refused to obey orders and cross the Niagara to invade Canada. Before dawn on the morning of October 13, 1812, Brock heard at Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, a distant, heavy cannonade. When he rode furiously to the point of danger, he found that the Americans were assaulting Queenston Heights, which rises some three hundred and fifty feet above the river, and that a single British gun was in action against a heavy fire of batteries on the opposite shore. As Brock stood by the gun, directing the fire, an American force, which had gained the Heights by a round-about path, drove him and his men down the hill. They rallied and when Brock, at their head waving his sword, pressed up to retake the lost gun, his striking uniform drew the fire of an American soldier, only thirty yards away and, like Wolfe, he perished in the hour of victory. The British drove the Americans from the Heights and took nearly a thousand prisoners, while across the river New York militia refused to budge in aid of their countrymen. On the Heights stands to-day a tall pillar in Brock's memory, visible for many miles, and he ranks in Canada as the chief hero of the war.

After this, though each side met with success and failure, nothing decisive was done on this frontier and neither fleet secured control of Lake Ontario. The war was carried on with marked bitterness. When, in April, 1813, an American squadron descended on the little capital at York and took the town, by some carelessness a powder-magazine blew up and killed two or three hundred American soldiers. Since the town had already surrendered the captors thought that the explosion was due to treachery, the men got out of hand, burned the Parliament and other buildings, and even carried off books from the public library. At Niagara, in December of the same year, the

Americans decided to withdraw to their own side of the river, and on a bitterly cold night burned Simcoe's former capital, Newark, and left four hundred people homeless. The British retaliated the next year by devastating the American side of the river and burning the village where now is Buffalo. The last and fiercest fight on the Niagara front came on a hot night in July, 1814, within a mile of the great cataract of Niagara. As night was falling, the two sides joined battle at Lundy's Lane and carried on a hand-to-hand fight in the darkness until midnight. This, one of the strangest battles in history, ended in sheer exhaustion on both sides, but the Americans withdrew, and the British claimed a victory because they continued to hold the field.

On the third front, that against Montreal, the attack wholly failed. In May, 1813, the unlucky Prevost found that the Americans were gathering boats at Sackett's Harbour, near Oswego, to descend on Montreal, and he made a feeble attack on the place. Later in the same year, on November 5, the Americans, thinking to rival Amherst's successful descent by the St. Lawrence on Montreal in 1760, embarked an army of eight thousand men. In fear of the turbulent river and of attack from the shore, General Wilkinson landed his forces at night, and on November 10 he had to face a severe British attack at Chrysler's Farm. It was little more than a skirmish, but it disorganized the American plans. About the same time, General Hampton was advancing by way of Lake Champlain, to join Wilkinson before Montreal. Hampton was another of the old, useless, dissipated officers and he fell into a panic when at Chateauguay, near Montreal, he was attacked by a small force of militia, chiefly French-Canadians, under Colonel de Salaberry. Thus checked, both armies withdrew and the menace to Montreal was over.

In the first days of the war, fighting ships in the American navy won brilliant successes in single combats with British ships. The American frigates, stoutly built,

with fine lines, were faster and heavier than British frigates of the same class. None the less, British sailors, hardly challenged on the sea since Trafalgar, spoke with contempt of ships manned, in a phrase of the time," by a handful of bastards and outlaws." Yet in 1812, in four single fights, the Americans, with heavier batteries, won victories which thrilled their nation. After this, however, they were beaten on the sea, and Canada was not less thrilled when on June 1, 1813, the *Shannon*, commanded by Captain Burke, brought into Halifax Harbour the *Chesapeake*, taken after a stiff fight.

By this time the British fleet had unchallenged supremacy and was able to blockade the coasts of the United States. In August, 1814, twelve thousand of Wellington's veterans reached Canada and the British were raiding the American coast. In one raid they captured Washington and in revenge for acts of the Americans at York and Niagara deliberately burned the public buildings. Both sides were already weary of a useless war. Under so feeble a leader as Prevost, the fine army from England met with defeat at Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain. Far away the British fleet, which blockaded the Gulf of Mexico, landed an army in Louisiana which was entrapped and defeated at New Orleans by the frontiersman, Andrew Jackson, a feat which later made him President of the United States. The end, like the beginning, of the war, was marked by what the modern cable would have prevented. Two weeks before Jackson's victory peace had already been agreed upon at Ghent (December, 1814).

The war, unpopular on both sides, ended without any formal concession by either. Great Britain still claimed the right of search and the United States did not accept it. None the less, both nations learned much by the war. Each found the spirit of the other more formidable than it had imagined, and each conceived for the other the respect which is likely to prevent any future conflict. Each side gained something. The United States made

finally secure its hold on the Ohio valley, while, on the other hand, Canada remained securely British and had been tested in the hot fire of battle. While the French province had a long tradition of valorous sacrifice this, Upper Canada, so recently born, had lacked. Now, saved by the courage of its own defenders, it created its own tradition in war and ever since has had a proud memory of its heroic dead.

READ A STORY

The Story of Tecumseh. By Norman Gurd. Ryerson Press, Toronto. A boy's story of the great Indian chief and the War of 1812.

Sir Isaac Brock. By Hugh S. Eayrs. Macmillan, Toronto. One of the "Canadian Men of Action" series.

†*The War Chief of the Ottawas.* By T. G. Marquis. "Chronicles of Canada."

†*The War Chief of the Six Nations.* By L. A. Wood. "Chronicles of Canada."

†*The United Empire Loyalists.* By W. S. Wallace. "Chronicles of Canada."

Great Men of Canada. By John Henderson. Southam Press, Toronto. The first chapter on General Simcoe provides a background for the struggles of the Loyalists. *John Graves Simcoe*, by Charles A. Girdler, a Ryerson Reader, is good.

The struggle between Canada and the United States is told in the Ryerson Readers, throwing into relief leaders in the more important episodes: *Battlefields of 1813*, by T. G. Marquis; *Battlefields of 1814*, by T. G. Marquis; *Naval Warfare on the Great Lakes*, by T. G. Marquis; *Tecumseh*, by Lloyd Roberts; *Laura Secord*, by Blanche Hume; *Sir Isaac Brock*, by T. G. Marquis.

†Books of value to the teacher as source material.

C. THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

1. PIONEER HOMES IN CANADA

Since the year 1815 the British Empire has never been at war with either the United States or France, nations kindred in blood with the two races in Canada. After the long war social conditions in Europe were disturbed and the disbanding of great armies left many without work. During the war the British farmer had profited by the high price of wheat; for much of the Continent remained untilled. Soon, however, Europe was again cultivating its own fields; it had little money with which to buy food from England, and the farmer had to take lower prices. In all types of industry wages fell, and to add to the distress the new use of machinery deprived many of work. One mode of relief was to emigrate and, during the twenty years following the war, there was a movement to Canada on a scale so far greater than that of the Loyalists that, in a single year, thirty-four thousand people arrived, and most of them went to Upper Canada.

Hitherto it had been almost wholly Protestant, but now many Roman Catholics came from Ireland. Crofters of the same faith came from Scotland, seeking relief in the wide lands of Canada from the poverty-stricken hovels of a Highland glen and the harshness of the great landowner, who, in reality for their good, drove them out to make homes elsewhere. Many disbanded soldiers were sent out. While most of these people were humble and unlettered, some of the educated class also came. Though, during the war, a colony of aristocratic exiles from France who settled near Toronto had utterly failed as colonists, now educated men from Britain proved that their training was an aid and not a handicap in the hard life of the pioneer.

A few people of British origin took up land in Lower Canada. To the district known as the Eastern Townships,

the central point of which is the present city of Sherbrooke, came settlers from the United States. They did not like the French land laws of Lower Canada, and were given the English system of tenure. For each of the hundred new townships a "leader" was named, who really played the part of the French seigneur. He allotted the farms and looked after the settlers, who already had had experience in conditions like those which they now found in Canada. To the centres of business, Montreal and Quebec, went English-speaking people of the trading and industrial classes, and these, with the people of the Eastern Townships, formed an important Protestant and English-speaking minority, in Lower Canada.

The French remained, however, by far the more numerous element. They reared large families; they had been long in Canada and were attached to the soil; and, as the sons grew up, they reclaimed more and more of the forest for agriculture and increased more rapidly than the new-comers. They had broken all ties with France; they were Canadian and Canadian only; English who had come only since the cession they looked upon as new-comers. While English flocked to Upper Canada, no immigration came from France to the French province and to-day it is chiefly peopled by descendants of those who came at the time of Louis XIV. They are by far the oldest Canadians, with an intense patriotism for the Canadian home of their fathers.

Many immigrants brought with them radical views—the legacy of social discontent in the old world. The long war had left the English villager in a miserable plight. A Poor Law, intended to help him, had proved a blighting curse. Under it a man whose wages were too low for the support of a family might claim from the state additional pay on a fixed scale. Moreover, if a man was out of work, he was entitled to receive money from the parish in lieu of wages. The evil result followed that the idle and dissipated dodged work and fared better than the industrious

man who, though his pay was too low to enable him to live decently, was too self-reliant to take aid from the parish. Discontent in England made it a land of violence. Sullen and embittered labourers wandered through the country, begging when they must, thieving when they could. Every evening at dark the doors and windows of the country houses were barred and bolted, and every nook was searched in protection against thieves and violence. Every stranger was suspected, and doors were closed upon him lest he should prove a robber or a murderer. It was natural that from such an England many were glad to emigrate across the sea.

In Canada they found that, though it was a land of hardship, the spirit of the people was kindly and trusting. "Let the traveller," says Mrs. Traill, herself an educated pioneer, "seek shelter in the poorest shanty . . . and he need fear no evil, for never have I heard of the rules of hospitality being violated." The houseless wanderer was rarely turned from the door. There were no starving poor, robbing in order to live, no opulent rich whose treasures tempted the covetous. Idle and drunken people there were in Canada, for the change of scene did not change the habits of the depraved. But observers noted the effect, in improving character, of the prospect before a man of securing the broad acres which should reward his toil. Men like this do not steal. In spite of primitive conditions, Canada was a land of security. Doors were rarely locked, and almost no violence was ever done. The Indians were no longer a terror to the settler. They received annual presents from the Government to aid in their support. It happened that when they went to receive their money, they were apt to spend it in drink until even the squaws rolled about on the grass in degrading intoxication; rarely, however, even when drunk did they rob or murder the settlers. It was not uncommon for a party of Indians to enter quietly a settler's kitchen, for they never knocked, to spread their blankets on the floor, and to pass the night

with or without leave. At dawn they would steal silently away, leaving behind them, perhaps, some wild ducks or venison as a gift.

To the settler the forest was both a friend and an enemy. It was a friend, because it furnished the timber to build his house, fuel against winter cold, and beauty to the Canadian scene. But it was an enemy to farming and to the easy building of roads. To-day on the open prairie of the Canadian west, the trail is easy to make, and there are no trees to be cleared away before the land can be tilled. On the other hand the settler in the older Canada found the tree a formidable obstacle, and our age is staggered by the waste of the timber now so precious. When cut down the tree lay, a massive thing to be got rid of. Only a few trees were needed for building the settler's house, and during many years the easiest thing to do with the finest timber of walnut, or oak, or maple, was to split it into rails for fences, or to burn it. At times a hundred glowing fires in a single clearing would flame up to the sky on a day free from the wind which might spread the fire to the neighbouring forest. In time, however, when the timber trade was organized and logs could be sold they had value. At first sawmills were so few that many a house was built of planks laboriously split by hand from great logs, and the roof was made water-tight by shingles split in the same way. This rough work was sometimes done by men of education, who found at least glowing health in an industrious life out of doors.

The settler had the joy of creating a civilization. The bridle-path through the forest became a road and the road a highway; the primitive log-cabin gave way to the well-built house of wood, or stone, or brick; and wheat grew where at first had been the sombre shade of the forest. The maple tree yielded in the spring a store of sugar to last throughout the year. The pioneer had the one great enemy of discontent, that he was always busy. A British officer settled in a clearing was obliged sometimes to turn his

sword into a pruning-hook, and he might also have to learn the humbler task of using the steel of a cobbler's knife and awl to make shoes for himself and his children. For this he was none the worse. He was freer and stronger than he would have been, struggling to live on half-pay in an older community.

He had, too, in Canada sport, open in England only to the wealthy. The forest abounded in deer, sometimes, indeed, troublesome neighbours, for they were apt to come at night to browse in the wheat. The howling of the wolves was not a pleasant sound, and sometimes they wrought havoc among the sheep. The bear, too, was a prowling robber, and would make his way even into the kitchen to carry off meats or sweets; but to hunt him was good sport. In the spring vast flocks of wild pigeons darkened the sky; a mark so easy that this beautiful bird is now extinct. There were such quantities of salmon in the rivers that in a single evening one farmer speared more than fifty with a pitchfork. In the streams were trout, and in the great lakes huge salmon-trout, one of which, it is recorded, weighed more than seventy pounds. Wild ducks, wild geese, and in some places immense wild turkeys, were abundant. Black squirrels made a pleasant food.

2. THE GROWTH OF SETTLEMENT

The life had, of course, its drawbacks. Mosquitoes and black flies made early summer well-nigh intolerable to new-comers. Wanting were the quiet beauty of the English village, the grey tower of the ancient church clothed with ivy, and the smooth and finished countryside. Old friendships were broken to go to Canada. For those who were delicate the life was hard, and a malaria, known as the ague, weakened and depressed many. The labour of the men cleared the ground and tilled the fields, but the women had to make most of what was used within the house—the daily bread, the candles, the soap, not least the

clothing, for the spinning-wheel was in every household. When there was illness the doctor was often remote.

The greatest vice among the pioneers was drunkenness. Whiskey was easily distilled, and it was consumed in vast quantities. When farmers gathered in a "bee" to help raise the frame of a barn or of a house for a neighbour, the day was certain to end in intoxication for some. A pail of water and a pail of whiskey were often carried round to the guests, who helped themselves in equal proportions. It is painfully amusing to find wages often made in terms of quarts of whiskey.

The churches did noble missionary work. It was noted that some of the Indians were quickly touched by the new sense of order. If the trader's work among them was evil, that of the missionary was good. A traveller describes the neat houses, with excellent furniture, of the Indians near Toronto, among whom Peter Jones, himself half Indian in blood, had worked: "From living more like hogs than men they had become cleanly, industrious, and sober." In order to bring the scattered settlers together for religious teaching, the Methodists held what was known as camp-meetings, at which the people would remain for days living in tents. Either in the open air or in a huge tent, there would be daily preaching and sometimes frantic outbursts of religious emotion. When churches were built for religious services to be held regularly, even in remote places, these meetings died out. There was rivalry among the churches and often bitter controversy. Keenly resented was the claim of the Church of England to be the state church and to have a monopoly of the public funds set apart for church endowment. Radicalism attacked the tie between church and state, and in the end the question had its place in causing armed rebellion. Thus the pioneer village in Canada debated issues which for centuries had disturbed the European world.

Clearing the land, building log cabins, breaking up rough ground—all this is elementary labour requiring strong

arms. But it is a waste of the finer spirits to keep them so employed. As villages grew into towns and towns into cities, society was graded, and men took the rank in social life suited to their training, and traditions of English society were preserved. There was not, however, as in England, a class which lived on its income from land. Though the chief settler, Colonel Talbot, had secured for himself more than sixty thousand acres, in no case did land mean wealth, for in primitive conditions land was rather a burden than a source of income. No large estates were preserved in Upper Canada, with country gentlemen living from their rents. The aristocracy consisted of the officials of the government, of the professional classes—the lawyers, the physicians, the clergy—and of the numerous retired officers who sought provision for their families in a pioneer life. This class frowned upon persons engaged in trade, and it is amusing now to note that, within the memory of men still living, to be engaged in trade disqualified a candidate for admission to the most exclusive social club in Toronto.

From the first, the legal profession and the law courts maintained a creditable dignity. There were no corrupt judges, and a court in session awed the settlers with a grave decorum borrowed from England. The crude informality of justice in pioneer society in the United States found no place in Canada. Complaints there were from radicals that the courts had a Tory bias. This was natural in a society dominated by a soldier governor and an office-holding caste; but no judge was dishonest. Inevitably in a new country, with thousands of ignorant settlers, jails were needed, and were sometimes full. Portsmouth Penitentiary, completed in 1833, was already a vast place, and its inmates were treated with a rigour long since discarded. Brutal flogging was a frequent punishment, and the dark cell, without a ray of light, was in use for troublesome prisoners. Toronto Jail was a dismal place, in which prisoners sometimes died from cold and

neglect. This was all the more barbarous, because respectable and refined men were still sent to prison for debt. The age did not draw a sharp line between crime and misfortune.

Schools were perhaps the most urgent need, and they were long in coming. Immigrants from England had had no training in paying taxes for free schools; they had little money to pay fees to a schoolmaster; and the revenue of the government could not provide schools of the standard which we now demand. The result was dreary stagnation in education in rural districts and this involved irreparable loss for the rising generation. Among the thousands arriving in Canada were a few unsettled persons, educated well enough to teach school, but who, perhaps because of dissolute habits, had left their country for their country's good. Failing other means of livelihood some such persons might gather a few pupils from the farms, taking for each a small fee. The practice was that they should live for a week at a time with each of their patrons, as a part of their pay—"boarding round," it was called. Often they would remain for only a month or two, and then, perhaps to the relief of the community, would move on. Such teachers are described as vulgar, low-bred, and vicious, with a corrupting and not an elevating influence upon youth. Most of the teachers were men. The towns had good schools, but they were supported chiefly by the fees paid by the well-to-do.

In spite of such drawbacks the progress was remarkable. Within forty years after 1815 Upper Canada had taken on a settled appearance not greatly different in rural parts from that of to-day. The harbours were perhaps busier then than they are now, since the chief routes for trade and travel were the waterways. Thirty years before the coming of the railway, steamboats were plying regularly on the St. Lawrence system. This did well enough in summer, but in winter, when lakes and rivers were cumbered with ice, it was with horses and oxen that merchandise

was taken to those who needed it. As late as in 1827, roads within twenty miles of Toronto were corduroy, which means that they consisted of logs laid side by side. The rough surface was not usually softened by any covering of earth, and the bumps and jolts tried every joint in the body of the traveller. But the roads improved rapidly. By 1850 main highways were lined with farmhouses; there were stage-coaches drawn by four horses, and taverns every few miles. The houses were well built and more spacious than those occupied by tillers of the soil in England, though they lacked the taste and finish of the English countryside. The farmer, dependent upon his own labour and engrossed in things necessary, neglected things ornamental, and, in some respects, he is still apt to do so, for the well-kept flower garden is rarely seen on the Canadian farm. But at an early period the farmer planted orchards and had apples, plums, cherries, and, in some districts, peaches. Since the demand was small the abundant supply often rotted on the trees.

The great problem was to secure good settlers and many types reached Canada. The end, in 1815, of the long war with France caused some disbanded soldiers to emigrate and in 1816 nearly a thousand founded what was known as the Perth settlement not far from Ottawa. Scots created a new Scotland in what they called Glengarry, the centre of which is the present thriving town of Cornwall. To help emigration from Ireland, the British government offered to each settler a hundred acres of land and agreed to build him a shanty, to provide tools, seed, and even a cow, and to give him needed food for a year and a half. Many to-day are the descendants in Canada of the Irish peasants who escaped in this way from rack-rent.

The last of the chiefs of the clan MacNab, himself "The MacNab," "the only Highland chieftain in America," as he claimed, moved with many of his clansmen to the banks of the Ottawa River and there sought to preserve

the feudal glories of the Highlands. He built a picturesque country seat for himself, and when he visited York, the capital, he wore kilts and was attended by his piper. His attempt to keep up the feudal prestige of a Scottish Laird failed in the freer air of Canada, and in the end he left his rebellious clansmen and returned to Scotland.

John Galt, a Scottish novelist, with the Scot before his eyes hungry for land, and with Canada hungry for settlers, led in forming a great land company. This Canada Company, with a capital of a million pounds, bought and settled more than a million acres in Upper Canada. The present city of Guelph was the first town founded by the Company and the town of Galt is named after the founder. The Company settled the vast area known as the Huron Tract, stretching to Lake Huron and covered with forest. A settler tells of riding for seventy miles by a forest pathway, newly cut, to the spot where now stands the town of Goderich.

The most original of the leaders in emigration was Colonel Thomas Talbot, who never forgot that, even when living in rather sordid frontier conditions, he was a member of an ancient family. In 1782, young Talbot and a friend, Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, were Aides-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1790 Talbot was with his regiment at Quebec and he attended Simcoe when he set up his government at Niagara. Though Talbot soon returned to military service in Europe, he left the army after the peace in 1801, which was destined to be short-lived. While secretary to Simcoe he had visited the fertile regions, then covered with forest, bordering on Lake Erie and he secured a grant of land and brought out settlers to what became known as the Talbot Tract, of which the present city of St. Thomas is the chief place. It is named after Thomas Talbot, but he himself was no Saint. He had an arbitrary temper, due perhaps to the soldier's habit of command; and he took no interest in religious or moral reform or even in politics, for though

during ten years he was a member of the Second Chamber at York, he did not attend its meetings.

What Talbot achieved was to plant many settlers on the land. While he had the aristocrat's aim, which inevitably failed, to build up a great landed estate of his own, he used to good purpose the grant of twenty-eight townships on the borders of Lake Erie. He remained a bachelor and, though his own dress and mode of life did not greatly differ from that of other pioneers, he maintained a kind of feudal dignity and would permit no settlers to live near him. He planned and saw built the Talbot Road running from the east end of Lake Erie to the Detroit River, long the best road in Upper Canada. Each settler might secure two hundred acres—fifty for nothing, the rest at three dollars an acre; and when the Talbot Road was opened the district drew many settlers.

Talbot lived at Port Talbot, on a high cliff overlooking Lake Erie, in lonely isolation. He associated with the people about him only once a year, when a ball was given at St. Thomas on the anniversary of the founding of the settlement, and he took part in the opening dance. Mrs. Jameson, wife of one of the judges at Toronto, describes a visit to Talbot in 1837. Deer bounded across the road as she drove through the surrounding forest and reached a straggling house of rough logs. Sacks of wheat and piles of sheep-skins cluttered the entrance hall. She was received in a room with a capacious chimney, but with walls of uncovered logs, while the only furniture consisted of a long wooden table and hard wooden chairs hewn from the forest. "I would not," Talbot told her, "go through again the horrors I have undergone in forming this settlement. But do not imagine I repent it: I like my retirement." Already he had fifty thousand people on his grant of six hundred and fifty thousand acres, and to-day their descendants number two or three hundred thousand. Arrogant though he was, Talbot did a great work during the long life which ended in 1853.

3. UNREST IN UPPER CANADA

When, in 1815, war ended, there were not more than a thousand people in the capital of Upper Canada, but a prim little society had grown up. Its centre was the Lieutenant-Governor, usually a military officer from England, and its prevailing tone was an echo of English society of the time. "I have contended and ever will contend against democratic principles," said Francis Gore, a cavalry officer sent in 1806 to be Lieutenant-Governor, and this was the correct thing to repeat in the best circles. But there was another side. Just across the frontier in the United States the blessings of democracy were being preached with religious fervour. In England, too, radicals were already making themselves heard; the Scots and the Irish who had migrated to Canada brought with them the passionate discontents of the home land; and the result was strife, all the more acute because the field was small and the antagonisms were personal: "The smaller the pit, the fiercer the rats." William Weekes was an Irish barrister who had lived in New York before moving to Upper Canada. He was elected to the Assembly in 1805 and was a fiery supporter of radicalism. When, at Niagara in 1806, during a case in court, Weekes was rebuked by another lawyer, William Dickson, for the license of his speech, a duel followed and Weekes was killed.

The long period of war had checked the growth of public liberty and left society in a backward state. In Europe democratic revolution had just been overthrown, after a quarter of a century of bloodshed, and there was now fear and hatred of new opinions. Upper Canada had a small official circle which thought it knew how to rule. The members of the Second Chamber, the Legislative Council, were appointed for life, and the officials who carried on the government and formed what was called the Executive Council usually held office for life. Many of

them were also members of the Second Chamber; they had a vested interest in things as they were and dreaded change as likely to deprive them of their comfortable posts. The Governor was a new-comer who stayed for only a few years; the population was widely scattered, and the roads were bad. Accordingly, this little clique was really the enduring factor in government. Some one, who had read about the alliance between members of reigning houses in Europe related by blood, called the ruling set at Toronto "The Family Compact," and the name clung to them. It was not appropriate, for many of them were not related. For the most part they were of Loyalist descent; they had a hatred of revolution and republicanism; they had been in Upper Canada from its early days; and they resented any action opposed to them by new-comers. Who, they asked, could know better than they, the founders, what the country needed?

The Family Compact wished Canada to be like England. England had a state church, and since in Canada provision had been made for state support of "a Protestant clergy," this, said the Family Compact, meant and must always mean the clergy of the Church of England. In 1812, Dr. John Strachan, a former Presbyterian, became rector of the church at Toronto, and, until he died fifty-five years later, he was the champion of the claims of the Church of England. Not until 1824 were Methodist ministers allowed to celebrate marriage. Religious questions became also acute political issues between Tories and Radicals, and inevitably the clergy of the Church of England were mostly on the Tory side.

As early as in 1804, to keep themselves safe from a sudden inflow of radicals, the Tories passed a bill requiring residence in the country during seven years before any one might vote. The men who already had power were thus ready to hamper new settlers with advanced views. It does not appear that they, the ruling few, were corrupt in any vulgar sense. Most of them were poor, and since

land was plentiful, while money was scarce, they sometimes paid themselves by grants of wild land and then managed as best they could to dodge taxation. In a new country, new modes of thought, new methods, make for progress; but the Family Compact wished no change from what had long been done.

In 1817 Robert Gourlay, an educated Scot, arrived in Canada and began business as a land agent. He was planning to bring out British settlers, and he soon attacked the methods of granting public lands. Large tracts of forest land were held for speculative purposes or as reserves to endow the clergy; and settlers had to bear the heavy cost of making roads across these lands to get to their own holdings. Gourlay's sharp tongue aroused the bitter anger of the Family Compact. When he called a convention of the discontented to air their grievances, the government declared that such a meeting was forbidden by law, and when his strong protest was printed in the columns of the Niagara *Spectator*, its editor was put daily in the public pillory during a month, sent to jail for a year and a half, and fined. Gourlay himself was kept in jail for sedition, until his mind became unbalanced; and, in the end, he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours, on pain of death if he failed to go. These methods were in the best style of despots in Europe, and the day came when the Parliament of Canada declared that they had been illegal.

In defence of the Family Compact, it may be said that society in both Europe and the United States had just suffered from crude license. The French had had a reign of terror in which religion and monarchy had been trampled on; and lawless frontiersmen from the United States had forced upon Canada a ruinous war. There was virtue in the Family Compact. Dr. Strachan, who became Bishop of Toronto, was a good man even though he put no restraint on his bitter tongue. John Beverley Robinson, the Chief Justice, had a dignified and even noble character.

He knew that a change must come, by which an elected assembly should rule in Canada as one ruled in England; but he thought that conditions were not yet ripe for this system. The scanty population was ill-educated and ill-informed in political matters, and in the discontent of the times there was danger of seditious plans to join the United States.

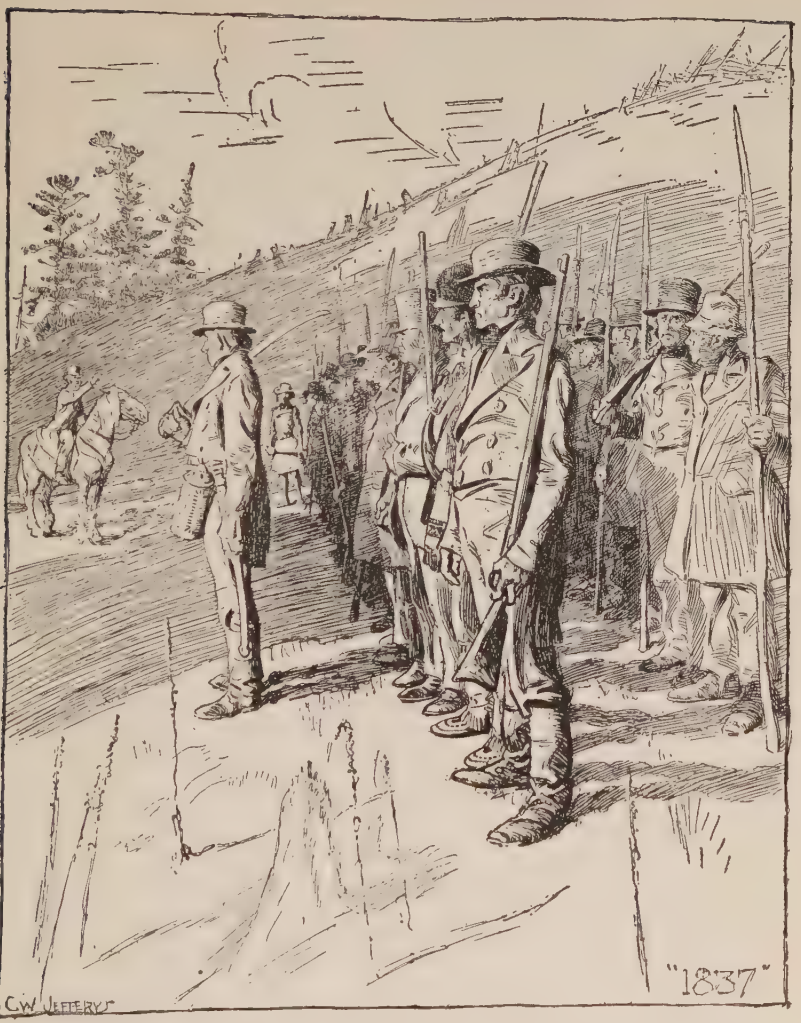
Meanwhile, to avoid change entirely suited the temper of the soldier governors. General Sir Peregrine Maitland, a veteran of Waterloo, was Governor for ten years, from 1818 to 1828. His wife was the daughter of a duke, and there was an air of dignity and culture in his little court at York, in vivid contrast with new capitals across the border. His dinners and wines were excellent and his receptions stately. Radicals would, he believed, sweep away this well-ordered society and with it the monarchy itself. It was better to send a few agitators to jail than to incur the dangers of letting sedition run riot.

The most insistent of those who demanded reforms was William Lyon Mackenzie. He arrived in Canada in 1810 at the age of twenty-four. After other attempts in business, he began in 1824 to publish a newspaper, *The Colonial Advocate*. He was small, wiry, and a fearless champion of radical opinion. He chafed at the privileges claimed by the Church of England. Why, he asked, should a clergyman of that Church always read the prayers at the opening of the Legislature? Why not a Presbyterian or a Methodist? Because postal rates were high, the Post Office must, he said, be coining money and plundering the people. Public works were costly, therefore some one must be stealing; and so on. Mackenzie made bitter personal attacks, which so stirred up resentment that, on June 8, 1826, when he was absent, some young men of the Family Compact set went to his printing-office, broke up everything breakable, and scattered the type. The thing was done in daylight, and the culprits were well known. Their

social position did not, however, save them; a jury gave heavy damages to Mackenzie.

The kindly but weak Maitland retired in 1828, and in his place came Sir John Colborne, a general who, like Maitland, had fought at Waterloo, and was strong and high-minded. Only a man with keen political insight could have grasped the deeper meaning of the struggle which now took place in the little capital of Upper Canada. It was part of a movement which affected Europe. In England, just at this time, to avert threatened revolution, Parliament passed the Reform Bill of 1832, which extended the right to vote; and in France a revolution in 1830 did the same thing. What was taking place in little York was really a question of importance to the whole British Empire: whether a colony should learn to govern itself, or be ruled by a few officials looking to the Colonial Office in London for support. Those about Colborne assured him that sedition and treason were in the hearts of the agitators and he, with the soldier's habit of mind, felt bound to repress anything that looked like disloyalty or rebellion.

Mackenzie sat in the Assembly for York, the county in which was situated the capital. When his newspaper said that the government was "mean and mercenary," and "as arbitrary and despotic as the iron rule of the Czar," the majority in the Assembly expelled him from the House in December, 1831, not knowing perhaps that half a century earlier Wilkes had fought in England and had won, in defiance of George III, the right to free speech. This, of course, made Mackenzie popular, but when York re-elected him, he was again expelled, and this time was declared incapable of sitting. When again York re-elected him, some ruffians tried to kill him, as other ruffians had tried to kill Wilkes. A third, a fourth, and a fifth time he was re-elected. During an interval, he went to England and stated his case to the Colonial Secretary. There the parody of free institutions in Canada led to censure on some of the Canadian officials. By this time Mackenzie



UPPER CANADA REBELS DRILLING

In the fall of 1837 men gathered in out-of-the-way fields and isolated clearings, and were given instruction in military movements and the use of arms.

was so much a hero to the people, that in an election in 1834 a Reform majority was returned to the Assembly. In the same year, York became the city of Toronto, and Mackenzie was elected its first mayor.

4. MACKENZIE'S APPEAL TO ARMS

Affairs were now moving rapidly to a crisis. Since Mackenzie could command a majority in the elected House, this would have meant in England that he would have been called upon to form a government. But Canada was not England; and Mackenzie was not the leader of a united party. Sober Liberals, of the type of the high-minded and dignified Robert Baldwin, would not support his extreme views, and there were half a dozen factions in the House. In other ways, too, Upper Canada was unlike England. There the king, the head of the state, now took no active part in the government and accepted the advice of his ministers. In Canada, on the other hand, the King's representative, the governor, was really the agent of the Colonial Office, and must carry out its orders, no matter what the majority in the Assembly might desire, an intolerable situation for a free people. Mackenzie urged that the people of Canada were as fit to govern themselves as were the people of England. In 1834, he received a letter from an English radical, Joseph Hume, denouncing the "baneful domination of the Mother Country" in Canada, and adding that independence was the true solution. When Mackenzie was so unwise as to make the letter public, at once the Family Compact was able to cry out: "We told you so!" They had always said that radicalism meant a break with Britain and a turning to the United States, and at last Mackenzie, with his eternal grievances, was openly proclaiming his disloyalty.

After this, it was easy to brand Mackenzie as a traitor. In Britain there was a growing uneasiness about

Canada; since there was acute strife in both Quebec and Toronto, clearly something was wrong. In 1835, a commission of three experienced statesmen was sent to Canada to find the cause of the trouble and, as a result, the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, a rather ineffective person, blamed Colborne for not keeping him informed of a situation which had produced Mackenzie's formidable agitation. Glenelg decided upon a change of method, and he named to succeed Colborne Sir Francis Bond Head, the third in succession of the Waterloo veterans sent to rule Upper Canada.

Gossip declares that the selection of so unfit a person as Head was due to an unhappy accident. Coming into prominence at this time was a young statesman, Sir Edmund Walker Head, a man of deep learning and of great ability and tact. The order was given that, since special capacity was required, "Young Head" should be sent to Canada. By a clerk's error, so the story goes, the offer went to another Head, not so young, in politics an opponent of the government, a member of a family of Portuguese Jews who had taken an English name. He had written books; he had been deeply engaged in mining adventures in South America; and he was clever and versatile; but he was inaccurate in thought, and wholly without colonial experience. Francis Bond Head arrived in Canada so promptly that Colborne was forced to make a hurried exit from Toronto. He was transferred to Montreal, as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. Before he left, he took a step that enraged the opponents of a state church. He set apart public lands to endow forty-four Anglican rectories.

Mackenzie's friends, hoping rather than knowing, quoted Head as a "tried Reformer." They soon learned better. When Head had met Mackenzie, he described how "the tiny creature" sat with his feet not touching the ground, and, while "afraid to look me in the face," "raved about grievances." At once Head set down Mackenzie

as a republican traitor, anxious to despoil the country for his own profit, and he proceeded to act without taking advice from any one. When his Council protested, he replied that he should ask for advice when he liked, but that he alone was responsible for the government of Upper Canada. When the Council resigned, a great public meeting sent a protest to Head, and he replied that he intended to go his own way. He would fight, he said, the "low-bred antagonist, democracy." Since the Radicals seemed to desire aid from the United States, he hurled his defiance: "I publicly promulgate, let them come if they dare!"

This half-comic Governor was confronted by a man now in a temper so frantic that his mind was unbalanced. When Mackenzie advised the Assembly to brand the Governor as a liar, Head dissolved the House and appealed to the country. His opponents, he said, were traitors, and he asked the electors to answer the simple question whether they were for him and British connection, or for the Assembly and a republic, which would be quickly added to the United States. Such an appeal to loyalty has never failed of force in Canada, where the deepest traditions are opposed to union with the United States. Head's policy suited the Family Compact, while the more sober of the Liberal element were alarmed at Mackenzie's extreme language. The result was that Head won a sweeping victory; his friends now controlled the Assembly; and he wrote to England that he had saved Canada and that now its loyalty was as solid as a rock. So self-reliant was he that he boldly disobeyed friendly orders from the Colonial Secretary. In consequence, he was recalled in November, 1837. But before the recall reached him, armed rebellion had broken out.

When, two years later, Lord Durham was sent to Canada, he said that Head's course in the recent election had caused despair among those desiring reform. One result was that Mackenzie's thoughts turned to union

with the United States. In his veins, he had, he said, "rebel blood"; fraud and corruption had for the moment defeated him; and he planned armed rebellion. All over the country, Reformers were getting ready old arms and quietly buying new ones, and there was secret drilling at night. While moderates like Baldwin drew away, Lord Durham believed that Head deliberately tried to provoke Mackenzie to some open act so as to convict him of treason. In order to seem weak Head sent the regular troops to Colborne at Montreal, and kept only militia in Upper Canada. The King's representative let himself write of Mackenzie that "he wrote, and then he printed, and then he rode, and then he spoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth, and then spoke again; and thus, like a squirrel in a cage, he continued with astonishing assiduity the centre of a revolutionary career."

Rumours of a plan to seize Toronto reached Head, and nothing shows his folly more clearly than his charge that Mackenzie was planning to rob the banks, to set fire to the city, and to escape with his booty to the United States. The people, Head declared, were wholly on his side, and not fifty would take up arms. He was wrong. On an afternoon early in November, 1837, Mackenzie held a secret meeting in the business centre of Toronto. Liberties, he declared, for which great leaders in English history had died were at stake; from the British government no redress would come; an adverse Assembly had been elected by fraud; a state church had been forced on an unwilling people; public funds were misused to make offices for the tools of oppression; trade, education, and all progress were paralyzed under a detestable tyranny. Let us, he urged, go this moment to Government House. Sir Francis has just come in from his ride, and there is but one sentinel. Let us seize Head, seize the City Hall, where there are four thousand stand-of-arms, and set up a provisional government. Lower Canada has equal causes of discontent and will join the movement. Let us force

Head to dissolve the packed Assembly and to have a free election. If he refuses, let us proclaim independence.

This meat was too strong for those present. "This is treason," cried one of them, well knowing that the penalty of treason was a halter and a scaffold. Though some were ready to begin instant rebellion, the cautious spirits were for acting with more deliberation, but the extremists now decided that four or five thousand men should arm quietly, gather suddenly, and then seize Toronto. The chief discontent was in the north, and the great route from the north was Yonge Street. Here at Montgomery's Tavern, three miles from the city, the rebel forces should converge on December 7, and make a rapid capture of the city. It happened, however, after this that everything went wrong with the plan to rebel. By December 1 Head had named a tried soldier, Colonel FitzGibbon, to defend Toronto, and to arrest Mackenzie, who had gone to the north. When this plan became known to the plotters some of them decided to strike at once, before there was time to gather the militia summoned to Toronto, and not to wait for the men gathering farther north. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, a few hundred rebels barricaded Yonge Street, cut off Toronto from the north, and killed Colonel Moody when he tried to pass into Toronto. On the other hand, Captain Anderson, the best military man on the rebel side, was killed by a Loyalist whom he had arrested.

On the afternoon of December 5 the bells of Toronto were clanging the alarm, as Mackenzie, mounted on a small white horse, marched down Yonge Street at the head of seven or eight hundred men. Night was coming on when he and Lount, a farmer much respected, led the force across Bloor Street into Toronto. At Maitland Street a picket fired in the dark into the advancing column. He then fled; but so also did the rebel force, when panic spread from the front to the rear, where many were marching without arms. The crisis came on the 7th, when

FitzGibbon's troops marched out and dispersed the rebels gathering at Montgomery's Tavern.

After exciting adventures, Mackenzie reached the United States and then he caused trouble on the frontier. He set up a so-called "Provisional Government" on Navy Island in the Niagara River, above the Falls, under the flag of the Canadian Republic with two stars, in imitation of those in the Stars and Stripes. When the loyal forces found that a vessel called the *Caroline* was plying from the United States to serve the rebels on the island, a party cut her out as she lay under the guns of a fort on the American side, set her on fire, and sent her over the Falls. It was a breach of international law, for which due apology was made on behalf of Canada. The American Government, for its part, did its duty and arrested Mackenzie, who, in the end, was put in prison in New York State for lawless acts directed against Canada.

It is easy to deride the rebellion as trifling and sordid, but it was really important. While there was folly on both sides, even Mackenzie's enemies must admit that he made no mistake in demanding that the people of Canada should govern themselves; and in this respect time has vindicated him. When, however, he favoured political union with the United States, he was running counter to the deepest conviction of the Canadian people. If anything had been needed to persuade Canadians that they must rule themselves, it was to be found in the policy of Sir Francis Bond Head. A system that could make so vain and foolish a man the head of a Canadian province stood self-condemned. The picture of the Governor, overriding in the hour of victory the wishes of the tried soldier, FitzGibbon, burning rebel houses, and turning their occupants out into the wintry cold, is not inspiring. Happily Head had already been recalled, and soon he left Canada.

Of course, the day of vengeance came and the punishments of the rebels were stern. Though the chief leaders

had escaped to the United States, Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, who had taken commands in the rebel forces, had been captured. Van Egmond, a Dutch recruit, an old soldier who had been in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow and later had fought under Blücher at Waterloo, had taken what he thought the side of liberty in Canada. He led the rebels at Montgomery's Tavern, was captured and thrown into jail at Toronto in midwinter and there died from his hardships. When Lount and Matthews were tried, their fine character was admitted; but the Chief-Justice, John Beverley Robinson, sentenced them to death with no recommendation to mercy. Sir George Arthur, who had ruled convicts in Van Diemen's Land, succeeded Head. Orders were on the way from England to be merciful, and the cable would have saved these men, but meanwhile the instructions arrived too late. As always in such cases, passions were rabid and in April, 1838, before the jail in Toronto, Lount and Matthews were hanged. Others concerned in the rising were exiled to remote Van Diemen's Land. The rebel cause had its martyrs, and brought enduring sorrow to many families. In the end, Mackenzie and other exiles were allowed to return to Canada, but they came back to a changed world in which they played little part.

5. PAPINEAU'S BITTER DISCONTENT

Discontent in Lower Canada led also to rebellion. Only a minority in the elected Assembly spoke English and, though it was used freely, the proceedings were usually in French. When war with France had begun in 1793, the French Canadians seemed as hearty as the English against a France which executed its king and persecuted the church, and they sang *Te Deums* for British victories. But their social system was French; they read French books; their traditions were French; and they would not be absorbed by a society English in type. Had not their

Norman ancestors once conquered England, as England had now conquered them? Was not France the leader of the world in the refinements of life? Thus, inevitably, the French put in the forefront of their policy their language, their religion, and their laws, as things to be defended to the utmost.

Though at first the French were glad to have peace and security under British rule, in time the spirit of French nationality made them restless under the control of English-speaking officials. In Lower Canada the first French newspaper, *Le Canadien*, which appeared in 1806, had the same struggle for free speech that Mackenzie had in Upper Canada. It was always soldiers whom Britain sent to Canada as Governors. General Prescott, who succeeded Dorchester, had fought with Wolfe forty years earlier. Sir James Craig, his successor in 1807, had been wounded in the assault on Bunker Hill in the first days of the American Revolution, and his successor, Sir George Prevost, was a soldier, and a very mediocre one. As in Upper Canada, so at Quebec, these military governors had to rely on the officials about them, whose minds were often clouded by prejudice and resentment. The result was that when, in 1810, *Le Canadien* denounced what it thought abuses, Craig sent to prison the chief persons concerned with its publication. This aroused fury and the kindly and humane Craig was called the author of a "Reign of Terror." When the prisoners expressed regret at the tone of *Le Canadien* and were set free, one, Pierre Bedard, refused to leave until brought to trial, and he was ejected from jail by force. Perhaps then even he saw the humour of the situation.

The champion of discontent in Lower Canada was Louis Joseph Papineau, who, in 1812, at the age of twenty-six, was elected to the Assembly. His father was a seigneur, and a political leader; and the son was well read in law and history, held radical opinions, and was the enemy of clericalism in religion. He had a powerful frame, a

melodious voice, and such eloquence that to this day in the Province of Quebec the highest compliment to an orator is to say that he speaks like a Papineau.

In 1815, Papineau became Speaker of the Assembly, and though at first he was moderate, in time from the Speaker's chair, and against the tradition of the Speaker's office, he assailed his opponents with great bitterness. Officials who surrounded the Governor controlled his policy, and in Lower Canada there was this added element of bitterness compared with Upper Canada that most of them were English and Protestant, as were also the majority in the Second Chamber, while most of the members in the elected Chamber were French and Roman Catholic. In spite of Papineau's protests, even judges sat in the Second Chamber. Though despatches from England to Canada were supposed to express the minds of the king and the mother-country, in fact, it was often a clerk in the Colonial Office who spoke, and a biting satire describes "Mr. Mother-Country" as a commonplace person, living in a London suburb, and going daily in a bus to the office where he directed the colonial policy of the British Empire. Such a system maddened a man of Papineau's excitable temper. Elections, he saw, were futile; even with a huge majority in the Assembly, the French had little power, and were doomed to be always in opposition.

Papineau became finally embittered by a plan proposed in 1822. Upper Canada, remote from the sea, had to import goods through Lower Canada. There they paid duty, and thus most of the revenue went to the government at Quebec. Naturally, Upper Canada desired her fair share and, in 1822, it was proposed that the problem could be best solved by uniting the two provinces under one legislature—a proposal which was, as we shall see, carried out a score of years later. But in this plan was involved, as Papineau perceived, the dominance of the English element. Emigrants from Britain were flocking in, and it was certain that before long the English would be more

numerous than the French. Then the elections would tell a new story; the majority in the Assembly would be English; and the French would lose control in the one place where they had it.

The tone of some officials was not conciliatory. Canada, so the talk went, had been under the British flag for half a century, and it was time for the French, a conquered people, to give up the language and manners which kept them still foreign, and to become British. As it was, they were too French for a British colony. Herman Ryland, for many years secretary to the Governor, disliked both the French and their religion and, to this day, he is denounced by French-Canadian writers as a gloomy and cold-blooded fanatic. Certainly he lacked tact, and when he went to London to urge the Union, Papineau followed him to oppose it, and with success. After this Papineau insulted successive governors and described their policy in such terms as foul, indecent, debasing. When one of them appealed for moderation, Papineau denounced this as an insult to the Canadian people. An inquiry from another governor as to an extreme speech by him he called "an impertinence which I repel with contempt and silence."

Governors came to Quebec from England, filled with kindly intentions, and were always more conciliatory in tone than were Maitland and Head in Upper Canada. They had, however, no power to change the system, and must obey their instructions. Papineau would not accept an offered seat in the Council, and he said over and over again to the Governor: "You cannot have peace until you yield all power to the electors in this country." The Earl of Dalhousie, another Waterloo veteran, was Governor for nine years from 1819. He was courteous and moderate, but with no great force of character to lift him above the whisperings in the official circle. When he and later governors told Papineau that if the Assembly would vote a "civil list," as it was called, permanently securing the pay

of the governor, the judges and other officials, the Assembly might have control of all other moneys, to this Papineau would never agree. He wished to have always the power to starve out the officials. When one of these defaulted in his accounts, Papineau said that Dalhousie was the real thief. In 1830 came Lord Aylmer, still another general who had fought under Wellington. He, too, was of kindly intent, and urged the Assembly to make known all its grievances: "We must," he said, "put an end to them once for all, and leave no cause of complaint unremoved." But Papineau would not yield on the vital point of full control of finance. He even demanded that Aylmer and the other officials should be put on trial —impeached—for their conduct.

What Canada needed was not Waterloo veterans, with no training in politics, but a real statesman, to study the problem on the spot, and to insist in England that the people of Canada must rule themselves. In time this was done, but meanwhile matters went from bad to worse. In a bye-election in Montreal in 1832, the troops, after great forbearance, fired, and killed three French Canadians. Then word went out among the French that there had been a deliberate massacre, and that the British soldiers had shaken hands as they looked down at the stark corpses, and only wished that there were more of them. Of course, the Governor, Lord Aylmer, was said to be the real murderer. When cholera broke out in 1833, it was charged that Lord Aylmer had enticed sick immigrants into the country in order that they might infect and destroy the French Canadians.

By this time Papineau, like Mackenzie, was turning to union with the United States. This lost him some of his more sober followers, but he still had with him men like Lafontaine, Morin, and Cartier, who all, a little later, headed governments in Canada. In February, 1834, there was a startling debate in the Assembly at Quebec, and though Papineau was Speaker, this did not keep him

from taking in it a passionate share. His supporters brought in Ninety-Two Resolutions—nearly a hundred, be it noted—stating grievances big and little. Since other appeals had failed, these Resolutions were to go direct to the King, and the King was the kindly, ignorant, and undignified William IV. We can imagine his amazement when he read the long paper. The British system, it said, was not, after all, very admirable. Only a beggarly few Royalists and Conservatives were left on the American continent. Canada would soon have more people than the revolted colonies had had in 1776, and would repudiate a system even worse than that which had caused the American Revolution. In a word, the Resolutions said that Canada was beginning to look to Washington. All this was addressed to the King himself, and we know the effect on the mind of William IV. He set his face against yielding anything to Papineau.

When, in 1835, the commission of three members was sent from Britain to make inquiries in Canada, at its head was the Earl of Gosford, a genial Irishman, who was also made Governor-General. Gosford had had no political training, but he brought good intentions; he kept open house; Papineau's followers and even Papineau himself sat at his table and drank his wines; and some of them opened their minds to him. When Gosford met his Parliament, he urged peace between the two races "sprung from the two leading nations of the world." At this friendliness to the French, Gosford's alarmed Tory officials warned him that his Burgundy wine would be turned into vinegar by Papineau's sour treason: "There is one man, Papineau, whom you cannot convert, because he is absolutely unconvertable."

Gosford promised Papineau that he would redress every grievance, appoint the French to their share of offices, assure to them the official use of their language, urge even an elective Second Chamber, if they would only yield the point of a permanent civil list. The advance,

however, came to nothing: Papineau would not yield on the vote of money; and, on the other hand, the British Government, Gosford's master, would not hear of an elective Second Chamber. It was the superb blunderer, Sir Francis Bond Head, who brought the final crisis, when he published at Toronto the terms of his instructions, which were similar to Gosford's, and made clear that only trifles would be yielded by Britain. The Commission of three made a report in the same sense. Canada, they declared, was a colony, and while every wish of its people should be considered, it was for the British Government to retain control by a governor who was responsible, not to the Legislature in Canada but to that in London; a colony could not possibly be governed by its own people, as the mother-country was governed by its people.

Papineau had long threatened to cut off the vote of money by the Assembly for the public service, and when this was done in 1836 the judges and other officials were left without pay, and by the beginning of 1837 they were in acute distress. What was Gosford to do? He could not let the unpaid officials starve. When, in the end, he asked for instructions from Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, this minister, though an advanced Liberal in politics, passed through the British House of Commons in March, 1837, ten Resolutions. These declared impossible the concessions demanded by Papineau, and ordered that, for a limited amount, the Governor of Lower Canada might pay out public funds without the consent of the Assembly, and thus do what had been for centuries impossible in England, spend public money without the consent of those taxed for it.

6. THE BLOODSHED IN LOWER CANADA

During the summer of 1837 Mackenzie and Papineau had agreed on common action, while all the time Sir John Colborne was quietly getting troops ready for an emergency.

In great public meetings Papineau denounced the Russell Resolutions as "foul"; and praised what the American Revolutionists had done when Britain tried to tax them. Since these had refused to wear British cloth Canadian patriots were urged to follow their example, and some of the leaders went about in rough homespun. Canadians organized, in imitation of the men of Washington's time, "Sons of Liberty," who began to arm.

With civil war now in sight, the Roman Catholic Church grew alarmed; the Bishop of Montreal, the chief centre of unrest, spoke strongly against rebellion; and most of the parish priests tried to stop it. Sometimes Papineau seemed to favour rebellion; sometimes he warned his followers against it; but he could no longer ride the storm. When in June, Gosford, with a true sense of what was coming, issued a proclamation forbidding public meetings, because of the many appeals to violence, enraged crowds tore down the placards, and Papineau continued to address monster gatherings. Gosford called the Assembly to meet in August, but when it demanded that the British Parliament should rescind the Ten Resolutions, Gosford prorogued it. No one could then foresee that never again should it meet.

The excitement was greatest in the counties about the Richelieu River, the old route from Canada to Lake Champlain and the heart of New York; and now the rebels hoped that armed aid would come from the United States. On October 23, 1837, when a great meeting was held at St. Charles six thousand people listened to fiery speeches. The chairman was Dr. Wolfred Nelson of the village of St. Denis, a physician much beloved in the neighbourhood, and one of the few English followers of Papineau. On a tall liberty pole was a cap of liberty and an inscription to Papineau, and when, fearful now at the coming storm, he spoke and advised moderation, Nelson protested, and one fiery orator ended by saying: "The time for speeches is past; it is bullets that we must now despatch to our

enemies." The habitants in their homespun believed that they were contending for liberties more precious than life, and, before they scattered, many of them marched round the liberty pole and swore in the name of liberty to win or to die. That oath meant armed rebellion. When the Government arrested two prominent citizens of St. Johns for treason in attending this meeting, the rebels ambushed the cavalry escort taking them to Montreal and released the prisoners.

The Quebec district was not affected. The rising was limited to the neighbourhood of Montreal, where Colborne had gathered his chief forces. By the middle of November there was fighting in the streets, and timid people fell into panic. Sorel was a military post at the mouth of the Richelieu, and the chief danger points were St. Denis, some eighteen miles up the river, and St. Charles, six miles farther. Accordingly, Colborne decided to send one force from Sorel to march by the banks of the Richelieu to St. Denis, and another to go across country from Montreal straight to St. Charles, the other rebel centre. At ten o'clock at night, on November 22, Colonel Gore, with two hundred and fifty men and one cannon, left Sorel on a long march of more than eighteen miles in drenching rain and over bad roads. It was ten o'clock the next day when his bedraggled force reached St. Denis, and there he found Nelson holding a strong stone house. Counting on slight resistance, Gore attacked with his tired force and there was a stiff fight. Nelson's five hundred men, though badly armed, fought with great courage and Gore was driven off with six men killed. He lost his gun, and since he was in danger of being surrounded, he made over terrible roads a difficult retreat to Sorel to await reinforcements.

The rebel triumph was short-lived. When Colonel Wetherall, marching from Montreal to St. Charles, heard of Gore's defeat, he advanced with caution, and then on the 25th attacked the village. His angry men used the

bayonet freely, and when they carried the village some defenders were forced into the river and drowned, while others were burned in their houses. Though possibly not more than forty were killed, by some reports as many as three hundred perished on that day of blood. The troops carried back to Montreal as trophies the liberty pole and cap.

When Gore was reinforced, he marched back to St. Denis and captured and burned a great part of the village. His men were furious at news of outrages by the rebels. These had taken prisoner an officer, Lieutenant Weir, and when he seemed to be trying to escape from a guard of ignorant habitants, they had brutally murdered him. Thus "Remember Jock Weir" was now the cry for vengeance. A loyal habitant named Chartrand had also been murdered by angry rebels and these outrages caused the burning of a great deal of property, some of it belonging to loyalists.

It was now clear that the rebels would fight. In the district north-west of Montreal Papineau's influence was strong and an agitator named Girod had been busy in the village of St. Eustache, eighteen miles from Montreal. The country doctor has always been active in the politics of French Canada, and Girod's chief ally was Doctor Chenier, a man of determined courage. A few days after the cheering news of Nelson's early success at St. Denis, the whole district about St. Eustache was in arms and the rebels were looting loyalist houses. Meanwhile, Colborne held his chief attack in reserve, until he had some two thousand men, and then the rebel cause was hopeless. It was December 14, mid-winter, when he attacked St. Eustache. Chenier would not surrender, and his last defence was in a convent and in the village church. When the rebels shot on Colborne's men from the church windows, a loyalist set the building on fire and a scene of horror followed. Some rebels were burned in the church; others, including Chenier, were killed in trying to escape: Girod committed suicide. About seventy in all were killed, and

the village was burned, as was also the neighbouring village of St. Benoit, though the inhabitants surrendered without fighting. Enraged at the severity of rebel opposition, the militia unhappily got out of hand and pillaged and destroyed without mercy and soon had the prisons full of rebels.

Meanwhile, where was Papineau? At the first appeal to arms he had fled to the United States, saying that he would come back with ten thousand men, while Nelson stayed with his followers until the rebellion was crushed, and in the end was taken prisoner. Thus Papineau seemed to have summoned his dupes to arms and then to have run away, and when, after a long exile, he was allowed to return to Canada, and sat again in Parliament, never again had he a strong following. Born in 1786, when Canada was under the Quebec Act, he lived to 1870, when it had become a great federal state. Always he claimed that he had not counselled the tragic blunder of an appeal to arms, with the fruits of many scores of dead, burning villages, and a devasted countryside. Worse even than this were the flaming passions aroused by the bloodshed. Across the sea in England there came to the throne just at this time the young Queen Victoria; the strife in Canada caused a jarring note in the general rejoicings; and the whole British world demanded that the cause and the cure of the trouble should be found. Only a statesman of great capacity could achieve this task, and in 1838 the Earl of Durham was sent to Canada.

7. THE EARL OF DURHAM MAKES A REPORT

John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, might well be thought the spoiled child of fortune. He came of an untitled family, which had held its estates without a break for seven hundred years, and rather affected scorn of titles. At the age of five, he had inherited great wealth; and at twenty-one he sat in the House of Commons and soon

made there the reputation of an aristocrat, who was also a radical reformer, anxious to effect what was destined to be the greatest change in the life of the nation—the wide extension of the right to vote. The rich young radical was made Earl of Durham in 1828, and when, in 1832, his father-in-law, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, passed the Reform Bill, Durham objected that it did not go far enough. He was an uneasy colleague, and once, at a meeting of the Cabinet, turned on Earl Grey, denounced him as a traitor to the Whig party, and stormed out of the room.

It may be that Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister in 1838, wished to have Durham out of the way when he urged him to go to Canada. Durham's secretary, Charles Buller, called him playfully, "The Dictator." Though his manner was haughty, he was fearless, honest, and generous. Once, in the presence of servants, he spoke harshly to Lady Durham. When they were alone, and she gently remonstrated, he summoned the servants back to the room and apologized in their presence for his fault. To go to Canada he made great sacrifices, and he was eager to do what would make for the well-being of its people. His health was bad, and his labours in Canada really killed him. He had had many sorrows. A beloved son and three daughters had recently died.

At the end of May, 1838, Quebec saw a brilliant pageant when Durham landed and, mounted on a white charger, paraded through the streets to the Castle of St. Louis. His enemies jested at his bringing with him gold and silver plate and such a mass of luggage that it seemed to fill the hold of the ship. He had no fewer than eight aides-de-camp and his entertainments were magnificent. In all this was a purpose. Durham wished Canada to understand that a new era was dawning; and with grace and dignity he welcomed at his table men of all parties. He brought with him a group of able men, whom he set to work at once to find out the truth about the country. He had wide authority, for he was Governor-General

of not only the two Canadas, but also of Nova Scotia and the other British colonies.

To Lower Canada Durham's relation was peculiar, since he was not only Governor, but had also despotic powers. That Legislature in which Papineau had played so stormy a part had been suspended because, in such a crisis, it seemed to give little promise of usefulness, and no shadow of self-government was left in Lower Canada. At once, however, Durham invited the Canadians, in a proclamation, to unite with him "in the blessed work of peace and harmony." He dismissed the Executive Council against which Papineau had fumed, and named a new Council, chiefly of his own staff. Thus the way was cleared for the burying of old feuds and for a new era. Though, during days at a time, Durham was confined to his room by illness, he worked with feverish energy. He visited Upper Canada and stopped some of the revengeful doings of the Family Compact. One supreme gift he had; he knew how to choose able men to serve him.

For the first time, the problem of Canada was now studied on the spot by a statesman of great insight, whose word would go far not only in Canada but also in England. In Durham's own famous phrase, he found in Lower Canada "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." The rebellion had stimulated racial passions to fury. The French, defeated and sullen, remembered the many laid away in the grave because they had been willing to die to win liberty. Even those who condemned the appeal to arms called the rebels patriots and heroes. On the other side there were bloodthirsty clamours to punish treason. Lady Colborne said that the passion in Montreal was such that many would have found pleasure in torturing rebel prisoners to death. The two races lived wholly apart, and met rarely in social intercourse. Lord Durham noted that, even in the agricultural fair at Quebec, there were separate trials of skill for the French and for the English, who would not compete for the same prizes.

When he talked with the French, he found them bitter at English arrogance and contempt; when he talked with the English, he found fury at the treason of a race believed to be inferior, which had raised its arm to strike loyal men. Neither side seemed capable of understanding the point of view of the other.

Durham found the jails full of men liable to the dread penalty of treason, but he was resolved to send no man to the scaffold. He realized that, while an English jury would only too readily sentence rebels to death, on the other hand, a French jury would acquit rebels clearly guilty. When the murderers of Lieutenant Weir and of Chartrand were proved to be guilty, the French jurors in the case shouted from the box, "Not guilty," and then went off to be entertained for their verdict at a public dinner. Dr. Wolfred Nelson and other leaders were awaiting trial, and public trials would only inflame racial passions.

Durham had been given unlimited power of pardon, and he would have freed every one except those concerned in murder, had he not feared resentment among the English. In the end, intending to be merciful, he issued an ordinance banishing Nelson and seven other chief rebels, with their own consent, to Bermuda, where they were to be held as political exiles. These and some fifteen others, including Papineau, who had fled, must not, on pain of death, return to Canada. Other accused persons Durham released. He thought that, as possessing supreme authority in Lower Canada, he had power to do all this; and he was certain that his Whig friends in England would protect him. But he had no authority to order that Bermuda should receive the exiled leaders, and it was contrary to British tradition that men should be exiled and also sentenced to death, if they should act in a certain way, without ever having been brought to trial.

Had the British Government been loyal to Durham, it would have passed a special bill to protect him, for his

was the right policy. But when Lord Brougham attacked Durham in the House of Lords for exceeding his powers, his Whig friends, instead of supporting him, admitted that his ordinance was illegal and disallowed it. Durham was a proud man, and the rebuff struck him to the heart. He first learned the news from an American paper, for Melbourne, the Prime Minister, did not even write promptly to explain what had been done. It so happened that, on September 22, just after Durham had received the news, he met a group of delegates from the Maritime Provinces and, overcome by emotion, he broke down and cried. At once his resolve was fixed to return without delay to England.

Meanwhile, the situation in Canada became critical. The French had received Durham as a friend, but now, with his merciful policy repudiated, even the saner element sank into something like despair for the future, while extreme men began to plan a new appeal to arms. Agents of the Government reported that secret drilling was going on, even in the Quebec district, and that arms were being brought from the United States. In that country the old idea was still strong that British rule meant tyranny, and that the republic should include Canada and extend from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Recent events had revived this ambition. In 1836 Samuel Houston had led a movement in Texas, then a part of Mexico, which resulted in the setting up of the republic of Texas—a republic destined in due course to become a state in the American union. If Texas in the south, why not Canada in the north?

8. THE SECOND RISING IN LOWER CANADA

In Canadian politics the possible part to be played by the United States has always seemed important. Papineau, Mackenzie and other exiles were appealing to the Americans to help make Canada free; and one result

was the forming on the American side of the frontier of what were called Hunters' Lodges—groups of restless men, who formed a secret society with a ritual suggested by that of the Freemasons. They were arming and making ready to invade Canada, and Houston's bold success was much in their minds. Most of them were simply free-booters; a few of them, like the former Polish soldier, Von Schultz, were men of culture, who thought that Britain meant to Canada what the iron heel of Russia meant to enslaved Poland. The news that Durham had failed in his task caused in these circles keen excitement. Forty thousand men were ready, it was said, to invade Canada, and incidents occurred well fitted to cause war with the United States. Just when Durham arrived a Canadian steamer, the *Sir Robert Peel*, lying on the American side of the St. Lawrence, had been burned by an American free-booter named Johnson, and the Canadian passengers had been treated with gross brutality. A little later British sentries at Brockville had fired on an American steamboat. American newspapers attacked Britain with fury, and some politicians, eager to make capital out of the distrust of Britain, clamoured for war. In this situation Durham had sent tactful messages to the American government, which took steps to hold in check the lawless elements on the frontier.

But now Durham was going, and hopes revived for creating a republic of Canada. On a bleak day, November 1, 1838, Quebec was astir. The streets and even the house-tops were alive with people to see Durham depart, and a crowd of three thousand followed in gloomy silence the carriage in which he drove to the ship. The French, sullen and suspicious at the failure of his policy of peace, held aloof. It was the English who, with poignant regret, saw depart the man, sick and dying, who had spent himself without measure to solve a tangled and now seemingly hopeless problem. Sir John Colborne, the capable and stern soldier, was there by Durham's side and was to take

over the government. Cannon boomed a salute, and the ship set sail. Charles Buller, from a window which opened on the spacious Basin, noted that the sky was heavy and that a storm was coming, as he watched "the dark form of that ill-omened ship slowly, and, as it were, painfully, struggling on its course." He did well to feel a sense of gloom. Four days later Montreal was in a panic. Armed rebellion had again broken out, and there was a plot to seize the city on Sunday, when the soldiers should be at church.

Colborne, with twelve thousand troops, was too alert to be taken unawares, and from the first the rising was doomed. Wolfred Nelson was in jail, but his brother, Robert Nelson, was also a leader on the side of the "Patriotes." He had fled to the United States, but on November 4, this young man, with a motley following, re-entered Canada by the well-tried route from Lake Champlain, seized the village of Odelltown, and proclaimed the Republic of Lower Canada, with himself as provisional president. The press was to be free, and manhood suffrage, vote by ballot and religious equality were to be features of this model state. The habitant was to own his own land and not to be subject to a seigneur.

From this foolhardy enterprise the better class of people held aloof, but some thousands of peasants, many of them armed only with pitchforks and rakes, joined Nelson. His attempt to play the rôle of Houston in Texas failed miserably. Colborne was prepared and within a week his legions had marched to the scene of the rising, Nelson had fled to the United States, and the ill-fated rising was utterly crushed. The loyal inhabitants were bitter against this mad effort. Those in La Prairie had been given by the rebels only ten minutes to abandon the village and now they had a quick revenge. The Montreal *Herald* described "the awful spectacle" of a vast sheet of lurid flame made by the burning houses of the rebels near La Prairie. The troops, too, were angry at

renewed treason and soon there filed through the streets of Montreal eight hundred depressed and haggard prisoners, who must face trial for their lives.

Upper Canada, too, saw disorder which resulted in bloodshed. There the danger was not from rebellion, but from invasion by brigands. A rabble of five hundred members of the Hunters' Lodges crossed the St. Lawrence from the United States to Prescott. They occupied a stone mill, and forty-five of the troops who attacked them were killed or wounded. In the end the troops captured more than a hundred prisoners, and four of them were tried and hanged. At Sandwich, on the Canadian side from Detroit, the Hunters landed, burned a steamboat, set fire to the barracks, burned two militiamen to death, and committed other brutal crimes. There was no rising to assist this attack and, in the end, twenty-six of these invaders were killed.

Colborne had the stern task of trying the rebels in Lower Canada. Martial law had been proclaimed, and the prisoners were tried by a court-martial, which thus avoided any difficulty about getting a jury free from racial passion. The proceedings make grim reading. Day after day, the tribunal of soldiers sat; day after day appeared before them the prisoners, nearly all poor and ignorant men; and day after day the record of each trial ends in almost monotonous regularity with the sentence of death. Colborne was deeply religious and humane. A visitor records finding him in his workroom on his knees, praying fervently for guidance. Once when some one interceded for the life of a youth sentenced to death, Colborne said with a sob: "You are too late. That young man was executed yesterday." But, to the soldier, to take up arms in rebellion is the deadliest of crimes and ninety-nine men were sentenced to death. Of these twelve were executed, and the rest were banished to far distant Australia —a tragic fate, since it meant separation from their families. Such was the distressful fruit of political strife. The

results of the seeming failure of Durham's mission were indeed tragic.

Meanwhile at Plymouth, on November 30, a sick man, worn to a shadow by fever, had landed after a month's voyage. Though, by what seemed studied neglect, Durham was denied the salutes and honours usually extended to a returning envoy, crowds gathered to applaud him and he was hailed as a champion of thoroughgoing radicalism, betrayed by the timid Whigs. When news soon came of the rising in Lower Canada, this seemed to show the folly of failing to support him. Men wondered that Durham, often so volcanic in his outbursts, was now so gentle, so free from resentment. The truth is that his mind was still fully occupied with Canada. He was busily engaged in finishing a "Report," and he knew that he could afford to wait. Early in 1839, the great work was completed, and on the last day of January Parliament received perhaps the most important single document in British colonial history—Lord Durham's "Report on the Affairs of British North America." It was the work of a man near his end. In the next year Durham died at the early age of forty-eight. Canada had killed him, and almost his last words were: "Canada will one day do justice to my memory." Rarely has the insight of the dying been more completely justified. The "Report" marks the beginning of a new era for Canada.

READ A STORY

The Backwoodswoman. By Isabel Skelton. Ryerson Press, Toronto. A chronicle of pioneer home life in Upper and Lower Canada.

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles. By Anna Jameson. McClelland, Toronto. A journal kept during a visit to Canada in 1838.

Roughing It in the Bush. By Susanna Moodie. McClelland, Toronto, 1921. A vivid account of a young English gentlewoman in the wilds of Upper Canada about 1850.

The Strickland Sisters: Catherine Parr Trail and Susanna Moodie. By Blanche Hume. Ryerson Reader. The story of Mrs. Moodie and her celebrated sister.

Great Men of Canada. By John Henderson. Southam Press, Toronto. The chapter on Lord Durham throws light upon the causes for discontent in Upper and Lower Canada.

D. FIRST STEPS TOWARDS CONFEDERATION

1. AN UNEASY UNION

After Durham's return to England there was anxious watching in Canada for his expected Report. Durham, really a dying man, must have worked with burning energy to complete a document destined to bring about far-reaching results throughout the British Empire. Canada, as the oldest of the larger British colonies, has been forced to lead in the growth of self-government. The present British Empire is, in truth, still very young, younger really than the United States. Australia had no colonists until 1788, while South Africa and New Zealand and most of British India all date as British from the nineteenth century. Canada, older, more populous and within easier reach of the mother-country than other colonies, has been the pioneer in political change; and it was certain that, when Durham's Report appeared, it would affect the future of every other part of the Empire. Of this, indeed, British ministers were well aware, and it accounts for their reluctance to make changes in Canada that what was done there would soon have to be done in every larger British community aspiring to self-government.

Durham had found in Canada acute strife between French and English. He was an Englishman; he wished to see all the British peoples great and happy; he found the French in Canada isolated and backward; and he came to believe that the best thing for them would be to abandon their French outlook and to become one with the English in a united state. Had he remained longer in Canada, he would probably have realized the tenacity with which the French clung to the culture of the great nation from which they sprang, and their deadly fear that they might be led to abandon it for that of England.

We may imagine, therefore, the dismay in Lower Canada when Durham's Report urged that the division

under separate governments should be swept away, and that there should be a single Province of Canada, with English as the one language to be used in its Parliament. Each member should represent about the same number of people, and since the French were the more numerous, this would give them a majority in Parliament. This, however, would soon be overcome by the tide of settlers from Great Britain. Canada, Durham believed, would soon have a brilliant prosperity; in time the Maritime Provinces would join this union; and a powerful British nation would grow up on the North American continent.

Among the Liberal friends of Lord Durham was Charles Poulett Thomson, President of the Board of Trade and M.P. for Manchester; and in 1839 he was sent out as Governor-General in order to bring into operation the new policy based on Durham's Report. When Thomson arrived at Quebec, he may well have been dismayed by his task. He had, however, prudence, tact and firmness. He was not, like Durham, a great aristocrat, but belonged to a trading family. As a cabinet minister in England he had handled with success a wide range of trading interests. While not without vanity, he had genuine public spirit, and now with untiring industry he worked for the happiness of the Canadian people.

It helped Thomson that he spoke French freely, but even his gracious manners did not quiet suspicions. The passions of envenomed civil strife were still hot, and the French element was sullen and depressed. At Quebec there was no longer an elected Legislature to put any check on the despotic powers of the new Governor and his appointed Council, bent on inducing the French to forget their long traditions. Montreal was a city of about fifty thousand people and most of its wealth was in the hands of the English, who, with something of the arrogance of power, denounced the French as disloyal rebels, while these, in turn, were furious against an alien minority which, as they thought, wished to make them political slaves.

A Country Dance in the Eighteen-Forties

Thomson was determined to finish his task quickly and then to return to England with the prestige of a great success. Fate decreed, however, that Canada should kill him as it killed Durham. In Lower Canada he had only to consult the special Council, and it voted almost unanimously for the union, against which the French were so bitter. Then he hurried to Upper Canada and summoned

the legislature. To the members he said frankly that the British Government had decided on union and that, in the new Parliament, Upper and Lower Canada as Canada West and Canada East should have the same number of members. Upper Canada had a large debt, Lower Canada a small one; but Lower Canada was now to bear an equal share of the debt for public works, such as canals, which benefited the whole country. This it was easy for Upper Canada to accept. Not hard, too, was it to get provision for what Papineau had refused, a permanent "civil list," so that the judges should be secure. Nevertheless the Family Compact was sullen and critical, for by union it would lose power. What, it asked, about language? Thomson answered that there should be but one official language—English. Where should be the capital? Thomson replied that it should be neither at Toronto nor at Quebec, but at Kingston in Upper Canada, though not very far from Lower Canada. And so Upper Canada voted for union, while Lower Canada had no choice but to accept what it keenly disliked.

"Thank God," wrote Thomson at this time, "it is all right at last." He was worn out with his eager labours. Across the sea in England, when in 1840 Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, pressed the Union Act through Parliament, he met with stiff opposition. The Duke of Wellington, with John Beverley Robinson, the ablest member of the Family Compact, at his elbow, declared that the Bill would entrench traitorous French elements, and also, what he hated, democracy, and would result in the loss of Canada. He added, if you lose Canada "you may as well lose London." He would, he said, fight the Bill "even if the devil stands in the door." There were to be two Chambers in the Canadian House: the Legislative Council with members appointed for life; the elected Assembly with eighty-two members in all, one-half from each former Province, and for a term of four years. In the election which followed, the first under the Union,

the polls were open for a fortnight; in some places brawny lumbermen and farmers seized the polling-booths and kept the other side from voting; and in the fighting at least five men were killed and many more were injured. Yet probably not one in ten of the electors really knew what it was all about.

For his success Thomson received the honour of a peerage, as Lord Sydenham and Toronto, and he now had to face the crucial question whether the new Parliament should really rule Canada. Before it met at Kingston he announced a Cabinet of eight members. Sydenham had hoped to end the old rule of faction, and he called in men of opposite parties; but his Cabinet had one great defect—in it sat no French member. He had urged to accept office the one man, Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, who, with Papineau gone, could be regarded as the leader of the French-Canadians, but Lafontaine, who had been a rebel, though he did not take up arms, held aloof coldly. "You have," he said, "without asking our consent, abolished our legislature, and forced on us a union which we do not desire. You have in official use suppressed our language. You have given Upper Canada, with little more than half our numbers, as many members in your new Parliament as you have given to us. You have forced us, with a small debt, to assume our share of the large debt of Upper Canada. How can you ask us to help to work such a system? We will not fight again, but we will watch and wait." This attitude was ominous. The clearest thinker on the question of self-government was Robert Baldwin, the Liberal leader in Upper Canada. When Baldwin asked Sydenham whether real political power would go to a Cabinet supported by a majority in the Assembly, Sydenham could not say "Yes."

The truth is that Sydenham intended to be his own Prime Minister and to rule, with the support of a majority, if he could get it, but, if necessary, without it. Britain, so he was instructed, must still say the last word as to rule

in Canada. From mid-June to mid-September, 1841, the first Parliament of Canada sat in the little grey city of Kingston, and Sydenham showed great skill in managing men. He had found Canada in stagnation. Land had fallen in value and hundreds were leaving for the United States. There were only a few miles of railway at Montreal, and there were not even decent highways. To avoid the fording of rivers more bridges were required, but there was so little revenue that, as a settler said to Sydenham: "When we get a bridge we have to do without a judge." The schools were so bad that in Lower Canada some of the teachers could not read or write and could only teach passages learned by heart in church services. Towns and villages had no power to levy taxes and had to come to the Assembly for even petty grants. One grant of ten thousand pounds was divided into eight hundred and thirty equal parts, with a paid official for each part, to watch the spending of the money.

We might suppose that it would have been easy to correct evils so obvious, but not so: the members of the Legislature liked to show their zeal by securing grants for their districts; the towns and villages shrank from levying taxes on themselves by their own vote; it required less trouble to get it from a central purse, and thus make it seem a gift rather than a tax. Sydenham had seen, however, that the people must learn to take charge of their own local affairs, before they could fit themselves to judge the wider ones of the colony; and he insisted on creating a new system. Before the new Parliament came into being, he caused the special Council of Lower Canada to set up local government in towns and counties. This, as he said, gave an example of what might be done; and later he carried through the Union Parliament a Municipal Act which, as developed by Baldwin eight years later, made each locality take charge of its own affairs. They must elect their own mayors, or reeves, or councillors; and they must impose taxes for streets, for roads, for schools, for

police purposes. It was out of such local liberties that the wider liberties of England had grown. Naturally the cliques which had dispensed money from a central fund objected to the loss of power; but their day had passed.

At Sydenham's table men of opinions widely opposed now met, and their tactful host smoothed away antagonisms. Then suddenly his career was cut short when, in September, 1841, his horse stumbled and threw him. The session of the legislature was just ending and, though worn out by his labours and in great pain, he finished his work, adjourned the Assembly, and two days later, died. Though he had only made a beginning of real self-government, he had outlined a workable system. There were now regular departments with responsible ministers, who formed a Cabinet.

Sydenham's successor, Sir Charles Bagot, was an elderly man with wide experience in politics. When British minister at Washington, he had, in 1817, made the Rush-Bagot Agreement, under which the United States and Canada were not to fortify their frontiers and war-ships disappeared from the Great Lakes. Sydenham had secured support by lavish promises, and now payment fell to Bagot. He travelled much to see Canada with his own eyes, and he was saddened by the state of education. Now, however, change was coming. Montreal already had the promising beginnings of McGill University and at Toronto, in 1842, Bagot took part in the ceremonial beginning of what was to become the University of Toronto.

After nearly a year of cautious inquiry, Bagot called his Parliament together. By this time, he knew that government could not go on without giving office to the French, for they and Baldwin's followers in Upper Canada were united and had a majority in the Legislature. The Family Compact raged at the thought. Why should office be given to the disloyal Lafontaine, so recently a rebel? In England the same opinion prevailed, that the French Canadians were unfit to hold office, and the Duke of

Wellington fumed at "that man Bagot," his nephew by marriage, whose ideas would, he said, wreck the British Empire. Bagot had, however, either to go back to the old ways, which had caused rebellion, or to let the majority rule.

When Parliament met in September, 1842, the Cabinet was harried by an adverse majority skilfully led by Baldwin and Lafontaine, both well versed in the British practice that a ministry goes out after an adverse vote in the Commons; and at last, Bagot, half distracted, had to yield. Baldwin and Lafontaine took office; all but the Liberal and French members, united in one party, retired from the Cabinet, and Canada had its first government to be kept in power by a majority in the elected Chamber. Inevitably, Bagot was attacked bitterly by the dying remnant of the Family Compact, while in England his act caused such dismay that Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, wrote to him a letter of sharp censure. Already Bagot was ailing; his anxieties broke down his health; and he died at Kingston, in May, 1843, killed, as Durham and Sydenham had been killed, by the strain of creating a workable system in Canada.

While Bagot lay, slowly dying, at Kingston, his successor arrived. Sir Charles Metcalfe had lived in India, where he became Governor-General, and had given offence by his liberal views. As Governor of Jamaica he had been the merciful friend of the negroes, just freed from slavery; and in England he was looked upon as a radical, who wished to have a wider franchise, vote by ballot, and free trade. With such opinions, Metcalfe was yet forced, by his instructions from England, to try to maintain arbitrary rule. He was kindly and sincere but, with opinions tinged perhaps by his despotic rule in India, he drew back when his Canadian ministers insisted that it was for them to make appointments to office and shape the policy of Canada. An obscure colony govern itself! Why, he declared, a single parish, a single peer in England, has

more wealth than all Canada. He would, he said, pay all due regard to the wishes of the Canadian Parliament, but it was for him to make decisions and appoint to office. He would not yield, and Baldwin, Lafontaine, and all but one of the other ministers resigned. When Metcalfe succeeded in forming a Cabinet led by a moderate man—W. H. Draper—an election was necessary, and for the last time a Governor led in person his own party.

Though political passions are still strong, it is not easy now to realize the violence of the era which settled the question whether Canada should rule herself. Leaders challenged each other to duels, and sometimes murderous bullies seized control of the polling places and threatened and even carried out fire and slaughter. To the party supporting Metcalfe, there was no honest man on the other side; all were seeking evil ends, and at the back of their minds was disloyalty to their sovereign and the desire to see Canada a state in the American Union. Metcalfe himself said that his opponents were traitors, and this tone spread to England, where, in Parliament, Baldwin and Lafontaine, men of fine integrity and conservative opinions, were described as unprincipled and mischievous demagogues. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, said that the conflict was between rebels and honest men; and he asked, with bland stupidity, whether it was not better that Canada should be controlled from London than handed over to men so base.

Inflamed appeals had their effect with an electorate little trained in political thought; and Metcalfe won by a small majority. Kingston had been found too small a town to give needed accommodation, and the new Parliament met in Montreal. Metcalfe's methods were wholly approved in England; he was now made a peer; but he was dying from a malignant disease. He knew that he had failed and that Canada intended to govern herself, and this was at last understood in England. When, in 1846, the Corn Laws, which had established the old Toryism,

were repealed, the Liberals again took office under Lord John Russell and, in 1846, sent to Canada the Earl of Elgin, son-in-law of Lord Durham, who arrived in the next year with the fixed resolve to carry out to the full an even more liberal policy than that of Durham.

2. THE STORMY CONFLICT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

James Bruce, Earl of Elgin, was only thirty-five years of age when, in 1847, he arrived in Canada. At Eton and Oxford he had been the friend of Gladstone and other youths, destined to high fame, whose daily talk was of politics. He had also lived much in Paris; he spoke French with ease; and he had a striking gift of eloquence. During four years he had been Governor of Jamaica. He had insight and, more than any previous governor, he read the Canadian problem as a whole, and did full justice to the French. It shows how backward was Canada that Lord Elgin, arriving in January, 1847, at Boston, had to make a part of the journey of four days to Montreal in sleighs. As yet Canada had no connections by railway with the United States. He took up his residence at Monklands, a house near Montreal. In an election in 1848 the Liberals won an overwhelming victory. The attempt to swamp the French element had had its inevitable result; it had made the French hold the more closely together, and now they were the most important party. Their leader, Lafontaine, was a man of high character, and the Canada in which, as Durham hoped, the French influence was to disappear, now had in him a French Prime Minister.

Elgin quickly saw Durham's error in trying to anglicize the French. The only way to get on with them, said Elgin, was to respect their opinions, and to ensure that they should be as free as their English fellow citizens to follow their own ideals. If this were done, "Who will venture to say," asked Elgin, "that the last hand which waves the

British flag on American ground may not be that of a French-Canadian?" Lafontaine associated with him Robert Baldwin. They formed a strong Cabinet and at once it had to face a difficult problem. In Upper Canada, the Government had paid the losses of owners for property destroyed during Mackenzie's rising; and even a Tory government had promised that the same policy should be carried out in Lower Canada. There had been delay, but now the hour was come to settle the question.

It was particularly thorny. The owners of the houses in the villages burned during the rebellion were, of course, chiefly French. Some of the French who had remained loyal had had their property destroyed, and now the Parliament voted ninety thousand pounds to compensate these loyal sufferers. It was, however, not easy to distinguish the loyal from the disloyal. Sir Allan MacNab, spokesman for the last remnant of the Family Compact, said, in effect, that to be French was to be at heart a rebel, and that to pay money to any of the French was to reward treason. Though this was only the cry of racial passion, there was the real difficulty that men who had been rebels at heart might be paid for losses which they had deserved. In the end, the Government laid down the rule that no one convicted, by legal process, of treason, was to be paid. No doubt many not so convicted were in sympathy with rebellion, but who could read this secret of their hearts?

Thus it happened that the Rebellion Losses Bill of 1849 caused furious debate. It was a morsel for the Opposition that the Prime Minister, Lafontaine, had been in sympathy with Papineau. There were hot words in Parliament and irate members challenged one another to duels. One day, William Hume Blake, a member of the Government, and Mr., afterwards Sir, John A. Macdonald, were summoned to the bar of the House and required to abandon a proposed duel. When both Chambers passed the Bill by large majorities, the vital test came as to

whether Canada should govern itself. Elgin had the right either to disallow the Bill, or to reserve it for a decision in London; and the Tories said that if a House composed largely of rebel French accepted the Bill, it was his duty to disallow it. He kept his own counsel until, at the end of April, 1849, he drove to the Parliament Buildings to give his assent to a number of bills. When he arrived at about five o'clock, a crowded House listened eagerly as the titles of the bills were read out. At last the long title was read: "An Act to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in the years 1837 and 1838." When to this, as to the other bills, Elgin gave his assent, there was a rush from the chamber. An hour later, when he left the House, a crowd had gathered; and as he stepped outside, hoots, yells, and missiles greeted him. An egg struck him in the face, and he drove away amid a shower of mud and stones.

After this, the mob was bent on mischief and fly-sheets were quickly circulated, urging the people to meet that evening in protest; alarm bells rang; and a crowd gathered. An angry mob will believe anything, and this one was told and believed that the French were about to carry out a massacre of the English in Montreal. As night fell the Parliament was holding quietly its evening session, unmindful of the storm outside, when the mob rushed to the building. The lighted windows were a good mark and soon the crash of stones and broken glass drove the members from their places. When the crowd rushed in, in some way, the building was set on fire; some of the members barely escaped with their lives; and the crowd watched the roaring flames destroy the building and its contents, which included two valuable libraries. A little later, when a mob sacked the house of Lafontaine, a shot fired from the house killed a rioter. Rioting continued for some days, during which, when Elgin drove into Montreal, every panel of his carriage was smashed by stones which might easily have killed him.

The naked situation was that Elgin had been nearly murdered by a mob, because he would not override the decision of a large majority in the Canadian Parliament. Papineau, the Radical, had abused and insulted one governor; and now a Tory mob had been ready to kill another. For days, Elgin was almost a prisoner at Monklands, where he had to organize defence against a possible siege. Newspapers poured out against him satire and abuse: he was the degenerate scion of a noble race; he was insane; he should be impeached. A scurrilous notice ordered him to leave Canada within a week, since every day of his further stay brought new danger to the whole Empire. The St. Andrew's Society struck his name from its roll of members. We know what Elgin's thoughts were, for he recorded them. He did not wholly like the Bill; but it was well within the rights of Parliament to pass it. Even the King, he thought, could not veto bills, because he disliked them, nor should the Governor in Canada. It was not, he said, for him, but for the Canadian electors to check a Cabinet which passed bad measures; and, in this storm and tumult, he made final the principle that Canada must govern itself.

Just at this time came a grave crisis in business. When, in 1846, Britain adopted Free Trade, the news caused consternation in Canada. Since 1843, the Canadian farmer had been able to send his wheat and flour to England on such terms that he had an advantage in wheat of about eighteen cents a bushel over the farmer in the United States. Thus favoured, Canada began to provide flour-mills, ships, and docks, for a great export trade of food. Then, after three years, in 1846, the repeal of all taxes on wheat destroyed the prospects of this trade, and the United States was in a better position than Canada to compete on equal terms.

The result was ruin for many in Canada who had invested their money in mills and docks. Money became so scarce that Lord Elgin had to take Canada's note for his

own salary. Montreal was the chief centre for capital; and the losses there were so crippling that property fell to half its former value. Since many advantages would come from free access to the markets of the United States, a strong movement set in, this time among not the Radical but the Tory element, to join that country. There was an added reason. Hitherto the Tories had relied on Britain to help in checking radicalism, but Elgin had made it clear that she would no longer interfere in Canada. Then why keep up a useless tie?

Accordingly, in October, 1849, most of the prominent English-speaking leaders, the men of wealth and position in Montreal, issued a manifesto declaring for union with the United States. Newspapers which had denounced the rebel followers of Papineau and Mackenzie for looking to the United States now came out bluntly for annexation. Advanced French Liberals, with republican sympathies, joined in the movement. Petitions came pouring in to the same end. In England, at the time, many were beginning to think colonies a profitless burden, and the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, admitted that the breaking away of Canada was inevitable. Elgin, on the other hand, opposed the movement with vigour, and the more conservative of the French stood firmly with him. So did the Liberal leaders, the former rebel, Lafontaine, and Robert Baldwin, the heads of the Government. They dismissed public servants who signed the manifesto, and the movement soon died out.

3. HOW THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR HELPED THE FEDERATION OF CANADA

The troubles in Montreal cost that place its position as the capital of Canada. Members of the Legislature refused to return to the mob-ridden city. In European states the seat of government is usually in a great city, such as London or Paris or Vienna. It might have been well

to have the capital of Canada at a seaport with a great commerce, in a city with traditions and wealth, but the Parliament looked elsewhere. To agree on a new capital proved, for the time, impossible and, for about fifteen years, Parliament sat half the time at Toronto and half the time at Quebec. This proved costly and in 1858 it was decided to make Ottawa the capital. This site was chosen because remote from the American frontier, so as to be safer in case of war. Though it lay in Canada West, the new name for Upper Canada, which had become the more populous province, it was only across the Ottawa River from Lower Canada. The site on cliffs overlooking the waters of the Ottawa was beautiful. It took years to erect in a raw little town, chiefly engaged in the timber trade, the necessary buildings, and they were ready only when the Union had broken down.

The Union simply would not work. At first the new broom had swept clean enough, and great reforms were carried out. In Upper Canada the Family Compact was now weak, though Bishop Strachan still insisted that the Church of England was the state church; that in the University created by state funds all the professors must belong to it; and that the Archdeacon of Toronto should always be President. The result was that Presbyterians, Methodists, and Roman Catholics, resentful of these pretensions, began to create colleges of their own. At last, in 1849, Baldwin, as good an Anglican as Strachan himself, took fresh action. The University of Toronto was henceforth to have no connection with any church. It was not even to confer degrees in divinity, and its doors were to be open to all on perfectly equal terms.

Thus was one urgent question settled. Radical demands were steadily growing more extreme, while, at the same time, the heads of the Government, Lafontaine and Baldwin, though Liberals, drew back in the face of excessive claims. A favourite means of showing political hate at this time was to dress up an image of the victim; to hang it

by the neck perhaps to a tree; and then to burn it, as a hint of what the original deserved. Lord Elgin, arrayed in a copy of his official dress, had been so hanged and burned; Baldwin's Tory fellow-citizens in Toronto had treated him in the same way; and a Tory mob in Montreal had menaced Lafontaine's life and sacked his house. Now, however, the moderate leaders were attacked less by the Tories than by Radicals, who demanded what to us now seems reasonable enough, the withdrawal of state support for religion; an extension of the right to vote; and vote by ballot.

Most ominous of all, however, was the cry in the English province that, since it had the larger population it should have more members in Parliament—representation by population—"Rep. by Pop." as the cry went. The French had not demanded this when they were the more numerous, and they resented the new cry. The Radicals pressed their views and denounced as half Tory those former allies who would not go so far; they themselves were "clear grit" and the name has clung to the Liberal party ever since. The ministry broke down in 1851, when Baldwin retired, partly through ill-health, partly because his more radical supporters turned from him. In the election which ensued, he lost his seat in Parliament, and, though not yet fifty, he withdrew finally from public life.

In spite of savage attacks, Baldwin and Lafontaine had carried out reforms with feverish activity: in the year 1849 alone, though harassed by riot and devastation by fire, they passed one hundred and ninety acts, which included the reform of university education in Canada West and the extension of municipal institutions. They were, however, men of cautious and even conservative temper and drew back from extreme proposals. Both were educated and sensitive men; Lafontaine wrote of Canada's politics: "The more I see, the more I feel disgusted. It seems as if duplicity, deceit, want of sincerity, selfishness were virtues. It gives me a poor idea of human nature."

He soon followed Baldwin into retirement, and he spent his later career as Chief Justice of Lower Canada. The "great ministry" was thus short-lived, but it had made good Canada's claim to complete control of her own affairs by the Cabinet of the day.

The cry, "Rep by Pop," was destined to cause the breakdown of the Union. The French said that to yield to it would mean final dominance of the English element which they had long dreaded. The more the plan was pressed, the more compact and united the French became against it, while no government could live without their support. For a time, indeed, they insisted that on any important question a ministry must have a majority from both the French and the English province. Accordingly, each ministry must have two heads—one French, one English, and this was not union, but a parody of union. Durham had urged that there should be no line separating the two provinces, that Canada should be really one; but now bills were passed to apply to one province and not to the other. Each division was so jealous of the other that, if money was spent on roads or bridges in Canada West, the claim was made that an equal amount should be spent for such purposes in Canada East. Government could be carried on only by continuous bargaining. In Canada East the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church were taught in the state schools. When the Protestant minority there claimed the right to have schools without this religious teaching, the reply was: "Very well, but, in return, the Roman Catholics in Canada West must have the right to schools in which their religion is taught." On this basis, an agreement was reached, with the result that, to this day, in the state-supported Separate Schools in Ontario, the tenets of the Roman Catholics are taught, while Protestants in Quebec have also their own schools.

After an election in 1854 a radical ministry was only avoided by a union of Tories and moderates; and MacNab, the fiery leader of the Family Compact, who had denounced

all French as rebels, became head of the government, with Morin, a Liberal and one-time follower of Papineau, as his partner in the premiership. Thus was formed what has ever since been known as the Liberal-Conservative party. It was an amazing turn in politics, and now, under the arch Tory, MacNab, was finally settled, on radical lines, the question of a state church. There was no hope of getting the churches to agree on a division of the endowment of religions made in the time of Dorchester and Simcoe by public lands known as Clergy Reserves. Accordingly, the fund, intended for the support of religion, was used for building roads and bridges. If religion suffered, it was because the churches could not agree.

Another vexed question was also settled on radical lines. The habitants in Lower Canada had become hostile to the old French civil law, which preserved feudal rights to the seigneurs, and in 1854 seigniorial tenure was abolished, and the habitants secured full ownership of their land. One chief opponent of the measure was Papineau, himself a seigneur, now returned from exile, and fighting this phase of radicalism. Truly there are strange turns in politics.

Relations with the United States have always been important to Canada, and they were specially important when Canada had lost favoured treatment in Britain for her products. The great era of railway building had just begun, but in this Canada was backward, and not until 1860 was a line opened from the Detroit River to the Atlantic seaboard. In summer the canals, built at great cost, permitted vessels to go from Montreal to Chicago, but in winter these were closed and the outlet to the sea was by way of the United States. Thus the Canadian farmer keenly desired trade relations which should give him access to the market of the United States. Though the American farmer was opposed to letting in Canadian wheat, on the other hand American fishermen desired access to the fishing-grounds of Nova Scotia.

Lord Elgin had tact and sound judgment and, in the end, it was agreed that he should be given authority, on behalf of both Canada and Nova Scotia, to try to bring about a Reciprocity Treaty. It was not the usual rôle for a Governor, but he was ready to undertake it, and in May, 1854, he went to Washington. He was told that senators of the Republican party were favourable, but that Democratic senators must be won. A British peer always commands prestige in American society, and Elgin mingled much with Democratic senators and gave elaborate dinners. His secretary, the well-known writer, Laurence Oliphant, says that, by this courting of the Democrats, the treaty was floated through on champagne. In reality, the senators knew quite well what they were about. They desired access to the fisheries, while Canada wished to secure an open market, and each side gained its end. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 gave Canada's natural products free access to the United States, and, on the other hand, yielded on behalf of Nova Scotia the right to Americans to fish in her bays and inlets. Each side profited, but the treaty was cancelled by the United States in 1866 as giving Canada too great an advantage. The truth is, however, that, then as now, Canada bought from the republic much more than she sold to it.

Elgin was the last Governor to take a leading part in Canadian politics. The Cabinet now ruled; and, after Elgin, the Governor became, like the King in England, the dignified official head of the state, aloof from party. It was a far cry from the time of Dorchester, who consulted whom he liked and ruled with authority, to the closing days of Elgin's period in 1854, when the elected members made and unmade ministers, and the Governor in the background had only the duty of watching the play of political forces, in order to see that they were directed in harmony with the British tradition in politics. He had great influence as a social leader and his words of counsel

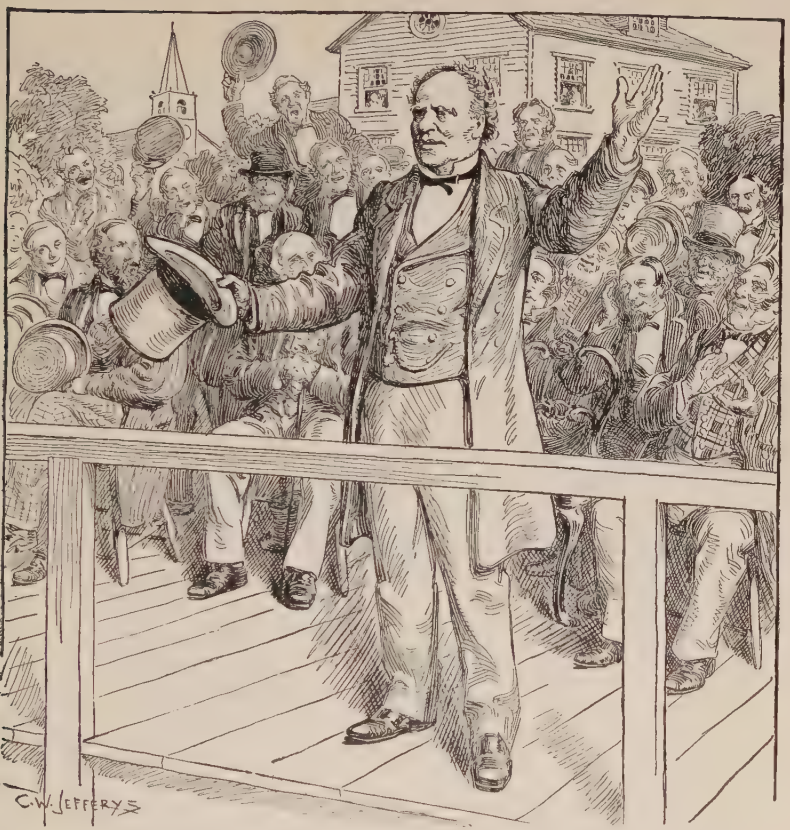
to his ministers would carry weight. But, at last, it was they, and not he, who made the vital decisions in Canadian affairs.

4. HOWE AND TUPPER

Results similar to those in Canada came also in the other colonies soon to be linked with Canada. Nova Scotia was the oldest and its fortress capital, Halifax, had long played a great rôle. In its spacious harbour had gathered the naval forces which had struck down the power of France; to Halifax thousands of Loyalists had fled during the American Revolution; and in the war of 1812 it was the base for the British fleets in North America. Ever since 1758, there had been an elected Assembly which voted money and made laws, though it had no voice in the choice of the Governor's advisers. The Second Chamber consisted of twelve members, appointed for life, and this body was also the Council, which carried on the Government.

It followed naturally that Nova Scotia, like Upper Canada, had a governing caste, rather scornful of the voice of the people. In 1840 five of the twelve members of the Council were more or less opulent partners in a private bank, and nine were members of the Church of England, to which barely one-fifth of the population belonged. The Assembly bore itself with grave dignity. Charles Dickens, watching it in 1840, said that it was like the Parliament at Westminster, seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Halifax society, full as it was of naval and military officers, often of high rank, tended to be haughty and exclusive. Royal princes sometimes dwelt there; the place was socially an outpost of London; and it was a great honour to be invited to the Governor's table. The law courts kept up a stiff decorum, and the rich merchants lived like great gentlemen.

In Nova Scotia's struggles the rôle of chief reformer had been played by a remarkable man—Joseph Howe.



JOSEPH HOWE ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING

Howe wore a light grey suit and a tall grey hat, and this costume was a familiar sight at all public gatherings in Nova Scotia

He was of sturdy Loyalist ancestry; and he had made his own way from printer's devil to the leadership of the Liberal party. He had the quality of attracting personal devotion, and he loved Nova Scotia as Shakespeare loved England:

> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone, set in the silver sea;
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

"Boys," he once said to some youths, "brag about your country." In one valley in Nova Scotia, he declared, you could go for fifty miles under apple blossoms. In a wider sphere, and disciplined by more careful education, Howe would have taken rank with the highest, for he had genius and a great joy in life. It was said that he knew nearly every man, woman, and child in the little world of Nova Scotia. Probably he knew every one of the two hundred and seventy Frasers who voted in Pictou County. He threw furious energy into his tasks, and it was he who brought to a head and settled the problem of self-government in Nova Scotia, and, unlike Papineau and Mackenzie, he did it without even the threat of an appeal to arms.

Howe edited a newspaper, the *Nova Scotian*, and in 1835 he attacked the magistrates of Halifax for corruption and incompetence. When they had him tried for libel, he defended himself in a crowded court-room with a fervid speech which lasted for six hours, and he made his fame as a great orator. He watched events in Canada and, when Lord Durham's "Report" appeared, and Lord John Russell said that the Governor of a colony, while treating the Legislature with respect, must yet accept, not the policy of his ministers, but the orders of the Colonial Office, Howe wrote four masterly open letters addressed to Russell. No one would to-day admit what Howe admitted—that Britain might regulate the trade of the self-governing colonies, might bind them by her treaties relating to trade, and control completely their military forces. None the less, however, did Howe insist that the people of Nova Scotia must control their own affairs

Howe seemed to Halifax society a vulgar agitator, a low radical, and gilded youths talked of ducking him in a horse-pond, or shooting him. With one of them Howe fought a duel, and our only surprise is that the gilded youth should challenge a man whose social rank he despised. Howe carried on a fair campaign for his ends, and he loved the fray; but he had a poet's temperament and the

pride of genius, and the scornful contempt of the privileged circle stung him. "They have scorned me at their feasts, and they have insulted me at their funerals," he once said bitterly. All the supposed great did not, however, scorn him. In 1840, for some three weeks, Lord Sydenham was at Halifax, and he and Howe became fast friends.

Howe was dangerous as an enemy. Papineau had fought, as it were, with a club, Mackenzie with the lack of humour of a fanatic, but Howe's weapons were eloquence, wit, and satire. An unhappy young Governor, Lord Falkland, married to a lady of royal birth, came out in 1840. He was handsome, he dressed carefully, and he preserved a stately ceremonial at Government House. When, however, he treated Howe with scorn, he had no armour to protect him from the ribald verse in which Howe ridiculed the pride of the head of the state. In vain did the lofty young Governor heap scorn on Howe for his daring; Howe's reply was that the Governor began the quarrel by contemptuous diatribes about a disloyal and vulgar agitator. After this attack, Falkland never recovered his prestige, and when, in 1848, he was sent to govern at Bombay Howe had won.

Even before this, changes had begun in Nova Scotia in line with those in Canada. The Government in Britain had, in some respects, saner opinions on what was needed than had the Governor on the spot and, in 1838, Durham had been instructed to end the scandal in Nova Scotia by which the few members of the Second Chamber were also the Council in charge of the work of government and used their power to favour their own interests. Lord Grey, Colonial Secretary during Elgin's term in Canada, had liberal views and he gave definite instructions to set up in Nova Scotia the system which, at the same hour, Elgin was to carry out in Canada. When, in 1847, the Reformers, or Liberals, carried Nova Scotia, as a year later they carried Canada, the long battle was over. For good or ill the electors were henceforth to make and unmake those who

governed. At the same time a similar change was effected in New Brunswick.

Democracies have no magic wisdom, and it is not written that Nova Scotia was better governed by men elected than by men appointed; but, at least, the people were content, and there was no longer the sense of injustice which stirs angry passions. Rebels, as Howe expressed it, now became exceedingly scarce. Nova Scotia walked in the paths of democracy and, in time, a leader arose who, in political craft and energy, was a match for Howe. He was a physician, practising in Halifax—Dr. Charles Tupper. At first Howe talked of Tupper's speeches as no more effective than the mewing of a kitten. But he learned his error and he became bitterly jealous of a rival as untiring as himself, and with even more courage and resource.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were still very remote from Canada; no railway connected them: there was no direct route overland since the State of Maine barred the way; and the ice of the St. Lawrence closed in winter passage by sea. Howe saw a pressing need and threw himself into the plans for building a railway to Canada. Already was dawning in his alert mind the vision of a great British state, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, in glowing phrases, he pictured the might it would add to Britain. The Parliament in London would expand into a great imperial legislature in which should sit members from Nova Scotia; and he forecasted the time when the whistle of the steam-engine should be heard in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and when the traveller might in five or six days pass from Halifax to the Pacific coast. It was, in truth, a poet's vision, the better part of which has now come true; but at first it seemed fantastic, and it was Tupper, not Howe, who was destined to lead in the great advance.

READ A STORY

Great Men of Canada. By John Henderson. Southam Press, Toronto. Gives the story of the leading Fathers of Confederation.

E. FROM SEA TO SEA

1. WHY A GREAT CHANGE CAME ABOUT

At the hundredth anniversary in 1860 of that September day in 1760 when British forces closed in on Montreal and French power fell, Canada was at the beginning of further change which may well seem to us amazing, compared with those of the previous century. The chief drag on progress in the earlier period was the slow means of communication, changed in later times by the steamship, the telegraph, the railway, the telephone, and, at last, the radio, all of which now combine to bring points far distant into hourly communication. In the earlier days, there might be only a yearly mail to England from points in Upper Canada; but by 1860 letters might be sent almost daily, to go either by way of New York or Quebec. Soon after 1840 was seen along Canadian highways the rearing of tall poles on which were being strung the wires of the telegraph. The cost was light, messages were cheap, and the telegraph made it easy for Toronto and Halifax to know daily what was happening in each place. By 1866 there was a cable across the Atlantic, and soon London and Montreal and Toronto were also in daily touch with each other. The message over the wires came indeed so quickly that what happened in England at noonday might be known in Toronto when people were still at breakfast, owing to the difference of five hours in the rising of the sun.

The quick passage of news meant changes in men's thought, while that of goods meant the expansion of trade. By 1820 the steamboat had been already known in Canada, and before long passengers could go from Quebec to Montreal in a single night. To go on to Toronto was more difficult, for no boat could breast the tossing rapids of the St. Lawrence River. In earlier times it was a hard task to drag past them the heavy flat-bottomed boats; canals were needed; and by 1848, at great cost, they had been built.

Then boats drawing nine feet of water could go from Chicago on Lake Michigan to the open sea. After this, ports on lake and navigable river could carry on a great trade. The problem still remained, however, of carrying goods overland from points not so favoured. Boats could not go to the vast fertile regions of the far west, and only with the coming of the railway could their lands be used to supply food to people far away.

By 1830, in the face of ridicule about the noisy puffing of clumsy engines which could not possibly, as some thought, go as fast as the coach drawn by horses, the railway had begun its hold on England; and within a few years the fever to build them was such that hundreds of millions of pounds were being spent. The United States followed suit and had long lines before Canada began to act. By 1840 a short railway had been opened to connect the commerce of the St. Lawrence with that of Lake Champlain, and then on, chiefly by water, to New York. After this the railway became the dominant interest in Canadian life. When, at the end of 1855 Lord Elgin returned to England, twenty thousand men were already employed in building railways in Canada. By 1856 the railway carried travellers from Montreal to Toronto in a single night, and by 1860 the Grand Trunk Railway was completed from Lake Huron to the sea. For this work the capital came from England where, in the glowing days of this new era, shares in railways were thought to bring certain wealth, though, in truth, the English investor lost heavily in Canadian enterprises.

With such movement, news circulated rapidly, and the telegraph and the railway may be counted as chief factors in producing the astounding result that, within a dozen years after 1860, a greater Canada, spreading far from ocean to ocean, had come into being. Trade was expanding and its quickening had already made the old clumsy reckoning in pounds, shillings and pence a burden. It shows the increasing contact with the United States that,

in 1858, Canada adopted a currency in dollars and cents, exactly parallel to that of the republic.

Hitherto Canada had produced chiefly food, timber and furs, but it was inevitable that she should plan to create her own manufactures. Her revenues were scanty and, in 1858, partly to overcome a deficit by increased revenue in the customs, partly to encourage manufacture, the Minister of Finance, Mr. A. T. Galt, son of the Scottish novelist who had helped to settle Upper Canada, imposed duties on imported goods. Until 1846, when Britain adopted Free Trade, she had regulated the tariffs of the colonies, and Galt's tariff caused annoyance in England and a demand that Canada should not be permitted to levy a duty on British manufactures. The Sheffield Chamber of Commerce complained that to propose to make cutlery in Canada and thus injure the markets of Sheffield was indecent. Galt's answer was that Canada must take care of herself, even though her policy should injure British trade, and his tone showed that Canada had become self-reliant in trade as well as in political life.

Though, by 1860, of two and a half million people, Canada West had nearly a million and a half, in the Parliament Canada East had equal representation. In the *Globe* newspaper, George Brown not only demanded that the French must yield more members to Canada West, but he also assailed in bitter terms their Roman Catholic faith. They retorted that there had been a time when they had had the larger population and yet were forced to accept equality with the English-speaking province. The more Brown attacked them the more compact they became in opposition, and parties were so evenly divided that sometimes a division was delayed in the legislature until the train by which an absent member was travelling should arrive, so that his vote might prevent the defeat of a government. Ministries lasted only a few months—there were four in three years—and elections made little change. The result was deadlock, and deadlock

just when Canada needed alert and far-seeing statesmanship.

In 1861 a dark cloud appeared on Canada's horizon, when civil war broke out in the United States, and within a few months it seemed as if Britain might be involved in the war. When Gladstone, a member of the British Cabinet, expressed sympathy with the seceding South, the angry North thought that Britain hoped for the ruin of their nation. They were, they said, fighting to end slavery, which Britain herself had denounced and abolished thirty years earlier; and yet she seemed to favour the slave-owners. In November, 1861, when two envoys of the South, Mason and Slidell, sailed on a British ship, the *Trent*, for Europe, to press the interests of the South in England and in France, an American warship stopped the *Trent*, seized the ambassadors, and carried them to Boston.

At once anger flared up in England, and the fire-eating Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, demanded the release of the envoys and an apology for the outrage. There were leaders in the United States who desired war, in the hope that it would unite North and South against a common enemy. Since clearly, in such a case, Canada would be invaded, Britain now sent troops to Halifax. It was winter; the St. Lawrence was blocked by ice; there was no railway connecting Nova Scotia with Canada; and the troops had to make a long, hard march overland in order to reach the scene of danger in Canada. Meanwhile wise counsels on both sides averted war; the United States released the envoys and made due apology. But bitterness remained, and, with a hostile nation on her frontier, it was the duty of Canada to be prepared.

In office was a ministry headed by Georges Etienne Cartier, from Canada East, with John Alexander Macdonald as the leader from Canada West. Already, during twenty years, Macdonald's striking political energy had been active on the Conservative side, and one of his most passionate aims was to preserve Canada's tie with Britain.

In face now of the menace from the United States, he proposed, in April, 1862, heavy expenditure for the defence of Canada. To this Cartier agreed; but he could not hold his French followers, unwilling to be taxed to keep up an army. Accordingly, Macdonald's proposal was defeated, and the government resigned. When the mayor of Montreal welcomed the British troops just arrived, Canada he said, was fortunate in being protected by one of the most powerful nations in the world. Hail to the redcoats, "the more the better, if they took not a penny out of the pockets of the Canadians." Naturally, Britain, spending heavily to defend Canada, was angry at this ignoble attitude. The *Times* called the Canadians an inert race, "lacking in the first virtues of freemen." They had "money for all kinds of corrupt jobs, but money for honour, money for liberty, money for independence, they have nothing to spare." It added that England had no terror at the thought of Canada's breaking away from the Empire, since she was an incumbrance, involving Britain herself in the danger of war.

Such was the discredit which danger from the United States brought upon Canada; and thousands of Canadians felt impotent rage at her failure to meet the demands of self-respect. The French, angry at the venomous attacks of the *Globe* on their race and religion, were, however, unyielding. No government could last; and, after two more years of drifting, with pressing problems of defence, of railways, of trade, all unsolved, it became clear to leaders on both sides that some change must be made to end a system which paralysed action.

When taking office in 1858 Galt, who represented the English minority in Canada East, urged that the difficulties caused by the rival interests of English and French might be eased by creating a federal union which should bring back a legislature in each province, charged with such special interests as education, religion, and municipal affairs, but leaving tariffs, defence, the post office and other

things of national import to the federal parliament. Cartier in Canada East was friendly to the proposal; Brown, the assailant in Canada West of French influence, had long favoured a federal union; and now the leaders turned to it as the sole available remedy. When in June, 1864, Parliament was sitting at Quebec, deadlock had become chronic, just at a time when, with war on her frontiers, and a new era opening, Canada needed union and wise guidance. Trade was suffering. The country was clamouring for more railways, and already the great West was looming up as a limitless field for Canadian effort.

George Brown was a Scot, huge in stature, intense in energy, austere in his Presbyterian faith, uncompromising in pressing his views, now urgent for change. It was not easy to secure favour in Canada East for any plan which should end its complete equality with Canada West, but this, the French leader, Cartier, effected with great skill. He was one of the rebel patriots who had followed Papineau; he had taken an active part in the rising of 1837, and had fled to the United States. At heart, however, he was no revolutionary, and by untiring industry, energy, and force of character, he had become the leader of the *Bleus*, the Conservatives, of Canada East, opposed to the Liberal, *Rouge*, party. Cartier was careful to ally himself with the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, now ready for a federal system, if their cherished institutions should not be endangered.

The third figure was Macdonald, the most conspicuous political leader in the history of Canada. He was a Scot, who had faced the hardships of pioneer life in Canada, but there was in him nothing of the puritanism of Brown. Macdonald studied men and knew how to manage them. A visitor to Macdonald's office describes his jaunty methods. He "gave a skip as he entered the anteroom, where a number of people were waiting to see him, poked one of them in the ribs with his cane, and followed it up with a joke." With his gay spirit and convivial habits was

linked far-seeing caution which made him slow to accept change. Men called him "Old To-morrow," because of his habit of putting off decisions which time might solve. While to Galt belongs the credit of forcing federation to the front, it was Brown, Cartier and Macdonald, three widely divergent types, who united their forces to effect it.

2. THE WINNING OF CONFEDERATION

At Quebec, in 1864, the leaders met and had a frank discussion. Between Brown and Macdonald there was deep personal antagonism. Neither of them trusted the other, and each was afraid of some hidden trap. What is admirable, however, is the straightforward sincerity with which they now acted. Macdonald did not wish a federation, but a single Parliament, like that of Great Britain, for all the British provinces. To this, however, Cartier could not consent. The French had come to realize that they might be compelled to yield to government by the majority, which would mean English domination. They were ready, therefore, for a federal system which must, however, secure to the French province control of its own religious and educational questions. Reluctantly Macdonald now accepted Cartier's view. Brown's position was difficult. He had urged the breaking down of all barriers between the provinces, and had fought for the dominance of the English majority; but now he, like Macdonald, saw that this was impossible. When Brown rose in the House and announced himself as the ally of Cartier, a new era had dawned. "I saw," says Sir Richard Cartwright, "an excitable elderly little French member rush across the floor, climb upon Mr. Brown, who was of a stature gigantic, fling his arms about his neck, and hang several seconds there suspended . . . to the infinite joy of all beholders."

This amusing scene marked the end of the attacks of Canadian Liberalism upon the French, for Brown remained loyal to the stand taken on that day. It so happened that,

in this same summer, a movement looking to union was on foot in the Maritime Provinces. Hitherto, with no railway to Canada, they had seemed very remote. Communications were either by a tedious overland journey occupying many days or, when the season permitted, by a long sea journey, or by way of the United States. Now delegates from Canada asked to be heard at the meeting which was to assemble at Charlottetown on September 1. Eight leading Canadians, including Macdonald, Cartier, and Brown, took steamer at Quebec to make the long journey by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It occupied some days, and they had leisure to talk over their plans. In the little capital of Prince Edward Island they met in free intercourse men whose names were soon to be conspicuous in the history of Canada, among them, Dr. Tupper, who had defeated Howe, and become the vigorous and aggressive Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and Leonard Tilley, the Liberal Prime Minister of New Brunswick. The meetings were private, and we know little of the discussions, but the members agreed to adjourn and to meet again at Quebec in October, to go seriously into the whole problem of union.

It was fitting that the conference should meet at Quebec, and there face a problem big with destiny, not only for Canada but also for Australia, South Africa and, indeed, for the whole British Empire. In the grey old capital much had happened, but nothing more vital than this assembly of men come together to frame a great union. No one was there from that wide-spreading west which to-day plays so great a part in Canada. Newfoundland, guarding the entrance to the St. Lawrence, was represented. It, and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Canada East, and Canada West, each had a single vote in the divisions, though each might have as many as seven delegates to share in the debates. The delegates met on October 10 and, after seventeen days, separated on

October 27. The sessions were private and, certain that no incomplete reports of their words would go forth, the delegates spoke their minds freely. The debates were so keen, that at times agreement seemed impossible. In the end, however, seventy-two resolutions, an average of more than four a day, were passed, embodying the terms of what was to become the constitution of Canada. The members agreed to accept the resolutions as in the nature of a treaty among themselves and that in each province the terms must be accepted or rejected as a whole. Since no one province was to be free to vary them, the agreement prevented attempts at renewed bargaining.

The mountains about Quebec wore still the glory of their autumn tints when the members separated, some of them to go to troubled scenes. Clearly Canada would be for union; a larger state is usually ready to unite with a smaller, for it knows that its influence will be dominant: Scotland long resisted the union with England, for which England was always willing. It was the smaller provinces which disliked the results of the Quebec Conference and the two smallest, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, quickly decided to hold aloof. While Newfoundland still does so, in 1873 Prince Edward Island, in great financial need, changed its mind.

Even in the Canadian Parliament which met at Quebec in February, 1865, the proposals were long discussed and ably opposed. From the first, however, it was certain that Brown, allied with his old enemy, Macdonald, could win Canada West and that Cartier could rely upon Canada East. So clear was the mind of both divisions that no need was felt in Canada to submit the question to a vote of the people. Elsewhere, however, it was different. When Tilley faced the electors in March, 1865, it was the first time that relations with Canada had played any serious part in the affairs of New Brunswick, and his opponents described him as a dreadful ogre, destroying his country.

Not a horse, nor a cow, nor a sheep, nor even a chicken would, it was said, escape the Canadian tax-gatherer. Union with Canada would mean racial strife and probably bloodshed, and the loss by New Brunswick of all control over her own affairs. One politician described his innocent, lisping son as asking him: "Father, what country do we live in?" and the answer was: "My dear son, you have no country, for Mr. Tilley has sold us to the Canadians." As a result Tilley was overwhelmed in the election and driven from office. It was not long, however, before New Brunswick, better informed, changed its mind. In a second election, held in 1866 it gave an emphatic verdict for federation.

In 1864 Dr. Tupper was Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and it was he who at Quebec stated Nova Scotia's views. For the time Joseph Howe, the Liberal leader, was out of the way; and he found it bitter, indeed, that he, who had dreamed of a great union, should not now have helped to shape it. He would not, he said, play second fiddle to that fellow Tupper; and in his resentment the great man fell. At war with his past self, he led in a furious campaign against carrying out the Quebec plan, "the Botheration Scheme," as he called it. The real union to aim at, he said, was a union of the whole British Empire, with Nova Scotia represented in a great central parliament. He preferred London to Ottawa, John Bull in England to Jack Frost in Canada. If Nova Scotia joined Canada, Halifax would lose its trade, and Nova Scotia would become a mere pawn in the game of a scheming, inferior people, the Canadians, who had already shed much blood in racial strife. The Canadian manufacturers would force Nova Scotia to adopt a high tariff for their benefit. Canada, he said, was offering a degrading bribe. To help the finances of the provinces it had been agreed at Quebec that eighty cents per head of the population should be paid to each province annually by the central government. "We are sold for eighty cents each, the price of a sheep-skin," cried

Howe, and the cry was effective. When the day came, too late though it was, Nova Scotia piled up a huge majority against joining Canada.

3. THE TERMS OF UNION

Events quickly showed, however, that the colonies must unite in the interests of their own security. While the Quebec Conference was in session, the civil war in the United States reached a decisive point. To strike at the heart of the South, General Sherman led an army from Atlanta in a long march across Georgia of three hundred miles to the sea, and made a strip of blackened desolation fifty miles wide. The ruin so weakened the South that its cause was hopeless, and in April, 1865, it gave up the fight. The American Union was saved, and Canada had on its frontier a nation flushed with victory and possessing a great trained army. In the United States there was widespread anger with Great Britain and a readiness to strike her through Canada.

Canada had prospered under the Reciprocity Treaty made by Lord Elgin, and now the United States ended this agreement. There was a more sinister cause of uneasiness. Plots were on foot in the United States for an armed invasion of Canada. This in 1838 the Hunters' Lodges had tried, with disaster to themselves; but now the danger seemed formidable. The Fenian Society was active in England, but its greatest plan was to occupy Canada with the aid of soldiers who had served in the civil war. New Brunswick was menaced with invasion from Vermont, and in 1866, when armed bands gathered at or near Buffalo on the Niagara frontier, and a certain "General" O'Neill led an army of eight hundred men into Canada and seized the village of Fort Erie, there was wide alarm. Canadian militia were called out, and, in the end, with less difficulty than had been feared, the invaders were defeated at Ridgeway. But there was bloodshed, and the stark forms

of dead men were a call to the British colonies to put their house in order. The fact that American territory was made the bases of armed invasion seemed to indicate secret support on the part of the government of the United States. Though this was not the case, Fenianism undoubtedly hurried to completion the great plan for uniting the British provinces of North America.

Thus it happened that, in 1866, more than two years after the Quebec Conference, sixteen men from British North America gathered in London to shape the Act of Parliament known as the British North America Act, which, it was agreed, should form the new constitution. Macdonald, Cartier, and Galt were there from Canada; but not Brown, for his discomfort in acting with Macdonald had ended in his resignation. Tupper was there from Nova Scotia, unafraid of the clamour raised by Howe, and backed by the support of a majority in the legislature of Nova Scotia, though the people had not yet voted on the issue. Tilley was there, fresh from an election and a victory for federation. Macdonald was made chairman. He had not been a pioneer of federation, and was, in truth, a late convert, but his amazing skill in managing men proved of rare value. Though the Quebec Resolutions had bound all the members by a general agreement, there was still room for dispute and an official present records his admiration of Macdonald's cool alertness. Opponents watched one another "as eager dogs watch a rat-hole," but the steersman saw and avoided the rocks, and the British North America Act took form.

Earlier constitutions of Canada had been framed by British statesmen, but this one the Canadians framed for themselves. The name Canada for the federation was agreed upon, and both Canadian provinces abandoned the use of this name, the one to become Ontario, the other Quebec. The delegates desired to call their creation "The Kingdom of Canada," which should some day rank with the United Kingdom; but this a nervous British

Foreign Secretary would not have, for the fantastic reason that the setting up of a kingdom in North America might offend the American republic. Probably his deeper reason was that the use of the title of Kingdom was too marked a suggestion of the claim to equality with Great Britain, to be made in due course by Canada. The title "Dominion" was selected, how we scarcely know, but probably because the word had been used in earlier times for the colony of Virginia.

Each division was to be called a Province, and there were at first only four—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. A cardinal feature of federalism is that it involves the division of the authority of the state. The federal parliament at Ottawa was to control tariffs, the post-office, the military forces, the criminal law, the appointment of judges, and all the wider interests of national life; the provincial legislatures were to control education, the government of cities, towns, and villages, and all local affairs.

In the federal parliament were to be two Chambers. The seventy-two members of the Senate were to be appointed by the government, one-third from the Maritime Provinces, one-third from Quebec, one-third from Ontario. In the elected House of Commons Quebec was always to have sixty-five members, and the other provinces members in proportion to this number according to their population. Brown's old claim was thus adopted, but the French now accepted it because they had their own peculiar affairs within their control in the Province of Quebec. The legislatures of the provinces were to have only the special powers assigned to them; the central government was to have all the rest. In the United States the Union had nearly broken down because the States claimed to be sovereign powers, but Canada now barred the door to any such claim. The federal government was to name the Lieutenant-Governors and to have power to disallow the Acts of the provincial legislatures.

The British North America Act passed the British Parliament without difficulty. The wonder, indeed, to the Canadians, was that Britain seemed unaware of the importance of what they had achieved, but this is easily explained. Every one now realized that Canada was shaping her own system; her problems no longer affected British parties, and the British government had no control in Canadian affairs. The indifference was thus a mark of the political advance of Canada. At the time in the official world in London many believed that a vast federation, containing more than three million people, must soon take its independent place among the nations. Galt wrote that he found British policy dominated by "a servile fear of the United States" and dread lest Canada should embroil the two countries. "They want to get rid of us," he said.

By an odd chance the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa had just been completed, and there, on July, 1867, the Dominion of Canada came into being. Macdonald had a fair claim to be the first Prime Minister, and Canada began its new rôle as a federal state under his lead. Brown held aloof, now in embittered opposition. When an election followed the creation of the new union, Macdonald, as chief of the Conservative party, secured a substantial majority. Under his lead Canada soon stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Though Howe carried Nova Scotia in this election, and, with the one exception of Tupper, every member from Nova Scotia sent to Ottawa was for the repeal of the union, even Howe soon saw the futility of further opposition. He entered the federal Cabinet, sat there with his rival Tupper, and died in 1873, just after he had returned to Halifax as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. His last days were embittered by the resentment of those who had fought under his lead against federation, and who charged him with a great betrayal.

4. THE DEFEAT OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

After 1867 the most important thing had been to achieve union with the farther west to the Pacific and this is described in the section on the West. By 1867 each of the scattered and feeble colonies had self-government and they soon used their liberty to unite in a great federation. It was, however, one thing to have the form of a great state, but another to mature a strong and self-reliant national spirit. The word "colony" carried with it the sense of dependence; a colony was a possession of the mother-country. Great Britain had taken this view, and she still holds herself responsible for the defence of every part of these possessions. Federated Canada was far from taking care of herself, and exposed points were still defended by British regiments. Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimalt on the Pacific were naval stations for Britain's fleets, which patrolled all the seas. Though both coasts were, in the end, linked by a political tie, it was long before there was any sense of common national life. To create this was to be one of the chief tasks of the union just brought into being.

The first task was to unite the provinces by the iron bands of the railway. One of the promises made to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was that an Intercolonial Railway should be built connecting Halifax and Quebec. The line was begun in 1868 and it had to pass for five hundred miles through a thinly-settled and difficult country. There was unexpected delay, but in 1876 the railway was completed, and then, for the first time, trains could run from Montreal to St. John and Halifax.

Stiff and costly as was this task, it seems light compared with the other one which Canada assumed when she extended her frontiers to the Pacific. By the terms of union with British Columbia in 1871 a railway connecting the Atlantic and Pacific was to be built within ten years, but those who promised this had little sense of the difficulties

involved. Between Ottawa and Winnipeg there was for some six hundred miles, a wilderness, with forests, rushing rivers, endless swamps, and vast stretches of rocky desolation. From Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains there were a thousand miles of prairie, unpeopled except by a few scattered farmers and trappers, and by nomad Indians, often suspicious and bloodthirsty. Then came the mountains, stretching in broken masses for five hundred miles between the prairie and the Pacific. Canada's promise to build a railway through these stupendous ranges was an act of high faith. No one then knew where a pass could be found through which the line might go. No one knew what such a line would cost, for estimates were only guesses, and, in the end, the railway cost more than some of the least hopeful had imagined.

Canada, however, built the Canadian Pacific Railway, and for years the building of it was the chief issue in her politics. Macdonald, master of the art of making friends, had held permanently in his support a good many Liberals who had joined him to bring about federation. Unlike Brown they had not drawn back when the object of their co-operation was achieved. As a party, however, the Liberals opposed him and in the *Globe* Brown thundered against the wiles of Macdonald and against the "insane" bargain with British Columbia, as a reckless bribe to that province to ensure its support at Ottawa. The Liberals magnified the difficulties of building a railway across a "sea of mountains," the epithet hurled at British Columbia, which British Columbia did not like. The pride of the province was wounded by the sneers and gibes directed against Macdonald, who, Brown said, was paying a vast price for a land of little worth.

When, in 1872, came the second election in Canada since the federal union, Macdonald feared defeat. Cartier, his chief ally in Quebec, had quarrelled with some of the leaders in the Roman Catholic Church; he was defeated in the election, and in Ontario Macdonald's own defeat was

not unlikely. He was attacked for wild promises to spend public money which would ruin the country and also he had arrayed against him fierce religious passions. If British Columbia had brought to Canada a railway problem, Manitoba had brought something more dangerous—a religious and racial problem. Riel, whose rebellions are described elsewhere, was denounced in Ontario as the murderer of the Ontario Orangeman, Scott, and the Legislature of Ontario offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of Riel.

In Quebec, on the other hand, it was held that Riel was the spokesman of real grievances. He was the head of the provisional government which, and not he alone, had rightly or wrongly sentenced Scott to death. Archbishop Taché had urged amnesty to Riel and his associates, and feeling ran high in Quebec in protest against the agitation in Ontario. The wise thing was to get Riel out of the way and he found a safe haven in the United States. There would have been uproar in Quebec had he been tried for murder and executed.

With this racial strife acute in 1872, Macdonald well knew that he was fighting for his political life. "I never," he wrote, "worked so hard before and never shall do so again." He had recently gone to Washington as a member of a British Commission to settle outstanding disputes. Loss of life, loss of property, and heavy expense had been caused by the Fenian raids, but when Canada asked for payment by the United States, from whose territory the raids had been made, that government refused to consider the claims. Rather than bar the settlement of more serious matters, Macdonald had waived Canada's demand, and now he was attacked for sacrificing her interests. But he won the election, and in 1873 he met the new Parliament with confidence.

He was soon undeceived. On April 2 Mr. Huntington, a Quebec member, rose in his place in the House of Commons and charged Macdonald with having corruptly

taken large sums of money for election expenses from Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal. In return for this money, Allan and his friends, it was charged, were to receive the profitable contract for the construction of the railway to the Pacific. The charge was heard in dead silence by an astounded House. That he had received large sums from Allan Macdonald could not deny, but he denied any corrupt intent. It was usual, he said, for people of means to contribute to the funds of their political party. The country was, however, shocked, and this "Pacific Scandal" caused great excitement. Many of Macdonald's friends turned against him, and he was particularly incensed when Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, who sat for Winnipeg, condemned his course. The Government resigned, and, when an election followed early in 1874, Macdonald came back with only forty-five followers in a House numbering two hundred and six.

Such was the verdict of the Canadian people on a ministry accused of corruption. Charges against ministers were a new factor in Canadian politics. In earlier times the issues had related to political rights; now they related chiefly to the expenditure of public money, and, ever since, accusations of corruption have played a menacing part in Canadian affairs. In an age of great public works it was inevitable that a government should expend large sums and it proved equally inevitable that in its contracts it should favour its friends. What was known as the "Patronage System" was not new, but now it took on a new importance. Only members of the party in power were appointed to office; orders for supplies went only to dealers supporting the government; persons securing contracts were obliged to aid the party by contributing to its funds. There was no secret about this Patronage System; both parties adhered to it; but it led to gross evils. The Government of Canada had an empire in its gift, vast ranges of timber, mineral rights, millions of acres of public lands, and, for many long years after the federal

union, traffic in these things made a dark blot on the pages of Canadian history.

A Liberal ministry now came into power, led by Alexander Mackenzie. He was a plain, austere man, who, by self-education, had advanced from the tasks of a stonemason to those of Prime Minister of Canada. Mackenzie had a clear intellect, but it was not fired by the rosy, the too rosy, imagination of Macdonald. Mackenzie did not see a peopled west linked with the East and bringing greatness and wealth to Canada. He thought instead that Canada had undertaken a task beyond her powers and that it was impossible to build the railway to the Pacific within the allotted ten years. He had a nervous dread lest any one should rob Canada and, though the temper is admirable, this was in itself not enough. A great political feat had been performed of linking the Pacific coast with the Atlantic coast; careful thrift and economy were not the only gifts now required; bold enterprise was needed. While the expectant west was looking for a new door to be opened to its hopes, the Liberals said that it must learn to wait; the railway could be built only slowly. Angry protests came from British Columbia, and charges were made of broken faith, with threats to secede from the union, and even to join the United States. In 1872 the Governor-General was the Earl of Dufferin, a tactful, urbane man. He went to British Columbia by way of the United States, but even his charm did not wholly soothe the angry west.

5. THE TRIUMPH OF MACDONALD

This discontent found vent in the election of 1878, when Macdonald, whose resource never failed, evolved for his party what he called the "National Policy." It was simply a policy of protection. Canada's long period of depression in business was due, Macdonald urged, to the pouring into the country of products and manufactures, chiefly from the United States. Though Canada, he said,

had long desired to break down the barriers to trade, the United States had raised them ever higher and now Canada should raise her own barriers and provide for her own needs. To the objection that the barriers would be raised against Britain, too, Macdonald replied that if Britain would give to Canadian products a preference in her markets, Canada could meet this advance by lowering her tariff on British manufactures as against those of other countries with higher tariffs against Canada. He pictured a great industrial revival in Canada, an increase of millions in population, an abounding revenue, and adequate means to build the railway to the Pacific. Mackenzie's staid and sober answer was that what Canada needed was not a high tariff but thrift and patience.

The National Policy gained the election of 1878 and, when Macdonald came back with a great majority, the country was committed to a protective tariff and to the carrying out of the bargain with British Columbia. Macdonald redeemed both pledges; in 1879 he raised the tariff. Behind its defences manufacturers were invited to make in Canada the farm implements, the fabrics of wool and cotton and silk, the clothing and carpets, used by her comfortable people. Even the farm products of the United States had now to pay a duty. A great industrial system is not, however, to be created in a day, and it was many a long year, and only after discouraging failures, that an extensive range of manufactures was possible in Canada; but the policy created by Macdonald has never been reversed.

The pledges to the west were redeemed with vigour and completeness. Mackenzie's government had adopted the policy of pushing the railway across the continent gradually, as the settlers came in and should need it. "A timid and faithless policy," said Macdonald; "build the railway from ocean to ocean, and it will quickly create the traffic to justify its existence." This was done and the creation of the line is a romance. The Government abandoned it

as a national enterprise, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was formed. It received twenty-five million dollars and as many acres of land, but, since the line was through a land almost unpeopled, its prospects were at times dark.

In charge of the financial side was a Canadian Scot, George Stephen, a Montreal merchant, whose success was crowned with a peerage as Lord Mountstephen, and his chief, though less active, ally was Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, a shrewd trader, long in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The manager was an American of Dutch origin, William C. Van Horne, who had amazing energy and resource. He threw into the west thousands of labourers, some of them from remote China. Sometimes as much as two and a half miles of railway were laid in a single day. Surveyors found across the mountains a route which to-day startles the traveller as he sees it winding at dizzy heights along the edges of precipices. On a November day in 1885 east and west were linked together by steel when at Craigellachie in British Columbia, Smith, in the presence of a motley crowd, drove the last iron spike. Within six months after this, through trains were running from Vancouver to Montreal, and now the Canadian Pacific Railway not only connects by land the two oceans, but has great fleets on both.

The new life stirring in the prairie country attracted lawless spirits. The many native tribes, still hunters and trappers, were an easy mark for dissolute traders who sold them whiskey for their furs. Canada faced the problem of lawlessness by creating in 1873 a mobile force now known as the Royal North-West Mounted Police. It patrolled the western frontier, and in time its posts extended even to the Arctic Ocean. The Police hunted down criminals with persistence, and in the end saved Canada from the lawless conditions found in many frontier settlements of the United States.

In 1885 Canada had another grave problem in the armed rebellion of the Métis on the Saskatchewan, described in the section on the Canadian West. Ever since 1885 the West has played perhaps the leading part in Canadian interests. It is linked with great questions of public lands, of the building of railways, of the creation of new provinces; and also, unhappily, of racial and religious strife. It was French explorers who first reached the far west, and French priests who first taught the natives: and the French in Quebec looked upon the west as a field for their expansion. The result was that the execution in 1885 of the rebel leader, Louis Riel, stirred deep passions in Eastern Canada. Liberals and Conservatives in Quebec united to protest against what they thought an outrage on a member of their race. The jury, they said, had recommended mercy; his offence was political, not criminal; and in any case, he was insane. On the other hand, the angry Orange element in Ontario demanded rigour against one whom they called the murderer of Scott. (See page 284.) In Montreal a meeting attended by eight thousand people and addressed by Wilfrid Laurier protested against the execution; and Edward Blake, who succeeded Mackenzie as the Liberal leader in Canada, declared that the Government had sent to the scaffold a man so clearly insane as not to be responsible for his actions. Though the agitation shook the hold of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec, in an election, early in 1887, Macdonald retained power, but with a decreased majority.

When, in 1887, Blake retired, the Liberal party was led by a man destined to play a part in Canada second only to that of Macdonald. A striking characteristic of Wilfrid Laurier was his courtly manners. While politics in Canada had lacked distinction and grace, Laurier, as one Governor-General said, was always a great gentleman, who bore himself with stately dignity, and whose sternest denunciations were on a high level of refinement. Men were, indeed, tempted to think this well-read, reserved

man a dreamy scholar, and were slow to believe that he could lead and control his party. Its members from Ontario needed courage to choose a French Canadian and Roman Catholic, at a time when racial and religious feeling was acute over the Riel question. In earlier days a French leader like Cartier had had to share authority with an English-speaking colleague; but national unity in Canada had grown, and now, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Liberals followed Laurier and in the end carried him into power.

Canada's progress had been disappointing. Twenty years after the taking over of the west it remained still the Great Lone Land and in the east progress was slow. Three of every four immigrants arriving in Canada moved on to the United States, and ambitious Canadians sought wider fields in that country, until, for every three Canadians in Canada, there was one in the United States. When, in 1890, the United States increased its tariff, more than ever was Canada shut out from the markets of her great neighbour, and manufacturers, limited to the narrow home market, could produce on only a small scale.

The result of this stagnation was that the Liberal party, which had long opposed Protection, began to advocate, not only reciprocity in trade with the United States, but commercial union with that country. There were to be no tariff barriers, so that Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg should trade as freely with New York as Chicago and San Francisco. While the Liberals denied that this would involve the breaking away of Canada from the British Empire, it was certain that complete free trade with the United States would involve the high tariff of that country against other countries, including Britain, and that it would injure British trade with Canada. So despairing had many become by stagnation in Canada that they were ready even for political union with the United States and for the moment forgot that, in the past, the Canadian people had been steadfast in fighting this danger of absorption.

The election of 1891 was contested on this issue and in Macdonald the Conservative party had a leader so devoted to British connection that in 1849 he had held aloof from his fellow Conservatives when they advocated annexation to the United States. He was growing old; he felt that this was his last election; and now his cry: "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die," had a telling effect. Not only Conservatives rejected what was involved in unrestricted reciprocity; the former Liberal leader, Edward Blake, would not support it; and the Liberals were defeated. Macdonald had, however, won his last victory, for, worn out by the struggle, he died in June, 1891. His death left a great gap. During his long life he had been marked by the scars of the conflict; he had used men as his tools; and too often he had appealed to sordid motives. Corruption had come to mark Canadian public life as it has never marked that of Australia. Macdonald was, however, a great patriot. He had imagination and courage, and he, more than any other leader, had helped to weld into a united state the varied elements in the life of Canada. To-day his faults, some of which, with the frankness of a great character, he freely acknowledged, are well-nigh forgotten, and he is remembered as a skilful leader of men who, with little thought of personal gain, threw his energies into building up a great British state to include half a continent.

READ A STORY

The Book of Ultima Thule, *Sagas of the Sea*, *Old Province Tales*, and *There Go the Ships* are by Archibald MacMechan (McClelland, Toronto). He has caught the heroism and romance of the Maritimes, on land or sea.

The Romance of Canadian History. Edited by Pelham Edgar. Macmillan, Toronto. A continuous story of early Canadian history for boys and girls, selected from histories of Francis Parkman.

Stories of the Land of Evangeline. By Grace McLeod Rogers. McClelland, Toronto. Romantic stories, both legend and history, from old Acadia.

The Building of the C.P.R., by H. A. Kennedy, should be followed by *Lord Strathrona*, by H. A. Kennedy, and *Sir Sandford Fleming*, by Lawrence J. Burpee. Both are Ryerson Readers.

Ocean to Ocean. By George Monro Grant. This book describes the expedition of Sir Sandford Fleming to find a route to the Pacific. Principal Grant was a member of the party.

III

THE WEST: OLDEST BRITISH CANADA

By Chester Martin

LORD SELKIRK NAMING THE PARISH OF KILDONAN, 1817

"The parish shall be Kildonan; here you shall build your church, and that lot is for a school."

A. THE WINNING OF THE WEST

1. THE KEY TO THE STORY

We are apt to think of Western Canada as the newest part of British North America. It is, in fact, the oldest continuously British area on the continent. It was in 1613, only five years after Champlain founded Quebec, that Captain Button under a royal charter passed the winter at the mouth of the Nelson and left there an inscription claiming that country for King James of England. Half a century later the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was granted in 1670. Until 1870, when the West joined the Dominion of Canada, the flag of the Old Company—H.B.C. in white on a red field with the British jack in the corner—was the emblem of the British Empire from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. For many years it floated over more than a quarter of the whole continent. Western Canada has thus been strictly Canadian for less than a fifth of its history.

There have been four or five great conflicts in the West. In the early days men fought for the fur-trade, that mysterious source of wealth and adventure which lured Frenchman and Briton alike into the North-West. Later on two insurrections marked the winning and settlement of the West as a part of the Dominion of Canada. Much of this is not pleasant to reflect upon, but whatever the early record may show of greed and cruelty, no braver story is to be found than the old fur-trader's grim tradition of "courage in adversity" in the "up-country."

The key to this story is geography. Upon the western prairies hundreds of thousands of buffalo supported the largest Indian population on the continent. More than seventy-five thousand Indians were known to Canadian traders in 1805. Next year the North-West Company took nearly two hundred thousand beaver, muskrat, otter and other skins in their canoes to Montreal. Nowhere else in

the world was there such a network of lakes and rivers. It was said that a canoe could start from Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan River "and with no portage of more than a day's length could be launched on the Arctic Ocean, Hudson Bay, the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Gulf of Mexico; and without much greater interruption could be floated on the Pacific Ocean." With a map before us which the stout trader of that day had sometimes to make for himself as he went along, let us see how geography came to decide so many of the most exciting contests of western history.

Thousands of years ago the rich wheat fields of southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan formed the bottom of a vast sea of fresh water larger than all the Great Lakes put together. It is a curious fact that this area is now the land-centre of the continent, and Lake Winnipeg still acts as a reservoir for the waters of the Red, the Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan rivers before pouring them forth by way of the Nelson into Hudson Bay. There have been no fewer than four lines of access to this Red River district, and we shall find that the worst conflicts have taken place where these lines intersect.

The earliest and by far the shortest and easiest was by way of Hudson Bay. For two centuries the adventure of the Hudson Bay route was a familiar story—the ocean voyage to the Straits, the exciting days among the ice-floes and the Esquimos, the voyage across the Bay to York Factory or Churchill, and then the toilsome journey by York-boat to the winter posts on the Red or the Churchill or the Saskatchewan. Until 1774 the Indians saved the Hudson's Bay men this inland voyage by bringing their furs every year to the posts on Hudson Bay. We shall see presently why they ceased to do so. The Hudson's Bay lines of travel, it will be noticed, run chiefly south-west and north-east.

A second route was infinitely more toilsome and dangerous. We shall be following presently the fur-brigades

from Montreal up the Ottawa and the Mattawa, over the "height of land" to Lake Nipissing, down French River to Georgian Bay, past Sault Ste. Marie, along the north shore of Lake Superior to Fort William, across the "height of land" again to the Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg River watershed to Lake Winnipeg; and then either south by Red River to the Red River district or north by Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca. The ocean voyage from London to Montreal was scarcely shorter than to York Factory, and the distance by canoe from Montreal to the Athabasca was between three and four thousand miles, through no fewer than sixty large fresh-water lakes, past more than two hundred stretches of rapids where the trading-goods had to be carried, and over one hundred and thirty portages past which even the canoe had to be taken from the water. Yet the spirit of the *voyageurs*, as we shall see, was equal to this endless toil, and as the North-West canoes put off in June with a fine flourish of the paddles many a spirited lad of Montreal must have followed the boisterous *voyageurs* in imagination into the up-country. The general line of travel, in this case, ran north-west and south-east. Now it will be seen why the Indians ceased to carry their furs to the Bay about 1774 when the Canadian fur-traders appeared among them from the east, and why the Hudson's Bay men and the Nor'-Westers fought most bitterly where these lines of travel intersected at Red River and on the Saskatchewan.

The other two approaches to the Red River district came much later, and we shall merely note them here. About the middle of the nineteenth century the westward settlement of the United States became one of the most rapid in all history. More than two millions of people settled within ten years in the region bordering on the Great Lakes. From about 1840 there was constant contact between the Red River district and the outside world, by way of the upper Red River and the United

States, until annexation was thought to be inevitable. Even the first railway reached Red River from the south in 1879. It was this danger which led to the fourth line of access which we use to-day. The building of the great Canadian railways, as we shall see, was designed to bind the northern part of the continent into a British Dominion. In a sense this has been in defiance of nature; and indeed the story of Canada will be found to be not an easy and natural growth, but a stirring record of foresight and endurance, for all those things which Canadians of British and French origin and newcomers alike have come to value as a nation.

2. HUDSON BAY AND THE OLD COMPANY

The founding of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670 was not the beginning of British claims to the West. These had already been made good by nearly a century of grim exploration beginning with Frobisher and Davis and the tragedy of Henry Hudson. But the Charter of 1670 marked a new purpose in Hudson Bay. Hitherto the great prize had been a passage to the fabulous wealth of the Indies. Captain Button, who claimed the country for King James in 1613, had sailed under a royal charter to the Company of the Merchants of London Discoverers of the North-West Passage; and he bore letters from King James to the rulers of the East.

Here, then, was the steadfast purpose of a hundred gallant explorers whose names are now forgotten, baffled, all of them, by the bleak shores of Hudson Bay. Since Spain and Portugal claimed a monopoly of the south seas, why should not British sailors, asked Sir Humphrey Gilbert, outdistance their rivals "through the shortness of the voyage" by the north-west passage, thus bringing the rich wares of the East to England, "far better cheap than the Spaniards or the Portuguese." The names of Hudson Bay and Strait, of Frobisher Bay, of Davis Strait, of

Button Bay, of Fox Channel, of James Bay, of Baffin Island, were all added to the map of Canada three centuries ago by men who were thinking of the Spanish Armada as we think of the Great War.

By 1650, however, the shores of Hudson Bay had been charted until they disappeared into the ice-bound regions of the Arctic. What Radisson and Groseilliers did in 1668, therefore, as we have seen, was to reopen visions of wealth not from silks and spices and gems from the East, but from the priceless furs of the West. In truth, "the shortness of the voyage," as Sir Humphrey Gilbert had foretold, was yet to mean much for the Merchants of London Discoverers. York Factory was almost as near to London by sea as Boston or New York, and the Indians might be persuaded themselves to bring their furs to the Bay. Old Captain Button had builded better than he knew. He little thought that every year furs worth a king's ransom would soon be passing the hut at the mouth of the Nelson where he spent the desperate winter of 1613. The Company of Adventurers, therefore, who stirred the interest of Prince Rupert and of Charles II to the granting of the Charter in 1670, were opening up a new and prodigious prospect for the West and for England. For the Company of Adventurers, too, the Charter was historic in another sense, for with the exception perhaps of the East India Company no proprietors in British history had ever won a Charter which proved in the end such a source of wealth to the grantees.

The granting of such vast "plantations" to companies or proprietors was not, however, a new thing in those days, nor did it cease with 1670. A few years later the whole of Pennsylvania, many times the size of England and Wales together, was granted by a charter of James II, brother of Charles II, to William Penn, the Quaker, and his heirs forever. But the grant of Rupert's Land to the Hudson's Bay Company proved unique among the colonies which remained British after the American Revolution,

for it included not only rights of government and property, lands, mines and fisheries, but a monopoly of the fabulous fur-trade. Thus for two centuries the Company remained the most singular combination of trade, settlement and government to be found in the British Empire.

The story of the early days of the Company reads like a tale from the Arabian nights; but Sinbad the Sailor never thought to find such a treasure in the northern wilderness, and Ali Baba himself never found a magic pass-word like the famous Charter with its legal phrases so precise as to survive the action of the courts for two hundred years. With Radisson to teach them the arts of the *coureurs de bois* in getting the precious furs from the Indians, and with British sailors to bring them home to England, the shareholders of the Company for a few years reaped almost fabulous dividends. The first three governors of the Company were Prince Rupert, cousin of Charles II, James his brother, afterwards James II, and the Duke of Marlborough. Many a "court for the said Company," as prescribed by the Charter, must have been held at court indeed. The precious furs were sold at auction after much feasting and drinking. Meanwhile the ships to the Bay sailed under secret orders signed and delivered by "loving friends" among the great courtiers in London. A kettle or a half-pound of beads or a score of fish-hooks bought a beaver skin. Four beaver skins could be bought for a pistol and a dozen for a gun. Small wonder that the ships of 1672 took out "200 pieces" to the Bay, for every fowling piece for the Indians, you may be sure, meant more beavers for the Company. The stock was soon trebled from the profits of the trade and there was a dividend of fifty per cent.

This was not always the story, however, for the twenty-five years from 1685 were years of war with the French traders and finally with France itself. The wars of William III and Queen Anne soon played havoc with dividends. In woodcraft, too, and in the art of managing

the Indians, the British trader, as we shall see, was no match for the hardy and adventurous *coureur de bois* of New France. The rights alike of Great Britain and of the Old Company on Hudson Bay never came so near to disaster as in 1697 when the daring le Moyne brothers—Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville in command—and French diplomatists between them very nearly supplanted altogether the flag of the Old Company on Hudson Bay by the *fleur de lis* of France.

3. RIVALS FROM NEW FRANCE

Radisson and Groseilliers had a way with the Indians which the staid English traders were at a loss to understand. The French authorities soon saw their mistake in clipping the wings of two of the most adventurous spirits of New France.

One summer, before the Charter was many years old, Father Albanel, a Jesuit emissary from Quebec, appeared unexpectedly on the shores of Hudson Bay with letters for the two errant Frenchmen. That autumn both of them left the Company and Radisson took service in the French navy. A few years later both were to be found again in New France, deep in counsel with Joliet, La Salle and other kindred spirits in the exciting game of outwitting the English and adding new lands to the domain of King Louis. Stout Frontenac, you may be sure, was sympathetic, but he could not permit an open expedition against the Bay, for Louis XIV and his cousin, Charles II of England, were now at peace, and Rupert's Land was an English "plantation." But this did not prevent the adventurers of New France from organizing the Company of the North to cope with the "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay" for the trade which Radisson and Groseilliers now knew so well.

Before the Hudson's Bay ships arrived in 1682, Radisson and Groseilliers, with about forty men, had taken

up their position at the junction of the Nelson and Hayes rivers at Hudson Bay. Here it was that Captain Button had claimed the country for King James in 1613, and it proved to be the most important strategic point on the Bay for two hundred years, since by this route came the Indians with their furs from the great central watershed of Lake Winnipeg. But the two Frenchmen soon discovered that they were not the only poachers upon the monopoly of the Old Company. In the *Nelson* was Ben Gillam of Boston, son of old Captain Gillam of the *Nonsuch;* and, to complete the comedy, Captain Gillam himself soon appeared in the Hudson's Bay ship, *Prince Rupert*, with the new superintendent, Bridgar, on board. What followed would be indeed a comedy if we were to believe all the gay stories about Radisson, for no fantastic tale in the journal of that wily adventurer can match his escapade of outwitting the New Englander and the Englishman in 1682. Persuading old Bridgar that young Gillam with his crew of New Englanders up the Nelson was a Frenchman with a French ship, he led his rival to leave the *Prince Rupert* in the open roadway of the river, where it was ground to pieces by ice and storm. Captain Gillam and many of his men perished in the wreck. It was an easier matter now to deal with old Bridgar and young Ben Gillam. In the end both were made prisoners, and when the Indians came down in the spring the shrewd Frenchmen got their precious furs like fish in a net. Not even the *Nonsuch*, with its historic cargo of 1669, had taken such a treasure out of the Bay.

But again the tables were turned, for old Frontenac had been recalled and his successor in New France had to keep the peace. Ben Gillam got back his ship and old Bridgar, too, got his freedom. The furs were seized by greedy officials, and Radisson and Groseilliers returned to France only to find that their great patron, Colbert, whose name had lured them from the Hudson's Bay Company, was now dead. The Old Company was still master of the

situation. Groseilliers retired to Canada and his son carried on the fight for the Company of the North, but Radisson in 1684 changed his allegiance for the third time and spent the rest of his days in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. They were careful, however, to keep him safely occupied. He lived until 1710, home-sick at times, we may be sure, for the camp-fire and the paddle.

Two other names whose importance we must note here stand higher than the somewhat shifty reputation of Radisson. Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville and La Vérendrye have already appeared (pages 51 and 58) in the story of New France, but their greatest exploits belong to the West.

The deeds of the le Moynes—father and sons, almost every one of whom won death or fame in the wars of their country—are perhaps the most spirited record of sheer daring and courage in the story of New France. Raids and counter-raids on the Bay had now reached the point of open warfare when the elder le Moyne, and two of his sons—Pierre, known as Iberville, and Charles—conceived the daring plan of an overland raid from Montreal. With a party of about one hundred men they tramped up the Ottawa on snowshoes, passed Lake Temiskaming and crossed the height of land. When the ice began to move in the northern rivers they made birch-bark canoes for the swift raid to the Bay. The howling wolves about their camp-fire and the unknown perils of the rapids had few terrors for the *coureurs de bois* of New France. They fell upon Moose Factory like a bolt of summer lightning. At Rupert, Iberville in a night attack caught old Bridgar asleep on board his ship in the bay. The fort was attacked the next morning. Albany, too, fell in August, and the expedition straggled back to the St. Lawrence with their plunder of furs.

Raids into Hudson Bay now followed each other both by land and sea. When war was formally declared by William III, victory was more evenly divided. Wherever Iberville appeared, however, the stroke was swift and sure;

and by a shrewd stroke of French diplomacy, also, the English hold upon the Bay very nearly came to an end.

Just before the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, Iberville had been sent off secretly with five ships, the strongest expedition he had ever led into the Bay. His great fight in the *Pelican*, against no fewer than three of the Company's ships at the mouth of the Nelson, was perhaps the most stirring exploit of his life. One of them he sank by aiming broadside after broadside at the water-line. A second was taken after a hand-to-hand struggle upon the blood-stained decks, the third escaped to Port Nelson. The *Pelican*, too, shattered by the fight, was lost in the rising storm, but Iberville's other ships came to the rescue. The French diplomatists were even more successful than Iberville, for by the Treaty of Ryswick Albany alone remained to the Company.

The Peace of Ryswick, however, was not the end of the conflict. The winning of the West was yet to be decided by force of arms. When the struggle was renewed, the wrongs of the Company were duly recited in the declaration of war. British rights in Hudson Bay were never again to be left in jeopardy from New France. But, incredible as it may seem, the Old Company was to be restored to undisputed control not by captains and ships on the bleak shores of Hudson Bay, but by its own Governor on the distant plains of Flanders, for it was there that the Duke of Marlborough, once Governor of the Company, won the victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet which led to the final Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Here at last the claims of New France to Hudson Bay were forever set at rest. The Company boldly claimed the whole watershed of Hudson Bay; and though the Commissioners appointed to fix the boundaries never brought in their report, the Company always held that the British claims prevailed since even New France itself became British in 1763. Until that date the French, as we shall see, still

THE LA VÉRENDRYES IN SIGHT OF "THE SHINING MOUNTAINS"

disputed the hinterlands, but henceforth the famous chartered rights of the Company were to be disputed only by British traders themselves.

The third exploit from New France has already been reviewed in detail in a former chapter. The story of La Vérendrye and his sons, like that of the le Moynes, is one of the heroic chapters of New France. Curiously enough, La Vérendrye and a Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company had already met in arms, for at Marlborough's great victory of Malplaquet La Vérendrye was left for dead on the field. But his discoveries in the West might have avenged the wound had New France remained French. Though the Bay was British, it was La Vérendrye's hope to find rivers in the vast hinterlands flowing into the western ocean. Meanwhile the furs could

be intercepted on the way to the Hudson's Bay posts. "The shortness of the voyage" from Hudson Bay to London would avail them little if the hardy French *coureurs de bois* could reach the Indians before the Indians reached the Bay.

La Vérendrye was not the first white man to see the prairies, for an English lad from Hudson Bay, as we shall see, preceded him by forty years; but he was the first to establish traders there, and theirs in 1734 were the feet of the first white men to tread the soil of Winnipeg. Remembering the importance of geography as the key to the winning of the West, one may trace even upon the map the genius of these shrewd Frenchmen for discovery and adventure. In Fort St. Pierre on Rainy Lake, Fort St. Charles on Lake of the Woods, Fort Maurepas near the mouth of the Winnipeg, Fort Rouge (Winnipeg) at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine, Fort La Reine (Portage la Prairie) on the Assiniboine, Fort Bourbon on the Saskatchewan, the La Vérendryes, father and sons, chose strategic points that commanded, for French and British alike, the southern waterways for a hundred years.

Other Frenchmen found their way up the Saskatchewan as far as Calgary. In their search for the sea, however, they found only seas of fresh water. Even these, they found to their dismay, emptied into Hudson Bay, and merely enlarged the bounds claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company. But the trade of the Old Company was less secure than its title. The front door was secure enough on Hudson Bay, but the back door was now open wide to the French wood-runners from Canada. The truth was that the Company was strangely ignorant of the vast empire claimed by their Charter.

The name of La Vérendrye will ever stand first in point of interest, if not in point of time, in the discovery of the prairies. In Mr. Jefferys' drawing (p. 235), you will find something of the grim courage of these brave French-

men, and their dismay, too, at the true meaning of their discoveries. Between them and the western sea rose the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains, while the mighty waters upon which they had floated for so many months flowed to the posts of their rivals on Hudson Bay. In truth the French "forts" were temporary and their very sites were soon in dispute. That of Fort St. Charles, the greatest of them, has but recently been discovered through the story of an aged Indian, who recalled the ancient tradition of his race. Buried within its mouldering stockade were found the remains of La Vérendrye's son and of Father Aulneau, slain, as you will remember, at Massacre Island by the murderous Sioux in 1733. Their bones were identified by the fractures noted by La Vérendrye in describing their hideous wounds in his journal nearly two hundred years ago.

4. THE RACE FOR THE FUR-TRADE

There was more shrewd sense in the easy-going methods of the Hudson's Bay Company than their critics gave them credit for. The beavers and foxes and wolves had to be taken in winter, when the fur was thick and "prime." In the summer why should not the Indians themselves take their furs to the Bay? The Company, too, could charter many of their ships from the London shipowners for the season's voyage to the Bay, just long enough to take the knives and axes and traps and guns and four-point blankets for the next season's trade, and to bring back the furs to London.

Had no rivals appeared in the up-country, this simple and economical system might have worked admirably. We are apt to forget that competition, which may be the life of other trades, had always proved ruinous to the fur-trade. It meant fire-water and depravity for the Indian, and the ruthless destruction of the fur-bearing animals. It usually meant depravity, too, for the white man, who

simply added the easy vices of the savage to his own. It was the deliberate opinion of the British government, as late as 1850, that for the Indians and the fur-trade itself monopoly was the only wise policy, and the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company was confirmed twice in fewer than twenty years (1821 and 1838). The most hardened trader admitted that "open" trade meant tragedy for the Indian and that a common dram-shop, as one of them wrote in 1808, was a paradise by comparison. For the fur-trade, though not, as we shall see, for settlement, there was wisdom, after all, in "the jog-trot mode" of the Old Company.

But their critics asked about the discovery and settlement of this vast domain. In defence, the Company once printed the story of Henry Kelsey, an English lad at Fort Nelson, whose original journal, recently found in Ireland, shows that he was the first white man to see the Indians "running" the countless herds of buffalo on the western prairies. The glory of first discovery thus goes not to the soldier or the trader, but to the adventurous spirit of a healthy boy.

The enemies of the Company afterwards claimed that Kelsey, who was "a very active lad delighting much in Indians' company, being never better pleased than when he is travelling amongst them," had merely run away from the strict discipline of the Hudson's Bay post. But how could any healthy boy see a friendly Indian chief with his braves about him disappearing every summer up the Hayes River into the forests without resolving some day to verify with his own eyes their stories of grizzly bears and buffaloes? The truth is that Kelsey undertook the journey, as he says, "for my master's interest," in order to induce the Indians to stop their savage wars, and to come together in mutual peace with their beaver skins to the Bay. After a year of adventure to his heart's desire—one of them with two grizzly bears, after which he was called the Little Giant by his Indian admirers—Kelsey

INDIANS HUNTING BUFFALOES ON THE PLAINS

sent a letter on birch-bark by a friendly Indian to his old officer at the fort.

This was in 1691, when the French Company of the North and Iberville threatened to cut off the eastern Indians altogether from James Bay. The governor was glad enough to equip young Kelsey to bring the western Crees and Assiniboines down to the Bay. Kelsey describes in his journal for the first time the great prairies, and the savage customs and warfare of the Indians of the plains.

When he came back this time, the story goes, he had an Indian wife, and the governor himself suspended the rules of the Company to allow her to live within the fort. Kelsey was rapidly promoted. He helped to defend Nelson against the dashing Iberville himself, and he lived for thirty years a trusted officer of the Company.

After the victorious Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the Company could afford to fall back again upon its old

"jog-trot mode" with the Indians. The years that followed were years of adventure and discovery by sea, spurred on, no doubt, by unfriendly critics in England. Many a grim struggle, like Captain Scott's in the Antarctic, ended in disaster except for the heritage of duty and sublime courage which they left to our history. In 1749 the Company published a list of nine ships within eighteen years to tempt the bleak mysteries of the north. Three of them never returned. The spirit of Captain Knight was no doubt typical of them all. He had taken his part bravely in the French wars, and at one time held the only post on the Bay that escaped the dashing Iberville. In 1719, when over seventy years of age, he was still young enough to attempt again the north-west passage in search of the fabulous mountain of copper which the Indians described in the northland. He never returned. Nearly fifty years later a whaling-ship found the wrecks of his two ships, the *Albany* and the *Discovery*, upon the bleak rocks of Marble Island. For many months, the Esquimos said, the survivors fought for life with the cold and the wolves. The second summer only two remained, crazed with hunger and solitude, scanning the horizon in vain, day after day, for a sail. Years afterwards, Hearne the explorer found their bones lying together after their gallant fight with death.

Even these fruitless tragedies failed to convince the critics of the Company. The navy, too, undertook the search until Captain Middleton (1741-1742) roundly declared that they could never discover what was not there. Nearly a dozen books remain about these ice-bound voyages of the eighteenth century. But the attention of the Company was soon drawn to another quarter, for the ominous decrease of furs coming down to the Bay soon brought home the peril to the Company's trade from La Vérendrye's posts in the up-country.

In 1754, five years after the death of La Vérendrye, a young Hudson's Bay officer, Anthony Hendry, left York

Factory to "winter" with the Indians and to bring their fur-laden canoes again to the Bay. On the Saskatchewan he found a French post built the previous year by La Corne. Here Englishman and Frenchman met for the first time on the prairies, the Frenchman no doubt somewhat chagrined, but inviting the Englishman to breakfast "in a very genteel manner." Farther west Hendry soon found "plenty of buffalo and the Indians hunting them on horseback." Sometimes vast herds moved in such numbers that the party could scarcely thread their way through them. Despite Hendry's delight with "the fineness of the weather, and the pleasant country," it is hard to think of deer and moose, wild-fowl and buffalo without number over the wheat fields of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Wintering near Calgary among the Blackfeet, Hendry built canoes in the spring for his long paddle to the Bay. A few of the Indians promised to come to York Factory and kept their word; but the Frenchman, as Hendry ruefully admitted, had "the advantage of us in every shape" and had "above one thousand of the richest skins." Next year the Seven Years' War began, and the French trade came to an end. The next peril to the trade from the up-country was more serious, for the back door was now open to the new British province of Quebec, and the adventurous British traders had even less respect than the French for the rights of the Charter. When another Hudson's Bay officer, Samuel Hearne, came up-country in 1774, this time to shut the back door of Rupert's Land by building Cumberland House, a permanent winter post upon the Saskatchewan, it was found to be too late. The door could not be shut. The Nor'-Westers from Canada, who now forced their way through the West, soon threatened, as we shall see, the very existence of the Company.

5. "THE NOR'-WESTERS"

In the life and death struggle which made New France British in 1763, the French fur-trade in the West came to an end. But in the wake of the British armies came the British traders, and much as Governor Murray disliked them he could not deny their superior energy and enterprise. The fur-trade became the greatest industry of the new province. When the American Revolution began, the boundaries of Quebec were extended to the Mississippi and the Hudson's Bay territories. The Montreal traders, with the greatest waterways system of the continent passing their doors, soon had a virtual monopoly of the eastern fur-trade.

For a time there was an attempt to supervise the trade through what the French had called the king's posts, in order to protect the Indian from fire-water and the wiles of unscrupulous traders. But the traders soon got their way. When the trade was thrown open it was not long before the Montreal traders were fighting each other and plundering the Indian from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains.

The story of the first British trader from the old colonies to reach the West is one of the classic tales of the fur-trade. Alexander Henry the elder—his nephew of the same name has left another journal which is almost as fascinating—followed General Amherst in 1760. Montreal had not been British for six months before Henry had learnt the lore of the up-country from an old French trader and had hired a French guide to take him there the next spring. The woodcraft of the *voyageurs* was a revelation to him, and particularly the frail craft which for seventy-five years did the work of the railway, the steamship, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the telegraph and the radio of to-day—the birch-bark canoe. How it was made Henry tells us with the enthusiasm of a boy with a new toy. The frame and ribs were made of cedar. Instead

of seats there were thwarts against which the *voyageurs* leaned back as they knelt for the deep strong stroke of the paddle. Over all was the stout waterproof bark of great birch trees, the seams sewn with *wattap*, the strong fibre of spruce-tree roots, and sealed with pitch from pine or spruce. When completed Henry's canoe measured thirty-two feet long and four and one-half feet wide; and his nephew tells us it could be built in three days, with no other tools but a good axe, a knife, an awl, some stout needles, a small saw and two or three pairs of skilful hands.

In each canoe went eight *voyageurs*, a bowsman, who acted as pilot and guide, a steersman, whose stout paddle and strong arm guided the canoe in a twinkling at the bowsman's signal, and six middlemen, who sent the little craft over the water at fifty strokes to the minute. The trading-goods and furs were baled up in "pieces" of ninety pounds for carrying at the portages. The *voyageurs* with their head-straps sometimes loaded almost incredible burdens upon their backs. One of them once carried seven "pieces"—630 pounds. Another made a portage of nine miles and back with two ninety-pound "pieces" each way in a single day. The shrewd Montreal traders soon had these sturdy, good-natured *voyageurs* working to the limit of their endurance, you may be sure, in competition with each other.

Henry had many a hair-breadth escape in the up-country. He was at Michilimackinac during the Pontiac troubles when the Indians, during a game of lacrosse, threw the ball over the stockade, seized the muskets concealed by their squaws and murdered the garrison. Henry's life was saved by his own ready wit and one or two friendly Indians. In truth, Henry soon found that many of his fellow-traders were worse than the Indians. The most convenient "pieces" for the trade were kegs of fire-water—rum and brandy—which could be diluted as the supply diminished. The Indians sank from one vice to another until the stabbing-affrays and the drunken

orgies of the Indian trade sickened the most hardened trader. Some of them were devout men, but business was business, and the *boisson* or drinking-match was soon a regular feature of the trade. Henry's nephew followed the accepted practice. No fewer than ten out of twenty-eight "pieces" for his trade on the upper Red River in 1800 were kegs of "high wine." Where there was competition, wrote Henry, the trader simply taught roguery to the Indian and destroyed both mind and body with rum. "Liquor is the root of all evil in the North-West." With the cold precision of an onlooker he describes the pitiful grief of two orphaned children "screaming in a terrible manner" as their frenzied mother dragged them away from the burial of their father, stabbed to death in a drunken brawl. Sometimes the very children joined the wild orgies of their parents. "They were all soon drunk," Henry notes casually in his journal, "men, women, and even some of the children." As the trader went inland vice and debauchery became less frequent. "Happy those," he adds, "who have the least connection with us." There was much to be said, after all, for a monopoly of the fur-trade and the staid, leisurely methods of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Following Henry went James Finley, the first Montreal trader to reach the Saskatchewan. Thomas Curry in 1772 intercepted the Indians on the way to the Bay with furs to pay their debts to the Hudson's Bay Company. Hitherto the honesty of the Hudson's Bay Indians had been proverbial. Henry himself tells the story of a trapper whose relatives after his death paddled hundreds of miles to the Bay with their whole season's furs to pay his debts to the Company. It was now clear that those days were over. When a Hudson's Bay officer came inland to see what had happened to the Indians, he found the Canadian "pedlars," as he called them, taking the best furs in the country. Two brothers, Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, Peter Pond, and many others, soon had winter

posts at important points from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The Indians could now buy not only knives and hatchets, but fire-water, without stirring from their own camps. For the Hudson's Bay Company this meant nothing less than a revolution in the fur-trade. In 1774 they sent Samuel Hearne, the explorer, who had just returned from his famous voyage down the Coppermine River to the Arctic Ocean, to build Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan.

The Canadian trader now set the pace and the Company was forced to follow. The first to suffer was the Indian, though the aggressive Canadian traders themselves also soon paid the penalty. They began to plunder not only the Indians but each other. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose famous name we shall see again presently, has left a dark picture of those days. Drinking, carousing and quarrelling along their route, the traders lost the respect of the Indians, and with that lost all moral control over them. By 1780 half a dozen traders had been killed in these affrays and so many of the Indians that the traders themselves found it necessary to travel in parties of thirty or forty canoes in self-defence. By 1782 the Indians were thoroughly aroused, and nothing but the outbreak of smallpox among them in that year saved the traders from the red man's vengeance. The Indians died by thousands, but for the fur-trade the plague was a blessing. The traders had a chance to reflect upon the folly of their ways. When the trade was resumed after the smallpox, they came to the conclusion that monopoly after all was the only safe rule for the fur-trade. But they looked to no royal charter for their monopoly. Their solution was more effective—a ruthless organization among themselves strong enough to drive out competition and control the trade. The result was the North-West Company, which became the most famous business enterprise in North America and in the end almost destroyed the Hudson's Bay Company.

6. THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY

Nothing but ruthless energy and hard, shrewd, business enterprise could enable the Montreal traders to contend against the natural advantages enjoyed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The first organization provided for all the chief traders in the up-country. The shares, sixteen at first, were afterwards increased to twenty, and finally forty-six. The management was given to the Frobisher brothers and Simon McTavish, long known as the "Marquis" of the Canadian fur-trade until his death in 1804. The various firms supplied the season's "outfit" and shared the profits in proportion. For a private trader to compete with this ruthless system was sheer suicide. Twice only was its monopoly disputed from Canada. In 1785 and again in 1799, when the X Y Company was formed, a few Montreal merchants, dissatisfied with their lot and the harsh rule of McTavish, the "Marquis," tried to get a share of the trade for themselves. The result was disaster for themselves and worse for the Indians. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, writing from bitter experience in both smaller companies, describes "the severest struggle ever known in that part of the world." One of his partners was murdered, another lamed for life, and a third escaped with a bullet through his powder-horn. There were casualties among the Nor'-Westers, too. The plunder and bloodshed lasted for five years. The result, as one of the Nor'-Westers wrote, was "slavery," and such depravity for the Indian that the whole trade was threatened. At the death of the "Marquis" in 1804, the rival companies were reunited. From that point until the final contest with the Hudson's Bay Company the control of the Nor'-Westers, under the iron rule of William McGillivray, was never disputed. For ten years the profits were almost fabulous. Henry tells us that his first "outfit" for his little post at Red River was forty "pieces," and the profit was £700. Every

pound in those "pieces" portaged by the *voyageur* meant a dollar in profit to the Company. By 1799 the annual "outfit" was more than £120,000, surpassing "anything known in America." The total "outfit" must have been two or three times that amount, since two and sometimes three years passed before each "outfit," packed in Montreal, could be traded at the posts and the furs sold in London.

This vast concern had its branches from London to the Pacific and the Arctic circle. The London partners bought many of the articles of trade and sold the furs. The controlling partners in Montreal, all of whom had their record of "courage in adversity" in the up-country, packed the "pieces" for the posts and shipped the furs to the London market. Their wealth and magnificence made the Beaver Club of Montreal one of the most famous features of Canadian life. In June every year two or three of the Montreal partners left by "express canoe" for the annual July conference at Fort William with the "winter partners," who had come east to meet them with the season's furs. The gay dinners and dances and *boissons* for two weeks at Fort William were the talk of the fur-trade. Here, too, the year's trade was reviewed, success rewarded, sometimes by promotion to a partnership, and failure censured in a way the trader was not likely to forget.

West of Fort William the *voyageur* was in another world. Living upon pemmican and wild rice—sometimes hulled corn or hominy from the east—sturgeon and whitefish, moose and venison and wild fruit in endless variety, he spoke contemptuously of the Montreal brigades as mere "pork-eaters." But the toil of the up-country, like its wild freedom, could be excessive; though it was borne with almost incredible good-humour. The day began at three o'clock in the morning. Half an hour later the brigade was off, fifty strokes to the minute. About eight o'clock they put ashore for breakfast. The mid-day meal was usually

taken in the canoes and the day's toil usually ceased only with the daylight. The *voyageur* was knee-deep in water half a dozen times a day. He always carried his *bourgeois* or winter partner to shore where the water was shallow, and struck his tent first when the brigade camped for the night. Around the camp-fire he was still ready for a *chanson* or a practical joke, and he slept under the upturned canoe. When the shrewd Scottish partners could inspire a spirit like this it is not surprising that the Company prospered.

The life in winter was not so toilsome once the trading-post was built for the season. Henry describes the high stockade, the "Indian house," the storehouses for furs and pemmican, and the living-quarters all built of great oak logs. There was compensation in fishing for whitefish and sturgeon, and in the famous buffalo hunt. But the buffalo hunt was more than a pastime, for it was pemmican and not furs, as we shall see, which brought the Nor'-Westers into open conflict with the Hudson's Bay Company.

Without the buffalo the North-West Company could scarcely have carried on their trade. The pemmican, chiefly from the Red River district, supplied the western brigades at the most important strategic point of the system. The numbers of the buffalo at this time were almost beyond belief. Henry describes a herd moving past his trading-post for two days. "The ground was covered at every point of the compass, as far as the eye could reach, and every animal was in motion." Thousands, drowned in the spring floods, drifted down the river "by entire herds."

The making of pemmican was an art. Cut into thin strips, the meat was dried and beaten into flakes. These were packed tightly into bags of buffalo skin, and molten fat or marrow poured in until the whole was a solid mass of ninety pounds. No better food could have been found for the *voyageur*. It would keep for years. In 1813 over eight hundred bags were made in the Red River district

alone. In 1810 Henry left in the ice-houses of his post on the Saskatchewan four hundred quarters of buffalo meat which he had been unable to use.

What would happen to the North-West Company if the Hudson's Bay Company were to undertake settlement at Red River and take the pemmican for themselves? Thus it came to pass, as we shall see, that the fatal conflict between them was known as the "Pemmican War."

7. THE CONTEST OF DISCOVERY

In the midst of this conflict for the fur-trade and upon the eve of a yet fiercer conflict over the Red River Settlement, we must trace the exploits of three men in the peaceful contest of discovery. One was an Englishman, Samuel Hearne of the Hudson's Bay Company, who discovered the Coppermine River. A second, a young Scottish winter partner of the North-West Company, Alexander Mackenzie, gave his name to the river which he followed to the Arctic Ocean, and crossed the Rockies to the Pacific. A third, David Thompson, a young Welshman who served in both Companies, probably travelled farther and left more accurate and scientific records about his voyages than any Hudson's Bay man or Nor'-Wester who ever lived.

From the days when old Captain Knight had sailed away, never to return, in search of treasure in the north, Indian stories of a copper mountain on the Far-off Metal River had continued to reach the servants of the Company. In 1767 Samuel Hearne, then but twenty-two years of age, had heard from the Esquimos the gruesome story of Knight's fate on the bleak rocks of Marble Island. Two years later he was chosen by Governor Norton at Fort Churchill, with the sanction of the directors in London, for a modest venture to the Far-off Metal River. As a boy Hearne had been a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He knew something of geography and nautical instruments.

Curiously enough, he knew nothing about mines or rocks, and not much more about the Indians and how to manage them. His chief guides were Northern Indians under Chawchinahaw, a rascal who gave Hearne endless trouble and finally, when two hundred miles from Fort Churchill, laughed at his venture and coolly left him in the lurch. Next year Hearne set out a second time with a party of five Indians. For nearly six months they lived on the musk-ox and the caribou, but saw nothing of the fabled mountain of copper. On August 11, 1770, hope was destroyed for the second time, for while Hearne was at dinner beside the camp-fire, his precious instruments, which he had left standing, were blown over by a gust of wind and dashed to pieces among the rocks. His only good fortune was his rescue, on his way home, of the famous chief, Matonabbee, who offered to guide him in person to the far-off Metal River if he would permit the squaws to accompany his men and, Indian-fashion, do the work of carrying, mending, and cooking.

Perhaps this was one reason for Hearne's success; for his third attempt made him famous. He found no copper mountain, but he discovered the Coppermine River and followed it to the Arctic Ocean. Near its mouth his savage allies encountered a band of Esquimos, and to Hearne's horror slaughtered them to the last man. Turning southward, he was the first white man to see the waters of Great Slave Lake, which Mackenzie afterwards followed to the ocean. Hearne returned to Churchill in 1772, and afterwards became Governor. The story of his discoveries made his name famous, though his surrender of Fort Prince of Wales, with its great cannon and massive bastions, to the French Admiral, La Pérouse, in 1782, was charged up against him. To this day his book, *A Journey to the Northern Ocean*, is one of the most reliable accounts of the Northland.

The year that Hearne retired from the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1787, Alexander Mackenzie was given

charge, by the North-West Company, of the Athabasca, the remotest and richest district in the fur-trade. Peter Pond, a burly ruffian who had preceded him, had been a ruthless trader and a geographer, too, in his rough way, for many of his maps were at that time the best in the Company. Mackenzie was then but twenty-four years of age. But his heart was not in the fur-trade. He had good books at his post, but his secret hope was to follow the river of the north to the ocean and to cross the Rockies to the western sea.

Simon McTavish and the shrewd North-Westers were not likely to squander money on mere discovery. Mackenzie kept his design to himself until he could induce his cousin to take charge of his post during his absence. On June 3, 1789, he set out on his own responsibility, with sturdy Canadian *voyageurs* and a little band of Indian hunters under English Chief as interpreter. The toil and dangers of the next three months must be read in Mackenzie's famous book, *Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*. Nothing but his own stout heart carried him through. In some places the river ran like a mill-race. At times the wild geese were so plentiful that they "might have soon filled the canoe with them." Before they got back they were in danger of starvation. Twice their Indian guides deserted, though one of them, with the red man's honesty, left behind the moose-skin coat that Mackenzie had given him. When they went in search of another guide every man in the village feigned sickness at the same moment. English Chief himself would have left at last had Mackenzie not agreed to turn back in seven days.

On July 11, he "sat up all night" to watch the midnight sun, and amused himself by waking one of his *voyageurs*, who thought it time to embark. Three days later they saw great whales in the open sea. Twice they found they had to move their supplies "on account of the rising of the water." It was the tide of the Arctic Ocean.

Erecting a post with an inscription to mark his exploit, Mackenzie began his desperate race against winter and starvation to the Athabasca. At the portages his men wore out a pair of moccasins a day. Fortunately, their squaws were there to cook and mend and sew. Old Matonabbee's advice to Hearne must have been very wise. On September 11 it "froze hard." Next day Mackenzie reached Fort Chipewyan.

During his return from the Arctic, Mackenzie had noted the mountain ranges on his right. Four years later, in 1793, he set out up the Peace River, determined to cross the Rockies and descend the mountain torrents on the other side to the Pacific. Nothing in Mackenzie's journal compares with the dangers and hair-breadth escapes of this journey. Their frail canoe was mended and patched until it could be neither paddled nor carried. Once it was broken to a mass of floating wreckage and the whole party escaped death by a miracle. Beyond the "shining mountains" the Fraser River, which Simon Fraser, another Nor'-Wester, was to explore to its mouth in 1806, was found to be a torrent of seething cascades, pouring in places through rocky gorges which it seemed that no man could pass. The Indians finally told Mackenzie that by leaving the river, which flowed "still a long way" towards "the mid-day sun," he could reach the sea by an overland trail in nine or ten days. On July 20, 1793, he reached the Pacific. Two days later he recorded, with vermilion and grease, on the face of the rock, the momentous event, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land." Thus ended the long search for the western sea. Mackenzie lived to win fame as an author and to be knighted by the king.

A poignant contrast to this is the story of David Thompson. In 1797 Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then at the height of his fame, was at the Grand Portage, when a young Welshman who had left the Hudson's Bay Company came in to offer his services to the North-West Company.

Thompson—his real name was ap-Thomas—had been a poor charity scholar in London. Curiously enough, he had begun his career as a scientific explorer in 1789, the very year that Mackenzie had reached the Arctic, and at Cumberland House, which had been founded by Hearne, the first Hudson's Bay post in the interior. At York Factory he had known Hearne himself and had helped him to copy out his famous journals. But a new governor made one of the worst blunders ever made by the Company when he curtly bade Thompson put away his surveying instruments and attend to the fur-trade. The Nor'-Westers were quick to recognize his genius. They first sent him off to make a scientific survey of the canoe routes from the Grand Portage to Lake Winnipeg, south to the Missouri, and finally the whole shore-line of Lake Superior. More than four thousand miles Thompson travelled in about ten months. The maps which he prepared from these surveys with crude instruments have scarcely been excelled for accuracy. One of them—the most accurate map of the West for many years—long hung upon the walls of the great room at Fort William.

It would be impossible to trace Thompson's restless explorations from 1797 until 1812, when he retired to Montreal. Perhaps his greatest exploit was his survey of the Columbia River to the Pacific. In the Lands Department at Toronto may still be seen his journals, filled with calculations so exact and detailed that the modern surveyor can scarcely hope to improve upon them. During his life he travelled more than fifty thousand miles, and much of the modern map of Canada is his work. His old age was a sad contrast to Hearne's or Mackenzie's. In his poverty he once borrowed half-a-crown from a friend and wrote in his journal, "Thank God for this relief." His coat and even his beloved instruments were sold for food. Blind and destitute, he died at eighty-six years of age, and was buried in a nameless grave which remained unmarked for seventy years. The Indians called him

Koo-Koo-Sint, the man who knows the stars. Mr. Tyrrell, himself a great Canadian explorer, has called him the greatest land geographer who ever lived.

READ A STORY

The Book of the West. By Howard Angus Kennedy. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Almost every important name and event in the history of the Prairie Provinces finds a place in this book.

†*The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay.* By Agnes C. Laut. "Chronicles of Canada."

Pathfinders of the West. By Agnes Laut. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Miss Laut was born in Winnipeg, and has claimed the romance of the West as her particular field. *Lords of the North* and *Heralds of Empire*, also by Miss Laut, extol the Great Company and the great adventurers.

†*Pathfinders of the Great Plains.* By L. J. Burpee. "Chronicles of Canada."

The Canadian West. By D. J. Dickie. J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto. Brief tales of the West told fo younger boys and girls.

Trailmakers of the North-West. By Paul L. Haworth. This is an account of the great company of adventurers from Radisson down to the coming of the New Canadians.

†*The Red River Colony.* By L. A. Wood. "Chronicles of Canada."

Pioneers in Canada. By Sir Harry Johnson. Chapters VIII-XII deal with the explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company; and also with Alexander Henry (the elder), Samuel Hearne, Alexander Mackenzie and their successors.

The Ryerson Readers contain the following: *Henry Hudson*, by Lawrence J. Burpee; *Alexander Henry and Peter Pond*, by Lawrence J. Burpee; *Anthony Hendry and Mathew Cocking*, by Lawrence J. Burpee; *Pierre Radisson*, by Lawrence J. Burpee; *Samuel Hearne*, by Lloyd Roberts; and *Sir John Franklin*, by Morden H. Long.

The Builders of the West. Edited by F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. This is a history of the four Western provinces. Chapters I, II, III, VII, VIII deal with the section just studied.

Prairie Place Names. By Edna Baker, in The Ryerson Readers. How Indian names have become attached to mountains, lakes, rivers and towns.

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† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

B. SETTLEMENT VERSUS FUR-TRADE

1. SELKIRK AND SETTLEMENT

The beginnings of things as a rule are vastly important. That is why Selkirk's project of settlement at Red River was a turning-point in our history, for neither of the projects as yet planned for the West was to be its final destiny.

When Captain Button claimed the shores of Hudson Bay for King James of England, in 1613, he hoped to make it the pathway to the riches of the Indies. Had he been able to sail on to the East, it is hard to imagine the part that Western Canada might now be taking in the commerce of the world. What would have happened had the barren wastes of our northland been an open sea to the Pacific? It took more than a century to prove that Captain Button's dream was forever impossible by water, though perhaps it may yet be brought to pass when the air-ship and the aeroplane become as common with us as the steamship and the motor car.

The second project for the West, the fabulous fur-trade, was the dream of Radisson, and rich indeed it proved to be. For two hundred years it was to flourish. But the fur-trade, too, was to give way to a nobler destiny, for the West was to be the home not of the beaver and the buffalo and the Indian, but of untold thousands of prosperous settlers. The first man to see this vision was the Earl of Selkirk, and in the end it may be said that he gave his life for it.

The Red River Settlement was not the first of Selkirk's projects for settling the distressed peoples of the British Isles in the British provinces of North America. Hitherto the Scottish crofter and the poor Irish tenant had found a refuge chiefly in the United States. It was Selkirk's dream to cure the miseries of poverty and unrest in the Old Land by directing and fostering settlement in the new. His

first plan was startling in its novelty and its foresight. He proposed to the British government in 1802 to buy out the Hudson's Bay Charter and settle the Red River district with the distressed thousands of Ireland after the rebellion of 1798. To this great project he offered to "devote his personal exertions and the best years of his life." Had such a plan been undertaken in that spirit a hundred and twenty-five years ago, who can say what tragedies might since have been avoided in the history of Great Britain, of Canada, and of Ireland?

British ministers, however, were still haunted by the menace of Napoleon, and proposed to leave the West to "salutary neglect." Little did they think how far from "salutary" their neglect would prove to be. For several years Selkirk contented himself with a smaller project. Nothing, it was clear, could stop the stream of settlers from the Scottish highlands to the new world. But why at least could they not be kept British by being directed to the British provinces? In 1803 a band of nearly a thousand highlanders found new homes in Prince Edward Island. Selkirk, who went with them and shared their plans, describes their landing. Passing from group to group along the shore as they gathered about their camp-fires in the twilight, he cheered the home-sick, and warned the rash enthusiasts of the toil which lay before them. Next year he found them gathering their first harvest. To this day the descendants of the Selkirk Settlers of 1803 in Prince Edward Island revere his memory

A few years later his thoughts turned again to the West. In 1807 he married the daughter of a director of the Hudson's Bay Company. If nothing could stir the government from its policy of "salutary neglect," why could not the Company itself now launch his scheme of settlement at Red River? Selkirk set out quietly to get control of the Hudson's Bay Company. This was not so easy as it seemed. His relatives were glad to see his interest in the Company, but they had little concern

beyond the profits from the fur-trade, already threatened by the fierce rivalry of the Nor'-Westers. From beginning to end it is doubtful if Selkirk succeeded in convincing a single one of the hard-headed directors of the Company in London and Edinburgh, though a few of them admitted grudgingly that thrifty settlers at Red River could save money for the Company by raising supplies for the trading-posts. The old directors distrusted the scheme from the outset. In Rupert's Land the officials of the Company were astounded and refused to budge. Nothing could make them believe that settlement and the fur-trade could both be made to succeed.

If these were the views of the friendly Hudson's Bay Company, those of the ruthless Nor'-Westers may be imagined. From the Red River district came the pemmican which supplied the North-West brigades from Fort William to the Athabasca. What if this key to the waterways of the West were occupied by settlers whose right to their very farms was based upon the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company? Some of the Nor'-Westers in London thought Selkirk's project the dream of a madman. One of them wrote angrily to fellow-partners in Montreal that "he must be driven to abandon it, for his success would strike at the very existence of our trade."

But Selkirk had quietly bought up so large a share of the Hudson's Bay Company that it was now too late to stop the venture. It soon became clear, however, that he stood alone among the directors in London, and that he would have the Nor'-Westers to a man ruthlessly against him. In the end even the Hudson's Bay Company succeeded in escaping direct responsibility for the project. They agreed to grant Assiniboia, a vast area of one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles, for Selkirk's purpose, but Selkirk was to "take upon himself the charge of forming the intended settlement." On July 26, 1811, a little band of men in Selkirk's own employment sailed for Red River to prepare the way for the pioneer settlers of the

West. It was not until August 30, 1812, that Governor Miles Macdonnell and his eighteen men stood at last upon the soil of what is now the city of Winnipeg.

The story of the Red River Settlement, as we shall see, was filled with conflict, and before long with tragedy, but there were brave adventures, too, that are still recounted by the descendants of the Selkirk Settlers. The first party of permanent settlers, seventy-one men, women and children, sailed in June, 1812. Selkirk dined with them on shipboard before they left and watched them sail out into the Atlantic. Five anxious years were to pass before he was to see them again at Red River. The surgeon of the party afterwards described how they threaded their way through the ice-floes in the Straits, and how the highland piper paced the deck, his tartan plaid streaming in the wind. Two months they spent at sea before they reached York Factory, and another month in toiling up the Hayes River, over the portages and past the waterfalls to Lake Winnipeg. From that point their progress was easy around the lake and up the Red River to the Forks of the Assiniboine. We now cross the Atlantic from Liverpool to Winnipeg in less than a week and a half. These pioneer settlers of the West spent more than four months in ceaseless travel.

Next year came the Sutherland highlanders. The sea voyage was one of the shortest on record, but for the first time in the Hudson's Bay trade fever broke out in the crowded ships. A series of blunders and accidents left the entire party to pass an Arctic winter at Fort Churchill. There was no scarcity of food, for thousands of partridges thronged their camp at Colony Creek. Early in April, twenty-one men and twenty women left on snowshoes for York Factory, ready to move up the Hayes when the ice ran out in the river. The story of that march has often been told. A shot at three o'clock in the morning was the signal for breakfast. The strongest of the men went ahead with sledges to beat the trail for the women. Mid-

way through the long procession marched the highland piper. The rest of the party found their way to York Factory by water when the ice broke up in the spring. The first band of Sutherlanders reached the Forks in June, only to find that Governor Macdonnell and the Nor'-Westers had come at last into open conflict.

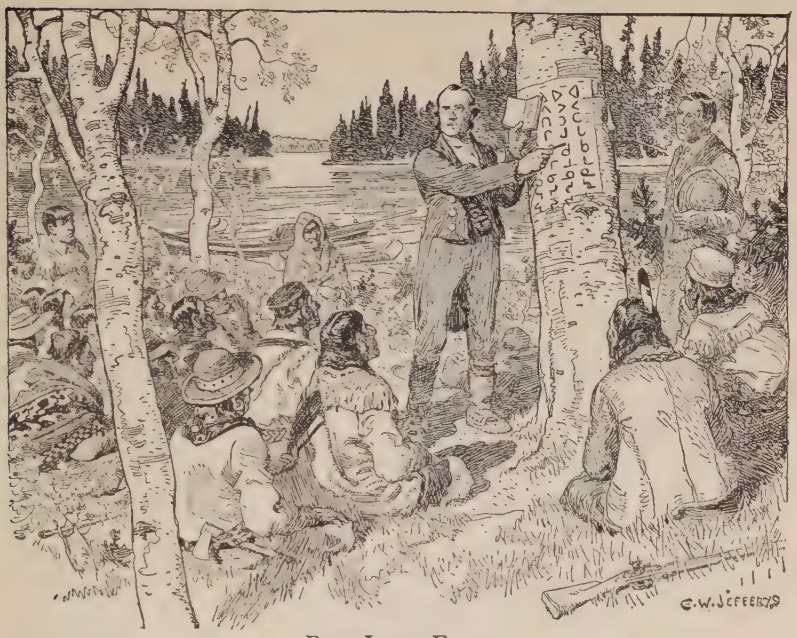
2. THE PEMMICAN WAR

There were so many causes of conflict that it is not easy to fix the blame for the first blow. Selkirk stood almost alone, in either Company, as we have seen, in the belief that the real destiny of the western prairies was not mysterious fur-trade but permanent settlement. "It is a very moderate calculation," he wrote, "to say that if these regions were occupied by an industrious population, they might afford ample means of subsistence for thirty millions of British subjects." Such was the first great prophecy for the West. But Selkirk's own relatives were sceptical. The officials in the fur-trade were secretly, and at times openly, hostile. Their opposition was perhaps natural, for they said it would "ruin the trade." In the long run they were right. It is true that settlement and the fur-trade did exist side by side at Red River for fifty years, but the conflict between them was a never-ending source of trouble. Sooner or later the trapper and the beaver and buffalo would retreat forever before the toiling industry of the farmer.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the hostility of the North-West Company. They had nothing but contempt for the "jog-trot mode" of the Hudson's Bay Company, and they were not in the habit of recognizing any rule but their own strong right arm in the "up-country." They heard with astonishment that Selkirk's settlers claimed to own land at Red River, by virtue of the Hudson's Bay Charter. If that were true, the Company owned the prairie, too, and the myriads of buffaloes, and the lakes

and rivers teeming with fish and beaver. Ten years later, when the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies were united, these old Nor'-Westers became the staunchest champions of the Charter, and nothing could then exceed their regard for these "rights of property." In 1812, however, they claimed that the Charter was worthless. Before a single settler had reached Red River, the winter partners had received their instructions for a "year of trial." How far they were prepared to go we shall soon see. The innocent Sutherlanders little thought that their settlement was doomed by men of their own flesh and blood almost before it was begun.

But while the ruthless Nor'-Westers may have had from the outset the worst designs upon the Settlement, the claims of Captain Miles Macdonnell, the Governor at Red River, were so rashly enforced that few could blame the Nor'-Westers for resisting. Expecting the party of Sutherlanders from Fort Churchill in the spring of 1814, and perhaps Selkirk himself with a much larger party by the Hudson's Bay ships in the autumn, Macdonnell forbade Nor'-Westers and Hudson's Bay men alike to take out pemmican from Selkirk's grant of Assiniboia. By the malice of an enemy at York Factory, Selkirk's letters of caution to Macdonnell were returned unopened to Scotland, and Macdonnell received at Hudson Bay nothing but encouragement for his mad campaign against the Nor'-Westers. The Hudson's Bay traders in Assiniboia, with very bad grace, surrendered two hundred bags of pemmican, for which Selkirk had to make his peace with the directors in London. In the end Macdonnell seized all the North-West pemmican he could find, and kept two hundred out of four hundred bags for the Settlement. The fact that he was ready to pay for it did not soften the blow. William McGillivray, the Montreal partner that year at Fort William, wrote that it was "the first time the North-West Company has ever been insulted." One of the winter partners returning to Red River that autumn



REV. JAMES EVANS

The Methodist missionary, teaching the Indians to read by means of the Cree letters which he invented. Accompanied by his interpreter, he visits a camp in Northern Manitoba. He writes his signs on a white birch tree.

added that "nothing but the complete downfall of the colony will satisfy some by fair or foul means, a most desirable object, . . . so here is at them with all my heart and energy."

The fairer means were to be tried first. That winter the great room at Fort Gibraltar, as the North-West post at the Forks was called, resounded to the dance and the skirl of the bagpipes. But it was not long before the meaning of all this gaiety began to appear. The crafty Nor'-Westers began to make stealthy offers of free passage in North-West canoes and grants of land in Upper Canada. A few of the settlers began to waver. Against the rest the Nor'-Westers opened a campaign of fear and terror. The Indians, to their lasting credit, welcomed the Settle-

ment and could not be induced to rise against it, but the Métis, half-Indian and half-Canadian by birth, did as they were told. Women and children were terrified. In the spring the winter partners came down to the Forks and carried off Governor Macdonnell bodily to Fort William. Fort Douglas, the headquarters of the Colony, the mill, stables and barns, were burnt to the ground. All but thirteen families, the "loyalists of Red River," went off with the Nor'-Westers. "I am happy to inform you," wrote one of the London partners that summer, "that the colony has been all knocked on the head by the North-West Company."

But the Nor'-Westers were wrong, for the contest was not to close without bloodshed, and a second campaign was begun the following spring. In the autumn of 1815 the largest and in many ways the most fortunate party of Selkirk Settlers reached Red River. Robert Semple, the new Governor, wrote to Selkirk in high spirits of the speedy voyage, the school on shipboard for the happy children, the dour fortitude of the highlanders. Not a single quarrel marred the voyage. No band of settlers, he added, ever "landed on a foreign shore in higher health and spirits." At Red River they found the thirteen families of "loyalists" had returned and were gathering a harvest of wheat such as they had never seen. As they laughed and danced and sang, Semple little thought that before the next harvest many of them, himself among the number, would fall before the savage Métis of the North-West Company.

Here again it is not easy to say who was directly to blame. A strong body of Nor'-Westers from Fort William was to reach Red River in June, 1816, and a still stronger band of Métis was organized on the Assiniboine under Cuthbert Grant, then but nineteen years of age, to meet them there. The Nor'-Westers themselves wrote that they intended to "storm the fort," and that "if it comes to a battle many lives must be lost." But Semple, like Macdonnell before him, weakened a good cause by his rashness

and folly. Unable to defend both forts at the Forks, he seized Fort Gibraltar and burnt it to the ground. Late in the afternoon of June 19, 1816, a boy on the watch-tower of Fort Douglas saw Cuthbert Grant and more than fifty Métis crossing the prairie in order to unite below the Fort with the brigade that was expected from Fort William. We now know that Grant had no intention of attacking the Fort that afternoon; but when the fierce Métis, in war-paint and feathers, saw Semple and thirty of his men coming towards them on foot from Fort Douglas, they quickly turned and in a moment the settlers found themselves hemmed in at Seven Oaks between the Métis and the river. The first shot was the signal for a hideous massacre. Semple himself was among the first to fall. Grant tried to save his life, but the Indian blood was now aroused to frenzy. A few escaped in the twilight or by swimming the river. Twenty-one were killed, with all the savagery of Indian warfare, before Grant could put an end to the slaughter. The history of the West has been as a rule the story of peace; of honest toil and waving wheat fields and busy scenes of health and happiness. But the peaceful reign of the settler began that evening in June, 1816, with the worst orgy of bloodshed among men of British race that ever stained the western prairie. A second time the Selkirk Settlers, in such bereavement and despair as they had never known, took to their boats for the Hudson's Bay post at Jack River. The tale of Seven Oaks appeared in rude verse that is still sung by the descendants of the Métis of Red River.

3. THE OLD COMPANY AGAIN

No plan of settlement at Red River, it seemed, could survive the ghastly affray of Seven Oaks. Selkirk, who had begged from the British government some measure of "precaution and police" to keep the peace at Red River, was already in Canada, but he found the Nor'-Westers all-

powerful there, and it was now too late, as it proved, to prevent bloodshed. With a party of disbanded Swiss soldiers, Selkirk was already on his way to Red River, by a new route, in order to avoid the Nor'-Westers, when he heard the appalling news of Seven Oaks. Throwing discretion to the winds, he sailed straight for Fort William. Finding proofs in gruesome detail of the North-West "campaign" against the Settlement, he arrested the partners, and seized the fort.

Nothing could have been more fatal than this for his cause. His enemies now said there was nothing to choose, in greed and violence, between the two Companies. At Montreal Lady Selkirk, shrewd and capable, still held her own against the wiles of the Nor'-Westers, but in the end Selkirk's "great mistake," as he himself soon admitted it to be, proved his ruin. Lawsuits were begun that dragged on from year to year until both parties were nearly ruined by them.

For a few brief months at Red River, during the summer of 1817, it seemed that Selkirk's dream might yet come true, haunted though it never ceased to be by the horrors of Seven Oaks. Gathering the staunch Sutherland highlanders a second time from their exile, he left with them a tradition which survives among their descendants to this day. One of them many years ago received from his aged father the story of Selkirk's "distinguished appearance, of the gentleness of his manner, the softness of his voice." An official of the Company afterwards recorded that "so correct and unerring was his judgment that nothing he planned at this early date could in after years be altered to advantage. Public roads, by-roads, bridges, mill seats, and other important points were settled." Lots on the river stretching back to the open prairies, Selkirk granted free to these pioneers who had braved the "pemmican war." They gathered about him one day on the banks of the Red River, now the historic site of St. John's Cathedral. A grandson of one of these Selkirk

THE RED RIVER CART

Was used as a means of transport across the prairies before the days of railways. Owing to the difficulty of procuring iron, wooden pegs were used in place of nails, and the tires of the wheels were bound round with strips of fresh buffalo or ox-hide, which shrank when it dried and held them tightly together.

Settlers was one day to be Archbishop there and primate of the Anglican Church of all Canada. Selkirk pointed out the site for church and school, and gave to the new settlement the name of Kildonan. It was the name of the home they had left in Scotland. Among the Indians Selkirk was known as the Silver Chief. With them he made the first treaty with the red man west of the Great

Lakes. Years afterwards, the aged Chief Peguis, whose goodwill had withstood the craftiest plans of the Nor'-Westers to rise against the Settlement, used to show the written word of Selkirk in gratitude for the early kindness of the red man. A statue in bronze in Kildonan Park bears witness to-day to Peguis, "friend of the white man."

One result at least was obvious after Seven Oaks. The government could no longer rely upon "salutary neglect" and leave the two fur companies to fight out their fierce quarrel in the interior. A commission was appointed to investigate. It was too late to atone for the bloodshed, but something might yet be done for the future. Selkirk himself, worn out by vexatious lawsuits in Canada, broken in health and fortune, with his fine idealism besmirched by the sordid conflict over the fur-trade, went back at last to Scotland, hoping to return to Canada to renew the fight. The commission found so many faults on both sides that neither could hope to escape censure. Nobody was ever brought to justice for the bloodshed at Seven Oaks. The only hope for the future seemed to be to ignore the past and to unite the two Companies in the interests of the fur-trade. The losses through competition and conflict had been a lesson to both of them. The Nor'-Westers, however, held that the project of settlement must be abandoned. Highlanders and Swiss alike were to be brought out, passage free, to Canada, and the West was to be left to the trapper and the trader.

Against this solution of the conflict, at least, Selkirk bent every remaining energy of his life. In one of the last letters he ever wrote, he still held to "the prospect of doing so much good" by settlement at Red River. To give it up or sell it to the Nor'-Westers, he added, was "entirely out of the question." Lady Selkirk declared roundly that it was "merely a question between money and principle." After Selkirk's tragic death in 1820, the interests of the fur-trade once more prevailed. The two Companies were united under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Nor'-Westers themselves now became the champions of the Charter over the vast area of Rupert's Land. The government, too, blessed the "coalition" by granting the Company, in addition, a monopoly of the fur-trade beyond Rupert's Land to the Pacific and the Arctic Oceans. Red River Settlement remained because Lady Selkirk, as guardian for her son, refused to surrender the grant of Assiniboia, but it was left, as we shall see, a mere shadow of the project as Selkirk himself had planned it, and a whole generation passed away before its real purpose was achieved.

The real value of Selkirk's work is to be seen only when we reflect what might have happened forty years later, during the settlement of the great central areas of the United States. Within ten years more than two millions of people poured around the south of the Great Lakes and moved westward and northward into Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Against such a deluge the fur-trade, with its scattered posts and handful of factors, traders and clerks, could never hope to hold its own. Farther west, as we shall see, the contest had resulted in the occupation of Oregon by the United States. What if there had been no settlement at Red River when this stream of American migration reached the prairies? Had the Red River valley, like Oregon, gone to the United States, a Canadian Dominion from ocean to ocean would have been for ever impossible.

It would be hard to find a stranger contrast than that between the sense of failure which must have clouded Selkirk's death and the final results of his work in the Canadian West. For the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company, too, the indirect results of his work were very far-reaching. Without it the triumph of the North-West Company and the reign of wild license in the fur-trade must have been certain, whereas the grim conflict at Red River, resulting in the union of 1821, enabled the Hudson's Bay Company for nearly fifty years to safeguard more than a

quarter of the continent, until both the British government and the new Confederation of Canada awoke at last to its value. Seldom indeed has an idea in the mind of one man or the fortitude of so small a band of pioneers safeguarded so vast an area for the British Empire.

4. "THE JOLLY GOVERNOR" AND HIS MEN

The "coalition" of the two fur companies under the name and Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company marked the beginning of a new era, or rather the return to an old one. Settlement at Red River had been the work of one man. With Selkirk's death in 1820 and the "coalition" in the following year, the fur-trade once more prevailed, though the little Settlement remained, as we have seen, to play a crucial part in the future of Canada.

To many it seemed that the "coalition," followed by the abandonment of settlement as a regular policy of the Company, was a triumph for the Nor'-Westers. Those behind the scenes knew better. The truth was that the long, toilsome route by river, lake, and portage, from the Athabasca to Montreal and then across the ocean to London, was a bottomless pit of expense for the fur-trade compared with the direct route by way of Hudson Bay to the heart of the continent. By uniting under the Charter and closing the "back door" to Canada, it was possible to safeguard from the outside world not only the monopoly of the fur-trade, but the very knowledge of its fabulous riches. The fur brigades from Montreal and the festive gatherings at Fort William come to an end. The Hudson's Bay ships with their precious cargoes steal to and fro into Hudson Bay, unobserved, and before long almost forgotten, in the busy pioneer life of Canada.

No one man had more to do with this golden age of the fur-trade than Sir George Simpson. Young, vigorous, shrewd, hard, and ruthless, Simpson had come from Scotland to direct the northern posts of the Hudson's Bay

Company just before the "coalition." After the union he became Governor for the vast interests of the new Hudson's Bay Company over a quarter of the continent. A "jolly Governor" in truth he was, but the officers under him soon got to know that behind that genial manner was a ruthless energy which admitted no failure. Simpson's management of the fur-trade must have delighted the shrewd old directors of the Company in London. Never were dividends so large. Never were losses through lack of foresight or energy so few. Never was the stock of the Company so valuable. The chief reason was not hard to find. Never had the fur-trade been so skilfully organized even by the shrewd Nor'-Westers of Montreal, and never had the mind of one man ruled so vast and placid a domain in North America.

The Red River Settlement was almost lost within this vast domain. Simpson himself found "every gentleman in the service, both Hudson's Bay and North-West, unfriendly to the Colony." One of the directors in London, Lady Selkirk's own brother, wished that the affairs of Red River "had been in the Red Sea twenty years ago." In truth one calamity after another seemed to follow the early fortunes of the Settlement. One year locusts swarmed like a cloud over the land, stripping the leaves from the trees and leaving nothing but stubble in the wheat fields. A few potatoes and a few bushels of wheat and barley, "half-ripe, gleaned in the women's aprons," were all that remained of the harvest. Fortunately, the plains still teemed with buffalo and the rivers with fish. A few years later came the worst disaster that nature ever brought to Red River. A heavy snowfall during the winter of 1825 drove the buffalo far from the Settlement. More than thirty of the sturdy Métis, struggling back from the buffalo hunt that winter, perished of cold or starvation. In the spring the deep snow melted so quickly that the river rose nine feet in a single day. Two days later the flood swept over the banks and the Settlement was buried

beneath an inland sea. After the flood of 1826 the Swiss moved away to the United States, but the Scottish settlers for the fourth time within fifteen years began anew at Red River.

Nature itself, however, soon rewarded their courage, for never had there been such harvests as those which followed the flood of 1826. Lady Selkirk, too, undaunted by disaster, had refused to give up the Settlement. An experimental farm, one of Selkirk's favourite projects, had been equipped with choice stock and buildings. Cattle and sheep were brought, sometimes at ruinous expense, from the United States. Free seed was given for flax and hemp, and prizes for the best results. Perhaps the most curious industry, and the first ever projected for the West, was the Buffalo Wool Company. Lady Selkirk herself spent many months in trying to interest British weavers in the venture and in making the buffalo shawl an article of fashion in Edinburgh. Though soft and warm and durable as camel's hair, however, the buffalo wool would not take the dyes of those days. For a time even the young Scottish settler "threw aside the hoe and spade, to join the plain-rangers." But in the end the Buffalo Wool Company added another item of ruinous expense to the Selkirk family. The bounty of nature at Red River, however, was such that primitive comfort was soon the lot of everybody. The local governor at the Settlement was soon writing of the wheat fields "rich and flourishing," of the herds of cattle like buffalo browsing, of the busy haymakers and the happy children. Governor Simpson himself reported that "peace and plenty" was the motto of Red River. In 1834 Lady Selkirk and her son, who had just come of age, were convinced that settlement was at last firmly established in the West. In that year the grant of Assiniboia was transferred back from the Selkirk family to the Hudson's Bay Company. From that time until 1870 the Company itself controlled the Colony. Many officers of the fur-trade, retired from the service at

the "coalition" of 1821, had settled at Red River. Retiring factors and traders continued to settle there, mingling with the original settlers and aiding their friendly intercourse with the Company.

There was a special reason for Governor Simpson's anxiety to have the Settlement under the direct control of the Company. The monopoly of the fur-trade was in no danger by way of Hudson Bay; nor was it likely to be threatened again by the long canoe route to Canada. But every year brought the approach of American settlement nearer to the boundary, and offered to many a trapper the prospect of selling his furs to the enterprising free trader from the south. The shrewd officials of the Company began to prepare for the coming conflict. Fort Garry, built near the site of old Fort Gibraltar at "the Forks," was replaced by a new Fort Garry, with walls of stone and bastions pierced for musketry and cannon. A few years later Lower Fort Garry, twenty miles down the river, became the headquarters of the Company. Its walls of solid masonry, three feet thick, its great bastions, its "fur house" and officers' quarters, where Sir George Simpson himself must have presided over many a Council Meeting, still remain, the most picturesque relic of Hudson's Bay rule in Western Canada. Farther away in the north, at Norway House, came together the annual council of Chief Factors and Chief Traders who supervised the trade from the American boundary to the Athabasca. In the minutes may still be read the terse, methodical details of the fur-trade, the grants to churches and schools at the Settlement, the courtly intercourse among "the gentlemen of the Company." To York Factory on the Bay came the Hudson's Bay ships once a year, bringing their bales of four-point blankets and muskets and knives for the trade, and taking back the precious furs for the annual auction in London.

For more than forty years Governor Simpson directed this vast domain with unflagging energy. Life at Red

River was gay indeed when the Hudson's Bay flag flew from the great flag-staff of Fort Garry in honour of Sir George. When he travelled—and he must have spent most of his life in travel—his express canoe was manned by the stoutest *voyageurs* in the Company's service. Long before daylight the canoes were in the water. At eight o'clock the brigade landed for breakfast, and at two for dinner. Only six or seven hours of rest were allowed for seventeen or eighteen of almost incessant labour, toiling all day at the paddle, fifty strokes to the minute, unloading and loading the canoes at the portages, hauling at the tow-line or wading knee-deep at the rapids, and sleeping at night beneath the upturned canoe. Wherever the "Jolly Governor" was to be found, however, there was song and prank and good-humour. If the landing was shallow, the smallest canoeman in the party often claimed the honour of carrying Sir George ashore upon his back. The same loyalty came to prevail throughout Rupert's Land among the Chief Factors and Chief Traders, "gentlemen of the Company." Such was the golden age of the Hudson's Bay Company.

READ A STORY

By Star and Compass. By W. S. Wallace. Oxford University Press, Toronto. Excellent stories of discovery told for boys and girls.

Prairie Place Names. By Edna Baker, in The Ryerson Readers. How Indian names have become attached to mountains, lakes, rivers and towns.

The Builders of the West. Edited by F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. This book of the deeds of master builders is particularly rich in this era of rivalry and settlement.

Lord Selkirk, by William Martin, and two other Ryerson Readers—*The Hudson's Bay Company*, by Robert Watson, and *The North-West Company*, by Morden H. Long—give dramatic accounts of the men and events of these times.

Trailmakers of the North-West. By Paul L. Haworth. May again be referred to here.

Knights Errant of the Wilderness. By Morden H. Long. Macmillan, Toronto. Another collection of stories about the explorers of North-Western Canada.

C. CANADA WINS THE WEST

1. CHANGES AT RED RIVER

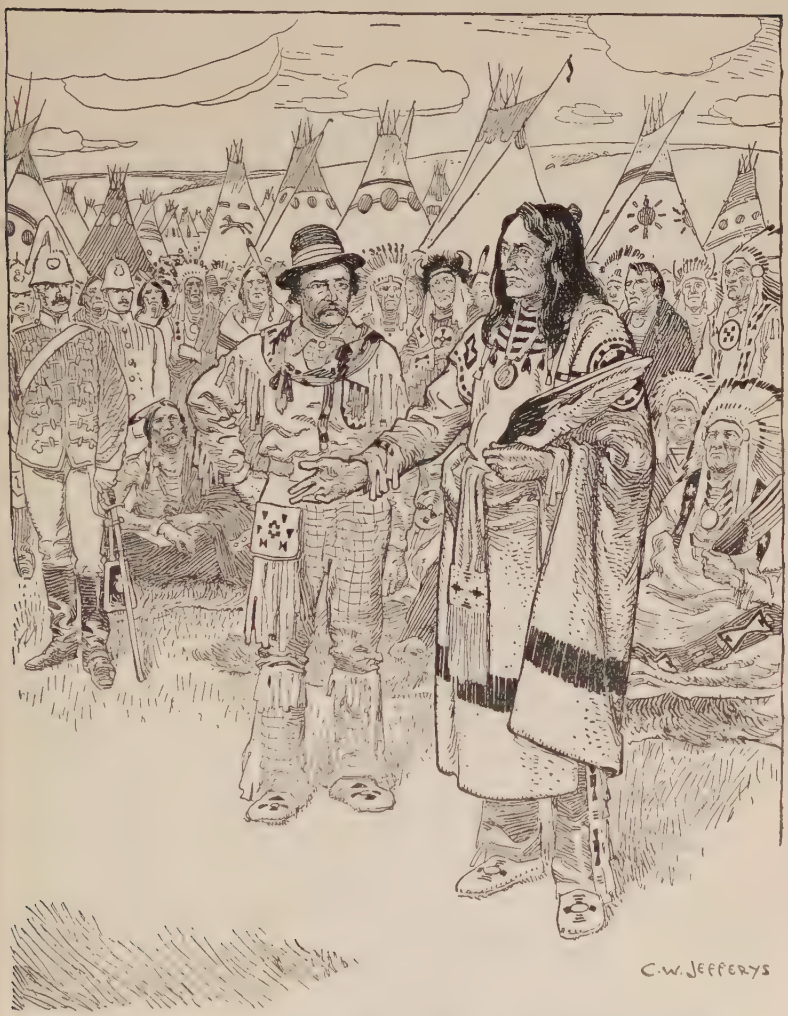
In 1856 an American traveller was astonished to find the signs of European civilization in the heart of the North American continent at Red River. That same year Sheriff Ross traces the round of life there in a book which will always remain a classic of western history. The truth was that the policy of secrecy and isolation that had begun with the "coalition" of 1821 was drawing to a close, and we may take old Sheriff Ross himself as our guide to the signs of change at Red River.

For many years the round of life at Upper and Lower Fort Garry remained unchanged. Manners and fashions, too, at Red River were set by the sedate "gentlemen of the Company" and their ladies. The Hudson's Bay letters of that time, as we read them to-day, bear in every line the marks of culture and distinction. Half a dozen books of real merit—at least three of them classics in their way—were written during these years of Hudson's Bay rule. Retiring officers of the Company settled at Red River. From the days of the Rev. John West, in 1823, and Archdeacon Cochrane, who helped to build the stone walls of St. Andrew's with his own hand, to the days of Bishop Anderson and Archbishop Machray, the Anglican Church and schools had flourished at Red River. The Chief Factors and Chief Traders of the Company were the princes of the community. Judge Thom got the princely salary, for those days, of £800 a year. In 1863 the control of the Hudson's Bay Company in London passed to a new body of directors, and the intimate touch between the "gentlemen of the Company" in Rupert's Land and the Board in London was lost. But to the end, "the Hudson's Bay manner," with all that this meant of integrity and loyalty to the traditions of the Company, remained a proverb in the West.

Among the Selkirk Settlers at Kildonan, also, there was little change. Their piety never ceased to be a watchword at Red River. For forty years they clung to the austere and simple faith of their fathers, until the Rev. John Black, a Presbyterian minister of their own faith, came out to them at last in 1851. A few missions of the Wesleyan Society had already appeared at the northern posts of the Company under the Rev. James Evans, whose quaint Indian alphabet long survived among the Crees. A second flood swept over the Settlement in 1852, but once again the waters of the flood, like the waters of the Nile, brought rich harvests to the farmer. A few years later an American traveller found Red River once more a paradise of ease and plenty. With the Company the relations of the Selkirk Settlers were friendly. Their sons and daughters married into the Hudson's Bay circles at Fort Garry. Where there were signs of unrest they were sometimes won to the Company by a mixture of tact and influence which came to be called "smoothing." Upon the whole they were content with their lot. In the Council of Assiniboia the respected "elder" of Kildonan and the retired Chief Factor of the Company sat side by side. Younger men chafed at "the monopoly" and joined "the fight for free trade in furs," but as a rule the desire for change came from other quarters.

The picturesque, care-free life of the French Métis added much to the local colour and good-humour which made Red River famous. In the classic pages of Sheriff Ross' *Red River Settlement* we get a picture never to be forgotten of the *voyageur* with his paddle, the "freighter" with his Red River cart or with the York-boat of the Company, the fisherman who whiled away the summer months, Indian-fashion, for the sturgeon or the whitefish; or the skilled buffalo-hunter with his well-trained pony and his dusky family trailing behind in a Red River cart.

In 1840 no fewer than 1,630 men, women and children thronged out with the plain-hunters for the June buffalo



CHIEF CROWFOOT AT THE GREAT TREATY AT BLACKFOOT CROSSING

On the Bow River, east of Calgary, in September, 1877. The Indians surrendered the southern prairie country in return for annual payments, supplies of food, farm implements and extensive reserves of land for their permanent homes. Crowfoot carries an eagle-wing fan. Beside him stands the half-breed interpreter translating his eloquent speech of acceptance.

hunt. Dogs, too, by the hundred joined the straggling procession, barking, snarling, and fighting. They were to pay in a few months for this wild freedom by drawing the carriole of the Métis "runner" over the winter's snow. The Red River cart, made without a scrap of iron and drawn by ox or pony in harness of raw-hide or *shaganappi*, could be repaired from the nearest thicket, but the rest of the equipment was obtained chiefly on credit from the Company or from the "free traders" at a cost for that year of more than £20,000. The camp, pitched within a circle of carts, 1,210 in number, was ruled with an iron hand by the captains of the hunt. Each captain had ten men under his immediate command, and there were ten men to order the line of march when the camp was in motion and to fix upon the spot for pitching camp at the end of day. More than once a camp of sturdy Métis on the prairie came into conflict with the savage Sioux, and defended themselves, after the fashion of the Boer *laager* in South Africa, with unfailing success.

The rules of the camp were strict and were enforced without fear or favour. For the first offence the culprit's saddle and bridle were cut up. For the second his coat was taken off and cut up also. For the third he received a flogging that he never forgot. For theft, "even to the value of a sinew," the culprit was brought to the middle of the camp, and the camp crier called out his name three times, pronouncing him each time to be a thief. On Sunday they gathered about the priest for mass in the open air. When the moment came to "run" the buffalo, every detail, says Ross, moved "with the regularity of clockwork." More than four hundred mounted huntsmen began the stampede and "the earth seemed to tremble." Muskets were reloaded in full career. In the two "races" of the hunt described by Ross, no fewer than 2,500 buffaloes were brought down, and so skilled were the huntsmen in marking and dispatching their prey that no disputes ever arose about the hundreds of victims left

lying upon the plains. Then began the work of cutting the meat into thin strips for drying and pounding into flakes and packing into raw skins for the preparation of pemmican. Into the mouth of the bag at last was poured the boiling fat or marrow which preserved the meat and made the ninety-pound bag of pemmican the staple food of the traveller in the West for nearly a hundred years. The normal price of pemmican at Red River was two pence per pound. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, was there such wild freedom under such simple discipline. It is not hard to understand how the sturdy Métis, when thoroughly aroused by trusted leaders during the Riel Insurrection of 1869-70, were able to dominate the whole Settlement for more than nine months.

There was another side to their wild life which made them anxious for change and yet fearful of its results. Many a stealthy expedition used to leave Red River with packs of furs for the American outposts. The Company long tried to enforce their lawful monopoly. For a time two or three friendly traders were employed by the Company to undersell the free traders at their own game. For a few months a small company of troops at Red River in 1846 strengthened the prestige of the Company. When these were withdrawn the wild freedom of the Métis could no longer be restrained. In 1849, a young trader named Sayer was brought to trial for buying furs, but the Métis, led by the father of Louis Riel, trooped across the river to the little courthouse just outside Fort Garry, and Judge Thom found it wise to set the prisoner free. From that time, as the Métis shouted in Judge Thom's own hearing, the trade was free.

But the change was a tragedy, for all that, to the Métis. The buffalo was soon to retreat before the railway and the pioneer. The wild life of the plain-hunters was doomed. They had no titles to their rude farms, where they were accustomed to throw in a little seed before leaving for the June buffalo hunt and gather in the autumn what the

birds and the weeds and the insects had left during the summer. When firewood was gone they simply moved on to another site. All this was threatened by the coming stream of settlers accompanied by the land-surveyor and the land titles office. Above all, their simple life under their trusted religious leaders was in peril. As early as 1818 Father Provencher, afterwards Bishop, had come to Red River under Selkirk's own encouragement to establish a Roman Catholic mission for the *voyageur* and the Métis. Forty years later, the poet Whittier could write of

> "The bells of the Roman Mission
> That call from their turrets twain,
> To the boatman on the river,
> To the hunter on the plain."

Their countrymen even in the old province of Canada were fearful for their precious privileges of language and religion. What would happen if Canada got control of Red River? These were some of the arguments to be used with telling effect, as we shall see, by Louis Riel.

There remain two groups yet to be noted at Red River, and these were the chief advocates of change. As the tide of American settlement swept northward and westward, many thought that annexation to the United States was sure to come. More than fifteen hundred Red River carts plied to St. Paul in 1856. Two years later the first steamboat was launched upon the waters of the Red River. Even the Hudson's Bay Company soon had their own steamboat plying to the boundary, and brought in goods for their own trade from the United States. The State of Minnesota, and before long a small party at Red River, openly urged annexation. Governor McTavish himself, in 1869, thought that this would be the "ultimate destiny" of the West.

From this result it seemed that nothing in the end could save Red River but union with Canada. At one time, more

than five hundred names were signed to a petition in favour of Canada, until the unwise attacks made by the Canadian party at Red River against the Hudson's Bay Company led to a strong reaction in their favour. In 1859 two enterprising young Canadians, Buckingham and Caldwell, founded the *Nor'-Wester*, the first newspaper west of the Great Lakes. Canada itself was at last stirred to interest in the West. George Brown, in the Toronto *Globe*, became the champion of a plan to annex the Red River Settlement to the old province of Canada. He had long been fighting to reduce French Canadian influence in the province, so that the union of these two projects was regarded by Canadians of French origin as full of peril for their race and language. This fear was shared, as we shall see, by the leaders of the French Métis, at Red River, when they heard that "the transfer" to Canada was at last about to take place. Unfortunately, the *Nor'-Wester* thus made more enemies than friends for Canada at Red River. The leaders of the French Métis were soon thoroughly alarmed. In 1867 the rights of their countrymen in Quebec were at last safeguarded by the terms of Confederation. Accustomed as they had been to the combined discipline and wild freedom of the buffalo hunt, the French Métis were easily led to resist "the transfer" to Canada until similar terms could be made to safeguard the rights which they claimed at Red River.

2. A NEW PROVINCE

Had the decision with regard to the terms of union with Canada been left to the people of Red River, there would have been no Riel Insurrection to mark the beginning of the Province of Manitoba. But a much vaster territory than Red River was at stake. In 1857 a committee of the British House of Commons had held a thorough inquiry into the position of the Hudson's Bay Company. They came to the conclusion that both

Rupert's Land, the area claimed by the Charter, and the vast regions beyond to the Pacific and the Arctic oceans, would soon require a more regular form of government. The area at this time under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company was more than six times the size of the original Confederation of Canada, and more than one-quarter of the entire continent of North America. Within fifteen years this whole vast region was broken up and found its way into the Dominion of Canada. This is the most remarkable event of our history since Confederation, and it raised many problems that were not easy to solve.

The famous report of 1857 proposed two steps to begin with: first, to make a separate province out of the district west of the Rocky Mountains, and, secondly, to unite the fertile districts on the Red and Saskatchewan rivers to the old province of Canada. The first of these was promptly carried out. In 1858 the province of British Columbia was created, and the people of British Columbia were free to treat with Canada, as we shall see, in 1871, for union upon their own terms. There was no difficulty here. But what of the vast area of Rupert's Land which the Company claimed to hold by the famous Charter of 1670? These rights, they claimed, had been theirs for two hundred years, and they could not be expected to surrender them without "compensation" or payment of some sort to the Company. Moreover, since the original Charter had been granted to the Company by King Charles II, the terms of "surrender" also, it seemed clear, would have to be settled between the Crown and the Hudson's Bay Company in London.

It was not until 1869 that the Company agreed to accept £300,000 in money and one-twentieth of the land in the fertile belt, together with certain blocks of land near their trading posts, as payment for this "surrender." But at this point a new and startling idea was added to the original plan of Confederation. The original provinces of the Dominion were all equal in rights, and each had

control over its own lands and local government. It was now proposed to add the whole Hudson's Bay area east of the Rockies to Canada, not as a "province" but as a "territory," without the rights of self-government enjoyed by Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. This meant that the West would be a mere colony of Canada, and that an area four or five times the size of the original Dominion would be ruled by a Canadian governor and Council appointed from Ottawa. The way this came to be viewed at Red River may be imagined. One of the leaders of the Métis exclaimed that they had been "sold like the buffalo." Even the officials of the Company, once rulers of the whole domain of Rupert's Land, had no place in "the transfer." The *Nor'-Wester* reminded them, with a touch of malice, that they, too, had been sold "like dumb, driven cattle." Canada had won the West—in London. But the cause of Canada was not to be won in the West without stirring passions which rankled for sixty years.

When the name of the new governor was announced there was further dismay among the French Métis and their leaders at Red River. The Hon. Mr. McDougall belonged to the party which had been disputing the claims of the French-Canadians in Canada and of the Hudson's Bay Company in Rupert's Land. As Minister of Public Works he had sent out surveyors in advance to prepare the way for Canadian settlement. The word went about among the credulous Métis that the Canadians were going to "ride roughshod over everything and everybody," and that no man's land was safe. Above all, their religious leaders were deeply concerned not only for their simple and primitive ways of life, but for their language and other cherished rights of the French-Canadians in Quebec. How were these ever to be secured if a Canadian governor and Council were left to govern the country? Their remedy was very simple and direct. They wanted to enter Confederation not as a "territory" or colony of

Canada, but as a full province, like Quebec, with grants of land and their language and church schools and other cherished rights fixed for them by Act of Parliament. Some of their leaders were in despair, for arrangements had now been completed at Ottawa, and Mr. McDougall was already on his way to the Settlement. It seemed too late; and so in truth it would have been had Louis Riel and Father Ritchot and the captains of the buffalo hunt at Red River not taken the matter into their own hands. They determined to keep the Canadian governor out of the country until their terms were granted, and that is how it came to pass that the Province of Manitoba was created in 1870. Had Riel not stained his cause, as we shall see, with folly and bloodshed, it is possible that his name might have been honoured by foes as well as friends in Canadian history.

The Métis began by stopping the surveyors. They then built a barricade across the road at St. Norbert, near Fort Garry, and forbade any Canadian to enter Assiniboia. On November 2, 1869, they quietly took possession of Fort Garry for the winter. Governor McTavish, who was mortally ill, was virtually a prisoner. Next day Mr. McDougall was met by the Métis at the Hudson's Bay post near the boundary and escorted back to United States territory. Archbishop Taché was absent in Rome, but under the shrewd guidance of Father Ritchot at St. Norbert, the Métis quickly organized to "prevent any peaceful settlement at present." Their task was simplified by the blunders of McDougall, for on December 1 he issued, without authority from Ottawa, a proclamation in the Queen's name and set about to put down the rising by force, whereas the Canadian government, hearing of the troubles, had decided to postpone the transfer. Had there been a Canadian railway to Red River, or even perhaps a telegraph line to Fort Garry, an insurrection would not have been so easy; but the snow was upon the ground and the Métis in snug quarters at Fort Garry felt secure until

FATHER LACOMBE AVERTS THE OPPOSITION OF CHIEF CROWFOOT

And the Blackfeet to the building of the C.P.R. through their reserve. He gave his word that the Government would give them land in compensation for that taken from their reserve for the new railway.

the spring. Perhaps the most picturesque incident of the winter was the gathering from the whole Settlement in the courtyard of Fort Garry, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, to discuss the terms of union with Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, representing both the Canadian government and the Hudson's Bay Company. To Riel's chagrin and anger this convention voted to enter the Dominion as a territory rather than as a province. A second time it seemed that the cause of the Métis was lost. From that point Riel passed from one act of violence and folly to another, until an act of bloodshed, on March 4, 1870, filled all Canada with horror.

The most aggressive Canadian at Red River was Dr. Shultz, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of the province. A party of Canadians, gathered at his house for self-defence, had been taken prisoner by Riel in December. Many, including Dr. Shultz, escaped in the depth of winter. Others were captured a second time. Among these was Thomas Scott, and on March 4, 1870, Scott was led outside the walls of Fort Garry and shot down in cold blood. In a few weeks all Canada was in an uproar. A military expedition was organized under Sir Garnet Wolseley. When it reached Red River in the following August, after one of the most brilliant marches ever made, by the old fur-trader's route from Fort William, Riel became a fugitive. We shall hear of him again, and the Métis, too, on the Saskatchewan in the Rebellion of 1885. Meanwhile Archbishop Taché, on his way back to Red River, had already arranged terms for union at Ottawa. When he reached Red River he was placed under guard by Riel, whose arrogance and folly now knew no bounds. Three delegates from Red River left for Ottawa, Father Ritchot bearing a secret "list of rights," much of which found its way into the *Manitoba Act* creating at last the Province of Manitoba. In this list appeared the claims for the French language and separate schools for the new province.

On July 15, 1870, the whole of the Hudson's Bay territory except British Columbia was thus transferred to Canada. Manitoba became a province, the first new province to be added to the Dominion. Only a hundred and thirty-five miles long and scarcely more than a hundred miles wide, it was long known as "the postage-stamp province" of Canada, until its boundaries were extended in 1881 and again in 1912 to the shores of Hudson Bay. The rest of the prairies in 1870 remained, as originally planned, the North-West Territory. Much of the bitterness of those early days has passed away. We have recorded here only what is necessary for the rest of our

story, for the Manitoba School Question, as we shall see, came to embitter public life throughout the whole of Canada. The death of Scott was never forgotten. The "secret list," too, when it became known, inflamed opinion in Manitoba, until the provisions both for the French language and for separate schools were ruthlessly torn out of the *Manitoba Act* in 1890. Riel lived to lead a rebellion on the Saskatchewan in 1885 and to die on the scaffold. Looking back upon those troubled times, one wonders how much of bitterness might have been avoided had the events of 1870 not been stained by the death of Thomas Scott. It may be that Canadian boys and girls of to-day, reading this story without stirring the ashes of the past, may be able to lead the way in Canada to a happier day.

3. THE PIONEERS OF THE PLAINS

In the month of July, 1871, a quaint and picturesque ceremony took place at Lower Fort Garry. A thousand Crees gathered there to make the first treaty with the white man since the days of Selkirk, the Silver Chief. During the years that followed, similar treaties were made with the Piegans, and with the savage Blood and Blackfoot Indians of the foothills. No event in their history so clearly foreshadowed the passing of the red man.

Yet it was not the red man that was passing, but the red man's mode of life. While the fur-trade flourished under the Company, the buffalo in countless thousands roamed the prairie, and master of the buffalo was the Indian. Its skin made his teepee and his coat, his bridle and his lariat. When he crossed a stream in his wanderings, a buffalo skin and a willow hoop made his boat. Its horns made his powder-flask, its sinews his bow-string. Its flesh was cooked at his camp-fire or dried and beaten into pemmican for the winter. The buffalo robe was his carpet and his bed in life and his shroud in death. The multitude of the buffalo no man could number. A traveller once rode

for twenty-five miles through an unbroken herd of them, estimated at more than half a million. Now the buffalo was on its last trek. South of the boundary it was exterminated with almost incredible rapidity. Colonel Cody's name, "Buffalo Bill," arose from the fact that he slaughtered nearly forty-five hundred of them within a year and a half in order to supply labour gangs on the Kansas Pacific Railway. It is said that he once shot down forty-eight within fifty minutes. The only livelihood now left to the Indian was an imitation of the white man's. Reserves of land, cattle, tools and "treaty-money" were to be his by treaty. The prairie was to be free for the pioneer.

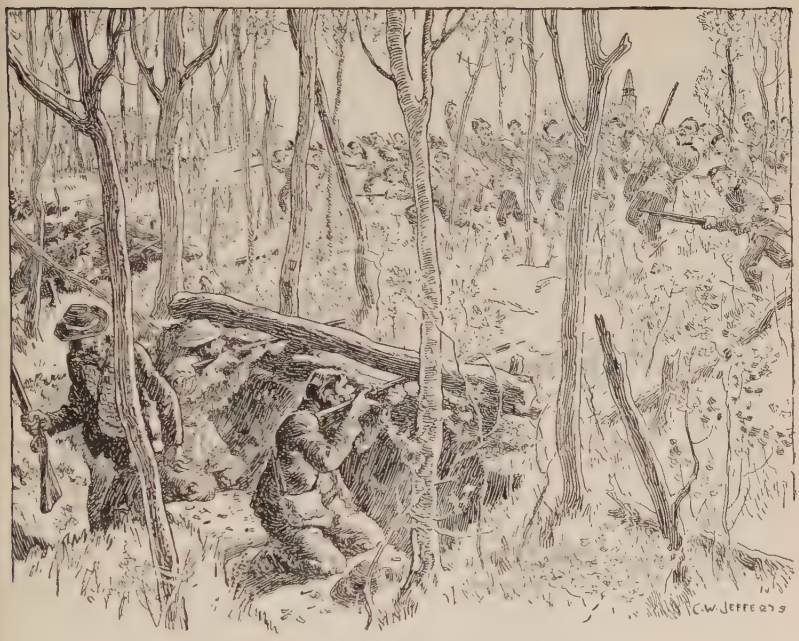
But there was another factor in the coming of the pioneer. With the Indian treaty came the North-West Mounted Police. In all the dealings with the red man in North America there had been no fairer record than that of the Hudson's Bay Company. For two hundred years not a single serious conflict had ever arisen between the Company and the native tribes of the great plains, though savage warfare with its deadly feuds and hideous ferocity still continued among the Indians themselves. There must now be peace for the Indian if there was to be peace for the pioneer. The problem was harder, too, for Canada than for the Hudson's Bay Company. The ruthless treatment which the Indian had received in the old British colonies had followed him with every stage of westward expansion in the United States. Instead of the orderly trade of the Company, there were sometimes bands of fierce desperadoes selling little but fire-water to the Indian and relying even more upon treachery and plunder than upon trade. The whiskey traders were soon crossing the Canadian boundary, and the names of "Whoop-up" and "Stand-off" and "Slide-out" that were given to their posts express well the wild orgies that took place there. On the western prairie for a time the savage Sioux met the "Long Knives," as the American frontiersmen were called, on fairer terms. General

Custer and his little army were surrounded and massacred almost to the last man. Farther west there was now danger that the fierce Blackfeet and other tribes might join the feud against the "Long Knives." How could the pioneer be protected from the deadly feuds of the Indian, and the Indians themselves from the whiskey trader and from each other?

The answer to that question, as every Canadian schoolboy knows, was the North-West Mounted Police. When the first three hundred "Mounties" appeared upon the scene in 1874, there were more than thirty thousand Indians on the western plains, and a boundary line of a thousand miles infested on both sides by the most desperate characters of frontier life. It was not long before the Mounted Police with their red coats were known among the Indians as "they who must be obeyed." Their exploits at Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills, at "Pile of Bones" Creek, where the post which they established was one day to be the beautiful city of Regina, at Fort Saskatchewan in the Edmonton district, at Fort Macleod and Fort Calgary, established in a few years a tradition of law and order which the Canadian West has never lost. The first body of "Mounties" to reach the prairies travelled nearly two thousand miles in four months. A police escort once travelled for sixty days at the rate of thirty-five miles a day. But the cool courage and heroism of the Mounted Police was more often the work of twos and threes in the face of overwhelming odds. A party of two hundred Crees with twice as many horses was once rounded up by United States cavalry and escorted back to the boundary. The force sent to meet them was a corporal and two troopers wearing "the Queen's scarlet." In the note-book of a lone "Mounty" who perished in a blizzard was found his last grim entry: "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push on. Have done my best." A typical report in the records of the Police is another brief note of a lone constable's "patrol from Norway House for the purpose of arresting

two Indians accused of murder. Time occupied, four months; distance travelled by dog train and canoes, 750 miles." A tradition like this soon attracted brave and resourceful recruits. A son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, was an Inspector in the "Mounties." When Lord Aberdeen, then Governor-General, reached Fort Macleod, the trooper sent to meet him with his mail was his own nephew. What all this meant for the Indian was aptly expressed by old Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet. "The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts." "Before you came the Indian crept along," said another; "now he is not afraid to walk erect."

But the main charge of the Mounted Police soon came to be the pioneer settler on the plains. His coming was a problem of geography, and the key to that problem for the farmer, as for the fur-trader a hundred and fifty years ago, was to be the chief factor in the development of the West. Until the building of the railways, newcomers had scarcely moved beyond the wooded valleys of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. In 1869 a chronicler of those days found "only about a couple of dozen houses with a population not numbering one hundred souls" in the little village which afterwards became the city of Winnipeg. Both name and village came from the free traders who built their little shacks near Fort Garry in order to compete with the Company in outfitting the plain-hunters. "We had no bank," one of them afterwards wrote, "no insurance office, no lawyers, only one doctor, no City Council, only one policeman, no taxes—nothing but freedom." The first two-storey house to stand on the Portage trail was long called in derision Noah's Ark. The site on which it stood could scarcely now be purchased for the £300,000 of cash which the Hudson's Bay Company received for their rights in Rupert's Land. At Portage la Prairie there were a few settlers from Ontario, and brigades of Red River carts found their way regularly to Fort Pitt, Fort Carlton



THE FIGHT AT BATOCHE, 1885

The scene is taken from the rifle pits, faced with log breastworks, which the Métis dug below the crest of the hill in the poplar bush. Through the trees may be seen the distant spire of the church.

and Edmonton; but as late as 1872 the house of the "farthest west settler" was still pointed out only ten miles west of Portage. Beyond lay the "Great Lone Land."

The American railways, however, were drawing nearer and nearer to the border, when a group of five young Canadians, Norman W. Kittson, James J. Hill, Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, James Stephen and R. B. Angus began a career which did not cease until the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in 1885. A bankrupt railway, the St. Paul and Pacific, was first purchased in the State of Minnesota. They borrowed the money, but they were rich in faith and enterprise, and they soon made a fortune. Thus began the Great Northern

Railway of the United States. One day a wild demonstration took place in Winnipeg. A railway engine with steam up and whistle blowing was brought down the Red River on a river-boat to begin work on the northern end of a line of railway to St. Paul. When this line was completed, in 1879, the coming of the pioneers really began. By 1881 Winnipeg had become a city of ten thousand people. How many tens of thousands of Canadians on their way to the West found homes in the United States it is impossible to say. From Winnipeg the "homesteaders" streamed westward to the plains. Bands of "New Canadians" began to find their way into the country. The Mennonites, thrifty Quakers who had left their homes near the Rhine in the eighteenth century for the open plains (steppes) of southern Russia, were the first to settle fearlessly upon the open prairie. Their wheat and cattle and flax soon made them one of the most prosperous communities in the West. Farther north, on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, a settlement of Icelanders began one of the most stirring traditions of fortitude in Western Canada. Their first winter and an epidemic of smallpox left them almost destitute. Fifty years after their coming they could reckon nearly twenty members of parliament, twice as many doctors and the same number of lawyers among their numbers. More than a thousand enlisted during the Great War, and Manitoba remains the chief Icelandic centre in North America.

Meanwhile British Columbia in entering Confederation in 1871 had received the pledge of a railway to the Pacific within ten years. With these promises of prosperity the first western "boom" began. Land was soon selling in Winnipeg at higher prices than in Chicago. Whole townsites farther west were sold at auction. When prices began to go down the shrewd auctioneers pocketed their profits and moved on, leaving debt and despair behind them. But the patient pioneer of the prairie only awaited the coming of the railway to build a surer foundation for

prosperity. In 1876 the first shipment of wheat was made by river-boat from Winnipeg to eastern Canada. Farther west, on the Saskatchewan, the Métis and the Indian, as we shall see, still hoped to hold their own against the tide of immigration at the Riel Rebellion of 1885. With the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the same year, the swift march of modern settlement began.

4. THREE PROVINCES ON THE PRAIRIES

The building of a railway is always a romance. The surveyor who charts the route, the engineer who builds it rail after rail, the director who drives home the last spike, the pioneer who hears for the first time the whistle of the engine as it passes his farm, are all explorers of an undiscovered country. But the great Canadian railways have meant more than romance to the West. Many a pioneer found his way to his homestead in advance of the railway, but his lot was a hard one until the railway came. It is said that one of them who lived to become Minister of Agriculture for Canada, hauled his wheat a total distance equal to the circumference of the earth before the railway reached his township.

In truth the men of faith who built the Canadian Pacific Railway knew that they were building the future of Western Canada. The story of their desperate task and final success is told elsewhere (page 219). As the toiling bands of workmen began to draw near to each other, one of them working eastward over the Rocky Mountains and the other westward over the prairies, all Canada knew that an event of vast importance for the nation was about to take place.

There were some, however, for whom these lines of steel and the thousands of new settlers that were soon to pass over them stirred melancholy memories of other days. The happy-go-lucky Métis, who heard the roar of the

steam engine on the White Horse Plains, must have reflected upon the days when they used to "run" the buffalo there, and "the earth seemed to tremble" with the stampede. The Indian, too, who had accepted his fate with the stolid dignity of his race when the white man had paid "treaty-money" and promised to respect his reserves of Indian lands, now saw the "construction gangs" of the railway swarming like bees across the prairie. The "Mounties," to be sure, were there to keep law and order, and the general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway himself once wrote to the Commissioner of the Mounted Police that "on no great work within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed." But a few of the younger Indian braves were sure to get into mischief, stealing horses and cattle, pilfering tools and tobacco from the frightened "navvies," or now and then, perhaps, putting a log across the track to see what happened. Chief Piapot with a band of braves in an ugly mood once left his reserve and camped squarely in the path of the approaching railway. He refused to budge until two "Mounties" appeared and gave him fifteen minutes to strike his teepees and move on. Where was it all to end? The Métis especially, with the troubles of 1869 in mind, began to wonder if the tide could ever be stopped unless they were to build, as in 1869, "some breakwater" to protect themselves against the coming deluge.

After the Riel Insurrection of 1869 the Métis of Red River had been given 1,400,000 acres of land, nearly one-sixth of the whole province at that time, in order to quiet their fears of losing their little farms. The grants had been made in some cases directly, but usually in the form of "scrip" or certificates which entitled the holder to two hundred and forty acres of land in any location he might choose. But though the Métis got the "scrip" they seldom got the land. Here and there they gathered about their little church and held their own against the tide of new settlement. A few of these little communities

are to be found in Manitoba to this day. As a rule, however, they sold their "scrip" to speculators and moved off to the Saskatchewan after the sturgeon and the retreating buffalo and their old simple mode of life. Even here they could not hope to escape the coming change. One by one the old brigades of Red River carts began to give way before the river steamboat and the railway. Many who had not taken part in the troubles of 1869 at Red River, wanted, fairly enough, similar grants of land for themselves on the Saskatchewan. It is easy to find many of the other motives of 1869 also in 1885. Perhaps some of their leaders hoped for a little French-Métis province of their own that should be more successful than Manitoba in keeping the land to themselves. If they were to wait another year the railway would be completed and it would then be too late. They decided to send for Louis Riel and to make their last stand on the Saskatchewan.

Had the signs of trouble, pointed out alike by the Council of the North-West Territories and by the Mounted Police, been dealt with in time, it is hard to believe that the bloodshed in putting down the Riel Rebellion of 1885 would ever have been necessary. When Riel, who had been a school-teacher in Montana in the United States, decided to return, the glamour of his name and the success of their old cause in 1869 soon rallied Métis and Indian alike to his mad scheme. Mad indeed it was in another sense, for Riel, who had twice been confined in asylums for the insane, now showed many symptoms of insanity. He proclaimed himself a Messiah with a mission of deliverance for his people. None but a madman could think of bringing the savage Indians from their reserves on such a mission against settlers with their innocent women and children. When a band of "Mounties" and volunteers from Prince Albert went to the rescue of a few settlers and stores plundered by the Métis at Batoche and Duck Lake, ten of them were shot down in the snow. "The Queen's Scarlet" of the

"Mounty" was not after all invincible. What would happen if the Indians on the reserves once "tasted blood"?

All Canada was stirred, and troops under General Middleton were soon moving towards the West. The chief events of the Rebellion took place in a little triangle of rolling prairie, cut by deep "coulees" or ravines, between the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan. The Canadian Pacific Railway undertook to land men at Qu'-Appelle in less than a fortnight. Tramping across the gaps in the line as best they could they arrived in scarcely more than a week. But even here the early successes of the Indians might have led to a massacre had it not been for the restraining influence of old Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet, and Poundmaker, Chief of the Crees, a man of noble mien and fame in the fierce wars of his tribe. Battleford, into which men, women and children had crowded from the surrounding country, was soon relieved, but in pushing on to Cut Knife Creek, where Poundmaker had once won a great victory over his enemies, the Sarcees, Colonel Otter and his men were met with a murderous fire. Again the red coat retired before the red man. Farther west, at Frog Lake, a government official, two priests and seven or eight settlers were barbarously murdered by the Indians of Chief Big Bear. At Fort Pitt the Hudson's Bay factor warded off a general massacre by taking his wife and children fearlessly into Big Bear's camp and relying upon the magic name of the old Company. When the Canadian troops closed in at last with splendid dash and spirit at Fish Creek and Batoche it was found that the Métis under a famous buffalo-hunter, Gabriel Dumont, could still ride and shoot. On May 26, Poundmaker came in to surrender. Dumont escaped to the United States, six hundred miles away. Big Bear was caught at last and those of his band who were guilty for the murders at Frog Lake were executed. Riel, too, was captured, tried for his life at Regina and met his death upon the scaffold.

Riel's mad Rebellion on the Saskatchewan and the

THE FIRST FURROW

The homesteader, camped on his section of unfenced prairie land, sets up a pole with a red handkerchief tied to it as a guide, directs his plow toward it, and breaks ground in the first furrow of his farm.

manner of his death tore open again all the old wounds of 1869. In Manitoba the province turned upon the *Manitoba Act* and ruthlessly repealed the sections providing for separate schools and the use of the French language. "The country is ablaze with a prairie fire," said one of the French members in the Legislature, "and a strong wind is blowing." The fire was not to go out, as we shall see, (page 355) until the whole of Canada also was ablaze.

As we leave the Rebellion of 1885 and the Manitoba School Question behind, we begin to breathe the air of our own day. The real history of Western Canada is the history of hundreds of thousands of farms and ranches, of busy little towns and a few large cities, where men and women, without any sense of doing anything remarkable or heroic, have been building the foundations of a nation. Even the early political contests in the North-West Terri-

tories were upon this level. The old colonies of Britain, after a hundred and fifty years, had broken away to form the United States. In the old provinces of Canada the old struggle for self-government, after fifty years, had ended in a happier way which left Canada a Dominion in the British Commonwealth. In the North-West Territories, too, the same contest arose, but never was it more quickly and peacefully solved. The old contests between the governor and Council, on one side, and the Assembly elected by the people, on the other, was avoided by a plan which was as neat as it was effective. When a district of one thousand square miles was found to have a population of one thousand it was allowed to elect a member to the Council. In this way the Council was changed, almost without knowing it, into an Assembly. By 1888 a majority of the members were elected and nine years later the old contest for self-government was practically won. Finally, in 1905, the two great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created. Manitoba was made equal to her younger sister provinces by having her boundaries extended to Hudson Bay in 1912, almost exactly one hundred years from the day the Selkirk Settlers first landed at Red River. The Hudson Bay Railway, now being completed as these words are being written, will take us back to the old route into the West by which Hudson's Bay trader and Selkirk Settler alike used to travel for a hundred and fifty years.

In 1872 it was regarded as a great feat when a party of eastern Canadians travelled from Fort Garry to Edmonton in three weeks and a half. The aeroplane now flies over the Rockies from Vancouver to Winnipeg in less than half a day. The plodding explorer who began to discover the mineral wealth of our northland used to toil over the portages with his canoe much as young Kelsey did in 1690. The man of science now comes and goes in the air. Beside his camp-fire in the north he listens by radio to an orchestra playing a thousand miles away. But the challenge to the spirit of adventure and discovery is still there, for it has

been estimated that nearly a million square miles of Canada south of the Arctic Circle have never been approached within ten miles except by aeroplane. Perhaps the greatest discoveries of all have been those of science in increasing the golden harvest of wheat on the prairies. Professor Buller has shown that a single grain of Marquis wheat, discovered by Dr. Charles Saunders in 1903, produced in 1918 over three hundred million bushels. What the boys and girls of Western Canada will yet live to see no man can foretell. These things in themselves do not make a nation great, but they enable a nation to become great very quickly. What makes a great nation? A great Canadian, Joseph Howe, asked that question many years ago. Is it extent of territory? No. Numbers of people? No. What then? "It is the spirit which animates," said Howe, "the discipline which renders them invincible."

READ A STORY

Janey Canuck in the West. By Emily F. Murphy. Dent, Toronto. Breezy pictures of Western life.

The Women of Red River. By W. J. Healy. Women's Canadian Club, Winnipeg, 1923. A charming story, well illustrated, of pioneer women in the West, from 1807 to the 70's.

John Black, *John McDougall* and *James Evans*, by Lorne Pierce; *Father Lacombe*, by Howard Angus Kennedy; *Father Morice*, by Thomas O'Hagan; *The Sisters of St Boniface*, by Emily P. Weaver, and *Bishop Bompas*, by "Janey Canuck," in the Ryerson Readers, provide stirring romances of the great missionaries on the plains.

Lord Strathcona and *The Building of the C.P.R.*, by Howard Angus Kennedy, as well as *Sir Sandford Fleming*, by Lawrence J. Burpee, in the Ryerson Readers, tell the story of the linking of the west with the east by bonds of steel.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police, by Col. C. F. Hamilton, and *The North-West Rebellion*, by Howard Angus Kennedy, both Ryerson Readers, are interesting narratives.

The War Trail of Big Bear. By W. B. Cameron. Ryerson Press, Toronto. A vivid account of the Riel Rebellion by a Hudson's Bay Company officer, the only male survivor of the Frog Lake Massacre.

†*The Railway Builders.* By O. D. Skelton. Chronicles of Canada.

The Book of the West. By Howard Angus Kennedy. Ryerson Press, Toronto.

The Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway. By R. G. Macbeth. Ryerson Press, Toronto.

Manitoba Milestones. By Margaret McWilliams. Dent, Toronto. This is a new illustrated history, well told, of Manitoba for girls and boys.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material will be marked thus (†).

IV

BRITISH COLUMBIA

By W. N. Sage

Simon Fraser Descending the Fraser River, 1808

A. THE FAR WEST COAST

1. THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

There is an old Chinese story about Fusang, a wonderful land of luscious fruit and gigantic trees, lying many months' journey to the eastward of the Celestial Empire. To it some travellers claimed they had penetrated in the fifth century of our era. But this voyage is most uncertain, as are many others which succeeded it. The far west coast was the most distant part of America for European explorers. To reach it mariners had to sail more than half-way round the world in their stout ships, and overland explorers were forced to toil many thousands of weary miles by trail, lake and river, across the gigantic mountain barrier, and finally through awe-inspiring canyons, down to the sea.

The Spaniards were the first to reach the Pacific. In 1513 Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama and took possession, in the name of the King of Spain, of all the west coast of America "from the Pole Arctic to the Pole Antarctic." But the Spaniards did not penetrate far into the "Northern Mystery." They stopped at Cape Blanco on the coast of Oregon. The sturdy British sea-dog, Sir Francis Drake, invaded the Spanish Main and pushed on up the coast, but did not reach what is now British Columbia. He wintered in California and took possession of that country, in 1579, in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

The first white man to see the far west coast was Alexei Chirikoff, a captain in the Russian Navy and companion of Vitus Bering, the famous Danish explorer who had entered the service of the Czars. In 1741 Bering and Chirikoff both sighted the Alaskan coast. Chirikoff returned safely to Siberia, but Bering died of scurvy on a little island off the Asiatic coast.

Stirred by the news of the Russian exploration, the

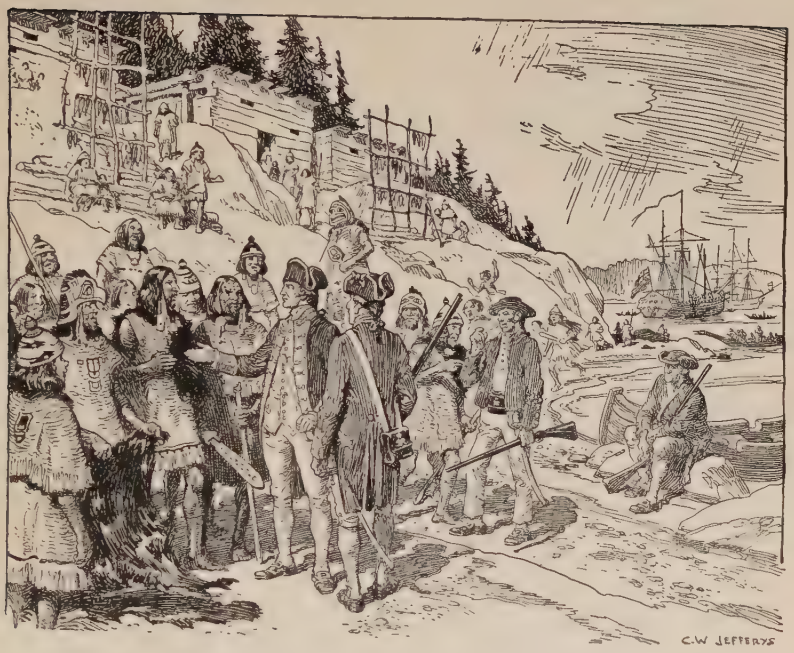
Viceroy of New Spain (Mexico) sent up an exploring expedition in 1774. The *Santiago*, under the command of Don Juan Perez, reached the Queen Charlotte Islands and traded with the warlike Haida, the master canoemen of the north Pacific, who welcomed the white men by casting feathers on the water in token of peace. On the way down the coast the *Santiago* anchored in a roadstead on the coast of Vancouver Island, now known as Estevan, but the Spaniards were unable to land on account of a terrific storm.

In the meantime overland explorers were attempting to cross the continent. There is no need here to tell of Champlain, La Salle, and the heroic La Vérendryes. The French reached the Saskatchewan and probably sighted the Rocky Mountains, "The Shining Mountains," but failed to penetrate that formidable barrier. The lure of the Western Sea led them on, but they could not find the long-sought River of the West which emptied into the far-away Pacific.

2. CAPTAIN COOK

On Sunday, March 29, 1778, at nine o'clock in the morning, Captain James Cook, the "Columbus of the Pacific," stood on the deck of his flag-ship, H.M.S. *Resolution*, and sighted the hazy coastline of British Columbia. By noon he was able to distinguish, between breakers and a high wooded point, an inlet which he named Hope Bay. He hoped that it would be a suitable harbour. Nor was he disappointed.

As the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* drew near the inlet they were met by three canoes filled with natives. A chief stood up and made a speech of welcome, at the same time strewing feathers on the water. When he ceased speaking his comrades took their turns. Then they sang a chant of welcome in which the word *haela* was repeated as the burden of the song. Soon thirty-two canoes filled with men and women were near the ship. In one of them was an important chief decked with many



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK AT NOOTKA, 1778

The natives are clothed in garments woven from the fibrous bark of cedar trees, and wear decorated headdresses and masks. Their houses were built of planks hewn with stone axes; in front of them are poles on which fish are hung to dry. In the distance Cook's ships are seen anchored in the harbour. One of the Indians is trying to persuade a sailor to trade the brass buttons on his coat, which the natives prized as ornaments.

feathers, and "painted in an extraordinary manner." He had in his hand a wooden rattle, in the form of a bird, with which he accompanied his ringing words.

The Indians, although friendly, could not be induced at first to come on board the white man's ships. But they were willing to trade skins of the sea-otter, or the less valued pelts of bears, wolves, foxes or martens, for iron. Anything of metal was valuable in their eyes, but iron was most highly prized.

Cook soon found a suitable anchorage in Resolution Cove and prepared to refit his ships. This was his third voyage of discovery, and he had already been from June,

1776, to March, 1778, on the voyage to Nootka Sound—for that was the name he finally gave to the inlet. His long journey round the Cape of Good Hope to Australia and New Zealand, then on to Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands, and across to North America had been very hard on his ships. The masts needed repairs; some of them were in such poor condition that they had to be renewed, and so Cook's vessels were the first British ships to test the qualities of the Douglas fir.

While these repairs were going on the news of the arrival of the white strangers spread up and down the coast. Other Indians began to arrive, but the Nootkans were unwilling to allow them to trade with Cook's men. The natives of Nootka apparently regarded the white men as their especial property and monopolized the trade. They acted as middlemen, taking the goods they received from Cook and his companions, and trading them with more distant tribes for sea-otter skins and bits of basketry valued by the white men as curiosities.

So keen were the natives to obtain iron that they soon came on board the ships, and slyly removed hooks from bits of tackle and the metal from the ship's boats. Some of the missing articles were recovered, but in many cases the natives succeeded in outwitting the sailors. On the other hand, the Nootkans demanded payment for the wood and the water which the ships' crews brought on board as supplies. But Cook's men would not pay them, although the commander states in his journal that he would have complied with the natives' demands had he been present. Even the grass which was cut for fodder was the cause of difficulty. Cook offered to pay for it, but so many natives appeared that it seemed to Cook that each blade of grass had a separate owner. He emptied his pockets, and when the Nootkans found that nothing more could be obtained they allowed the sailors to go on cutting the grass.

Before long there was hardly a bit of metal left on the

ships. Whole suits of clothes were shorn of their buttons. Copper kettles, tin canisters, and candlesticks, all went in trade. But in return the sailors obtained valuable furs, Indian ornaments, conical hats, and clothing made of cedar bark. The sea-otter skins obtained at Nootka were later to bring their owners tremendous profits in the markets of China.

But Nootka was only a pleasing incident in a long and important voyage, since Cook had been commissioned to find the illusive North-West Passage and could delay no longer. So, on April 26, 1778, his vessels sailed north. A storm blew them out to sea once more, and when they sighted land again it was the Alaskan coast. They found a great opening, Cook's Inlet, which seemed for a time to be the longed-for passage. But their quest ended in disappointment. Then Cook sailed on and entered Bering Strait. He reached the most northerly point of North America only to find his way blocked by the impenetrable ice-pack. That winter Cook returned to the Hawaiian Islands where, in February, 1779, he came to an untimely and tragic end. One of his officers wrote after his death: "He was our leading star, which, at its setting, left us involved in darkness and despair." His crews struggled on bravely to find the North-West Passage. Once more the ice drove them back. Realizing that Fate was against them, the commanders of the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* started back to England.

When the British Government published, in 1784, Cook's journals, a new era in the story of British Columbia had begun.

3. CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER

Fur trader rapidly followed fur trader to the north-west coast. Captain James Hanna came in 1785 from China and obtained five hundred and sixty sea-otter skins. Next year six vessels arrived. Some of Cook's men came

back, one of them, Captain Dixon, named the Queen Charlotte Islands. Perhaps the most interesting was Lieutenant John Meares, who, in 1788, built and launched the *North West America* at Nootka. According to his own story, Meares obtained a piece of ground at Nootka from Chief Maquinna and built a house there. That house was to be famous.

Spain had never given up her claim to all the west coast, and in 1789 a Spanish expedition under Martinez sailed up from Mexico and took formal possession of Nootka. Martinez seized several vessels, including four belonging to Meares. When Meares got back to England he complained to the British Government. There was almost war between Great Britain and Spain over this seizure of British vessels, but in the end peaceful counsels prevailed. Britain and Spain signed the Nootka Convention, in 1790, and agreed to send representatives to Nootka to decide what territory should be restored by Spain to Great Britain. One Spanish envoy was Don Bodega Y Quadra. The British sent Captain George Vancouver.

Captain Vancouver, who had been with Cook at Nootka, was also commissioned to make a survey of the coast from California to Alaska. From 1792 to 1794 he carried on his great work, exploring the coast as no one before had done. In and out of the inlets he went, sometimes accompanied by his sailing ships, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, and sometimes in open boats. He sailed through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, discovered in 1787 by Captain Barclay, of the *Imperial Eagle*, and named after that elusive navigator, Juan de Fuca, more famous for his enchanting tales than for his accurate exploration. Vancouver saw the majestic range of the white-peaked Olympics on his right and the low-lying, yet rugged, coast of Vancouver Island on his left as he sailed up the strait. He made his way down into Puget Sound, in and out among its islands. He sighted the glacier-crowned giants,

Mount Baker and Mount Rainier. He came north through intricate passages and finally reached the broad expanse of the Gulf of Georgia. Leaving his ships at anchor in Birch Bay he proceeded in open boats to Point Roberts. Everywhere he went he named the capes and islands, gulfs and bays, after friends or members of his crew.

In the vicinity of that magnificently situated western Canadian city which bears his name, past whose site he sailed in June, 1792, Vancouver's place names are still preserved. The University of British Columbia, built on his Point Grey, named after a friend in the British navy, looks out upon the gorgeous beauty of Howe Sound, a name which immortalizes the victor of the Battle of the First of June. At night one can look from Point Grey across Burrard Inlet; the eye travels along the inlet to the Narrows which guard the entrance to Vancouver's magnificent harbour. It was at the Narrows that the navigator was met by fifty Indians of the Squamish nation, who accompanied him with all due ceremony up the inlet. The natives, according to their legend of Capilano Canyon, had been warned by one of their seers that the white men would come, and that they should receive them with kindness.

It was off Point Grey on the morning of July 22, 1792, that Vancouver sighted two little ships anchored under the lea of the land. Thinking that possibly his own ships had come up from Birch Bay he rowed forward to investigate. But the boats were too small for the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, and he marvelled that they could have stood the buffeting of the wild Pacific. They turned out to be Spanish vessels of about forty-five tons, the *Sutil* and the *Mexicana*, commanded by Captains Galiano and Valdez. It was a dramatic and unexpected meeting. The Spaniards received Vancouver and his men cordially and gave them breakfast, but Vancouver was not pleased to learn that the Spaniards had already explored the coasts which he had been so laboriously charting.

Galiano and Valdez told Vancouver that Quadra was waiting for him at Nootka. For a time the Spaniards accompanied the British, but Vancouver had to press on. After many adventures Lieutenant Johnstone discovered a route through the narrow channels which separate Vancouver Island from the mainland. Both the *Discovery* and the *Chatham* ran on the rocks in Queen Charlotte Sound, but were not seriously injured. On August 28 1792, Vancouver reached Nootka.

The meeting between Quadra and Vancouver at Nootka was most cordial. The Spanish commander entertained the British officers at a dinner which Vancouver describes as "consisting of a superfluity of the best of provisions, mostly the produce of Nootka, and served with no less equal elegance." A royal salute was fired when the healths of the King of Spain and the King of Great Britain were drunk, and seventeen guns pleaded for the success of the negotiations. Maquinna, the great chief of the Nootkans, was present at the banquet, and Quadra succeeded in appeasing his anger at a slight which he considered he had received from the British. The sentinel posted on the *Discovery* had refused that morning to admit Maquinna on board the ship, and the officer on watch, who also had not recognized the importance of the visitor, had supported the sentinel. But a few suitable presents of blue cloth and copper did much to dispel the suspicions of the dusky chief.

Between Vancouver and Quadra a great bond of friendship was forged by their frequent meetings, but in the matter of negotiations they made no progress at all. Quadra insisted that Meares's house, or hut, had ceased to exist at the time of Martinez's arrival, and that since nothing had been seized and no damage done Spain had nothing to surrender and no restitutions to make. Vancouver insisted that the clause in the Nootka Convention of 1790 be carried out to the letter, whereby Spain promised to surrender what had been occupied by British subjects

prior to Martinez's seizure. The British claim was based upon Meares's reports, which the Spanish did not credit. As a result a deadlock occurred. After several weeks of fruitless negotiations Vancouver sailed away to the Hawaiian Islands.

In the years 1793 and 1794 Vancouver continued his surveys. But his health was becoming impaired. Too much exposure brought on the symptoms of the dreaded tuberculosis. Manfully Vancouver struggled on and completed his work. Late in 1794 he left the coast and went south to Monterey on his return voyage to England. The few years that remained to him he spent in describing his voyage and preparing his charts. In 1798 at the early age of forty, the great explorer died at the old Star and Garter Inn, Richmond Hill, Surrey, England. His name is immortalized on the far west coast.

4. THE MARITIME FUR TRADERS

For fifty years, from 1785 to 1835, traders came by sea to the north-west coast to obtain rich harvests of furs, chiefly sea-otter skins. Each captain who steered his ship into one of the many inlets between the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Russian settlements in Alaska, tried to get as many pelts as he could, and to pay as little as possible for them. The traders were none too careful as to the methods they employed. As a result the natives became more and more hostile. On several occasions they captured the white traders' ships and massacred their crews. The traders on their part did not scruple to fire on the natives. When Spain finally handed over Nootka to Great Britain, in 1795, and the British abandoned the post after running up the Union Jack to the top of the former Spanish flagpole, all attempts at permanent settlement ceased. The maritime trader, here to-day and away to-morrow, reigned supreme. The coast was plundered of its treasures in return for bits of iron or European trinkets.

At first the British were the leaders in the maritime fur trade. But the monopolies of the South Sea and East India companies, which compelled British merchants to obtain licences to trade from the South Sea Company and permission from the East India Company to sell furs in China, practically wrecked the British trade. Some British merchants attempted to avoid these monopolies by flying foreign flags—Portuguese, Austrian, and even Swedish and American. But gradually the British traders ceased their operations. American ships from Massachusetts took their place. The "solid men" of Boston, Salem and Lynn were the successful traders on the coast. So much was this the case that the Indians termed all Americans "Boston-men," a term still in use in the Chinook jargon, the trade language of the far west coast.

Huge profits were made. In 1802 over fifteen thousand sea-otter skins were collected by Boston ships and sold in Canton. The trading goods were various: blankets, blue cloth, clothing, firearms, powder and shot, biscuits, rice, molasses—and, one regrets to add, rum. One original sea-captain found that his trading goods were not selling and so had his blacksmith make iron collars which were highly prized by the natives. With these collars he obtained fourteen hundred sea-otter skins in forty-nine days. Thousands of thimbles were sold to the natives, who sewed them on their clothing and were delighted with the jingle that they made.

In 1803, the American ship *Boston* entered Nootka Sound. The captain quarrelled with Maquinna and the chief of the Nootkans plotted revenge. With his warriors he captured the ship and slaughtered all the crew except two, John Jewitt, the armourer, and John Thompson, the sail-maker. These two were made slaves and for two years remained at Nootka. Jewitt kept a journal of his life among the natives and from it we learn much of the customs of the Nootkans. Maquinna was now all-powerful and he saved Jewitt's life, since he valued the

armourer for his prowess in working metal. At length by a stratagem Jewitt and Thompson escaped on another American vessel.

The wholesale destruction of the fur-bearing animals wrought its own havoc. By 1835 the maritime trade ceased to exist. Before that time the overland traders had secured the interior of what is now British Columbia and had advanced to the coast. Unlike the maritime fur traders they constructed forts and lived among the Indians. Their methods were more peaceable, and in the end they crushed the lawless maritime fur traders.

READ A STORY

Builders of the West. Edited by F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Interesting accounts of the days of discovery are given in Chapters XVII, XVIII, and XIX.

The Far West Coast. By V. L. Denton. Dent, Toronto. Romantic stories of the voyages of early explorers to the North-West coast of America down to Vancouver's last voyage.

Trailmakers of the North-West. By Paul L. Haworth. A good story of the search for the Western Sea.

Alexander Mackenzie, by Adrian Macdonald, *Simon Fraser,* by V. L. Denton, *Captain Cook,* by Mabel Burkholder, *Captain George Vancouver,* by H. Charlesworth, *John Jewitt: The Captive of Nootka,* by Eleanor Hammond Broadus, and *David Thompson,* by Morden H. Long, all in the Ryerson History Readers Series.

British Columbia: The Making of a Province. By F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. The complete story of British Columbia in readable form. Fully illustrated.

†*Sir Alexander Mackenzie.* By Hume Wrong. Macmillan, Toronto. A brief and vivid account in "The Men of Action" Series.

†*Pioneers of the Pacific Coast.* By Agnes C. Laut. Chronicles of Canada.

Legends of Vancouver. By Pauline Johnson. McClelland, Toronto. Semi-historical Indian sagas related to the author by Chief Joe Capilano.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

B. THE OVERLAND FUR TRADE

1. THREE GREAT NOR'-WESTERS

I. *Sir Alexander Mackenzie*

The first Nor'-wester to cross the Rocky Mountains was Sir Alexander Mackenzie. In 1789 he made an adventurous journey from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, by way of Slave River and Great Slave Lake, down the Mackenzie to the Arctic. He was seeking the western sea and he found the northern ocean. In 1792 he made another start. This time he went up Peace River and wintered at Fort Fork, six miles above the mouth of Smoky River. The remains of his hearth have recently been discovered.

On May 9, 1793, with nine companions, including Alexander McKay as second in command, Mackenzie started up Peace River in a new, specially constructed birch bark canoe. The Peace was swollen by spring freshets and Mackenzie and his men encountered serious obstacles. On May 17 they saw the long ridge of the Rocky Mountains, one of the most sublime sights in North America, but Mackenzie merely notes in his journal that "they formed a very agreeable object to every person in the canoe, as we attained the view of them much sooner than we had expected."

When Mackenzie and his men reached the dreaded Peace River Canyon, instead of portaging inland they tried to tow their canoe through the raging rapids. Finally they had to haul the canoe up the bank over almost perpendicular portages. The murmuring of the men grew louder, but Mackenzie pressed on. Soon they came to the forks of Peace River, and having been warned by an old Indian to take the south branch, on Parsnip River, they did so and arrived, on June 11, at the head waters of the Parsnip. A short portage took them across the Great

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE REACHES THE ARCTIC OCEAN

From the summit of an island at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in July, 1789, Mackenzie saw the ice of the Arctic Ocean. At this time of the year the sun did not sink below the horizon.

Divide, and unbounded was their delight when they launched their much battered canoe in waters which flowed toward the Pacific.

But their difficulties were not over. They entered the Bad River; snags and stones nearly demolished the canoe; and with difficulty they succeeded in reaching the Fraser. This broad stream they thought to be the Columbia and the goal seemed nearer. On June 19 they reached the awful Fort George Canyon. The portage there, Mackenzie tells us, "beggars all description." Two days later they met a band of Carrier Indians who greeted them with a shower of arrows. Here Mackenzie showed his knowledge of Indian character. Landing on the opposite

bank, alone and unarmed, he walked along displaying beads, looking-glasses and other trinkets. The Indians became curious and soon friendly relations were established. When the natives understood that Mackenzie was going to the sea, they tried to dissuade him from following the river and told him of a shorter route.

Mackenzie determined to try this new route, and, turning east opposite the site of Alexandria, made his way up the river to the mouth of the Blackwater. There the travellers cached the canoe and started overland. It was a hard, back-breaking trail along the Blackwater, up the slopes of Telegraph Range and finally down into the valley of the Bella Coola River. At Friendly Village, where they arrived on July 17, they received a most hospitable reception. Having procured canoes they made their way down to Bella Coola. They reached salt water on July 20, and two days later encamped on a large rock which had once been the site of an Indian village.

The natives here were definitely hostile. One of the Indians told about white men who had recently been there, Captain George Vancouver and Archibald Menzies, the botanist—the native called them *Macubah* and *Bensins* —and Mackenzie learned that he had just missed meeting the great navigator. On the morning of July 22 Mackenzie made a mixture of vermilion and grease, and painted the following inscription on the rock:

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE FROM CANADA
BY LAND THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF
JULY, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED
AND NINETY-THREE.

The return journey began at once. Mackenzie was in a dangerous situation, but he got safely back to Friendly Village. Here to his great joy he recovered his dog, which had been lost on the trip down. By August 4 he was back on Fraser River, and twenty days later at Fort Fork.

He had accomplished the great design. He was the first white man to reach the western sea overland by crossing the main body of the North American continent. For his services he received the honour of knighthood in 1802.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie was a man of splendid vision. Not only did he make his way to two oceans, but he also worked out a plan to join the Hudson's Bay and North-West companies, to establish a base at Nootka and to secure the trade of the far west coast for Great Britain. The British Government did not adopt the plan, but Mackenzie had done much for Britain by his great overland crossing to the Pacific coast.

II. *Simon Fraser*

Simon Fraser, a United Empire Loyalist, born in Vermont and brought up near Cornwall in Upper Canada, was the real explorer of the river which bears his name. He followed Mackenzie's trail across the Rockies early in 1806, and with his devoted companion, John Stuart, founded posts on Stuart Lake and Fraser Lake. The country around Stuart Lake reminded him of his mother's descriptions of Old Scotland, and so he named it New Caledonia.

At this time the lower waters of the Columbia, from its junction with Snake River to its mouth, had been carefully explored by the Lewis and Clark expedition, in 1804-1806. Mackenzie had found the upper waters of a river which was thought to be the Columbia. The partners of the North-West Company were anxious that Simon Fraser should continue Mackenzie's explorations. As a preliminary, Fraser, in 1807, founded a post named Fort George at the junction of the Fraser and Nechako rivers.

In May, 1808, Simon Fraser set out from Fort George with a party of twenty-four in four canoes to explore the river. John Stuart accompanied him. The first day they shot the Fort George Canyon without mishap, and the next day encountered the Cottonwood Canyon. There

they lightened the canoes and ran them down the rapids. The Indians warned Fraser to send word ahead that he was coming, else he might meet with opposition, but if the natives were told of his approach they would treat him kindly. At the same time Fraser was urged to give up his attempt to reach the sea. He refused to do so.

It was heavy going. How the canoes weathered the rapids is a mystery. At one place Fraser and his men on shore rescued their comrades, who had managed by good luck to escape from a whirlpool when their canoe was dashed against a projecting rock. Cutting steps with their daggers in the steep bank Fraser and those with him succeeded in lowering a line down to the front of the canoe. Some of the voyageurs climbed up the rope and hauled up the canoe, others supporting it upon their arms. Their lives, Fraser tells us, hung by a thread, since the breaking of the rope or a false step might have hurled them all into eternity.

On June 9, the travellers encountered the terrible Rapide Couvert (Covered Rapid). The channel there contracts to forty yards, and is enclosed by two immensely high precipices. A portage was impossible, so Fraser and his men had to trust themselves to the mercy of that awful current. There was one little thread of clear water between the precipices and the whirling waves, and the expert canoemen found it and gained their way to safety. The canoes followed each other in silence, "skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined," and at the end the brave men stood on shore "gazing at each other in silent congratulation" at their narrow escape.

The next day the canoes were left behind and the explorers set out on foot. They met large numbers of Indians at Lillooet and Lytton. At the latter place Fraser had to shake hands with twelve hundred natives, who thus expressed their gratitude at seeing the white men. The Indians graciously furnished two canoes in which the adventurers started once more for the sea. Soon they

reached the fearsome Big Canyon, and, abandoning their canoes, made their way along the cliffs. Fraser tells us that it was the worst country he had ever seen, and that they had to pass where no human being should venture. They crossed dangerous spots by means of Indian ladders, "suspended from the top to the foot of immense precipices and fastened at both extremities to stones and trees." It was the most terrible part of the journey.

At length the weary travellers came out upon the smooth waters of the lower Fraser. Obtaining canoes once more they embarked upon the last stage of their journey. Now their difficulties with the Indians began and increased as they neared the mouth. Finally they arrived at the Indian village of Musqueam and sighted the Gulf of Georgia. The threatening attitude of the natives caused them to turn back, but not before Fraser had taken an observation and had discovered that the river was not the Columbia. It was a bitter disappointment to him.

The return journey was safely accomplished although the coast Indians pursued Fraser for some distance. The water was lower and the danger to the canoes much lessened. Fraser, Stuart and their men were back at Fort George on August 6, 1808. One of the most hazardous ventures in western Canadian history was completed without loss of life.

III. *David Thompson*

On the top of Howse Pass at the Great Divide, in 1807, a picturesque figure, clad in the rough but serviceable garb of the fur trader, his complexion brown as an Indian's, and his long black hair cut square just above the eyebrows, stood gazing intently at a little stream running down the western slope. This was David Thompson, fur trader, explorer, and surveyor for the North-West Company. With simple piety he exclaimed: "May God in His mercy give me to see where its waters flow into the ocean and return in safety."

This pious wish is the key to the work of David Thompson west of the Rocky Mountains. It was he who explored the headwaters of the Columbia and of its great tributary, the Kootenay, travelled far and wide through south-eastern British Columbia, eastern Washington, Idaho and even into Montana, and finally, in 1811, traversed the Columbia from Kettle Falls to the sea, and on his return journey traced the course of the river from its mouth to the big bend. He won the confidence of the natives and established numerous trading posts. What is more, he absolutely refused to use liquor in the fur trade, and while he was in charge no intoxicants crossed the mountains into the Upper Columbia district.

When David Thompson first sighted the Columbia, in 1807, it was flowing north and for that reason he did not feel that it could be the Columbia. The Columbia, the Kootenay and the Fraser all rise west of the main chain of the Rockies, in what is known as the Rocky Mountain Trench, and form big bends in order to get round the next range of mountains. These facts, so obvious to us to-day, were unknown to Thompson, and he had to spend many weary months in tracing the course of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers.

Thompson built his first post, in 1807, about a mile above Lake Windermere at the mouth of a little creek. He named it "Kootenae House," and it became his headquarters and his home from 1807 to 1812. While he was building this post a party of warlike Peigans from the east of the mountains arrived, and Thompson feared that they would hinder the construction of his fort. So he resorted to stratagem based on his long experience of Indian life. He informed the Peigans that he could not protect them from the Kootenay Indians, but that the war chief of the Peigans was within a day's march of the fort. The next day the chief arrived and marvelled at Thompson's apparent knowledge of his movements. "What

DAVID THOMPSON

On his winter journey through the Rocky Mountains, 1810. He and his men travelled on snowshoes. Sleds drawn by dogs carried the food and equipment of the party. Three pack horses were used also until the snow became too deep.

can we do with this man?" he exclaimed, "our women cannot mend a pair of shoes but he sees them."

Every year Thompson had to make a long journey across the mountains and the plains to far-away Rainy Lake. There he exchanged his furs for the annual "outfit" of trading goods and necessary supplies. Then without delay, he started back for Kootenae House. From 1807 to 1810 he used Howse Pass. But in 1810, on his return from Rainy Lake, the Peigans, angered by assistance given by Thompson's men to the Indians west of the Rockies, would not allow his canoes to proceed up the Saskatchewan. So Thompson with his men and supplies started north on horses for the Athabaska River, being

convinced that the Peigans, being plainsmen, would not pursue them far into the woods. In midwinter Thompson and his companions discovered Athabaska Pass, and at length came out to the Canoe River, which led them to the Columbia. There at the junction of the Canoe and the Columbia they encamped and waited for spring. Thompson had now found what was later to be the great fur trading trail across the Rockies.

In April, 1811, Thompson went up the Columbia and arrived home at Kootenae House with the remains of his trading goods. But he could not stay there long. After a few days he was on the road again to inspect his other posts. Early in July he was back on the Columbia at Kettle Falls. There he built a canoe and made a rapid descent of the river to its mouth. Near the ocean he reached the newly founded Fort Astoria, the depot of the Pacific Fur Company, an American venture financed by John Jacob Astor.

It is sometimes claimed that Thompson had lost the race to the sea, but there was no race. If anything he was ahead of his schedule, and he was not trying to forestall the Astorians. The Astorians received Thompson most kindly, and he returned up the river with some of them who were about to found Fort Okanagan, at the mouth of the Okanagan River. Having parted from the Astorians Thompson continued his journey up the Columbia, through the Arrow Lakes to the Big Bend, on the junction of the Canoe and Columbia rivers. Thus he had, in 1811, traced the entire course of the Columbia.

Early in 1812 Thompson made a final tour of his posts preparatory to leaving the Columbia district forever. He was retiring from the fur trade in order to educate his family in Canada. From the top of Athabaska Pass he looked down for the last time on the Pacific Slope.

2. THE ASTORIANS: FUR TRADING LIFE IN NEW CALEDONIA

I. *The Astorians*

John Jacob Astor, financier of New York, dreamed a dream. He would found a company whose officers would penetrate to the Pacific coast by land and sea, and obtain control of the rich fur trade of the Columbia. He invited the North-West Company to take a one-third interest in the Pacific Fur Company, but the Nor'-westers refused. So Astor approached several leading Nor'-westers individually, and secured them as partners in his new company. He also recruited clerks and voyageurs in Canada, for he knew from experience that the French Canadians were the best canoemen in the world.

Astor sent out two expeditions, one by sea, the other by land. The *Tonquin*, under command of Captain Jonathan Thorn, sailed round Cape Horn and reached the Columbia in April, 1811. The overland party did not arrive till a year later. As soon as the *Tonquin* arrived a site for the new post was chosen and Fort Astoria was rapidly built.

The *Tonquin* went north on a trading expedition along the coast but never came back. When trading in Clayoquot Sound, Vancouver Island, the natives boarded and captured the ship. The vessel blew up while the Indians were looting her. Possibly a member of the crew who had escaped the massacre set fire to the ship, but we shall never know the tragic end of Captain Thorn and Alexander McKay with their crew, for there were no survivors.

The loss of the *Tonquin* was serious. The coasting trade was crippled, but the Astorians dauntlessly went on with their plans of establishing posts in the interior. David Stuart founded Fort Okanagan at the mouth of the Okanagan River, and, late in 1812, he founded Fort Kamloops. Alexander Ross had already been in the

Kamloops country in February, 1812, and in one morning had obtained one hundred and ten beaver skins in return for leaf tobacco.

The North-West Company did not view the activities of the Astorians with any degree of satisfaction. They sent Joseph La Roque to found an opposition post at Kamloops. But Stuart and La Roque maintained peaceful relations and divided the trade between them.

The outbreak of war between Great Britain and the United States, in 1812, gave the Nor'-westers the opportunity they sought. A vessel was sent round Cape Horn to the Columbia, and an overland party of Nor'-westers arrived at Astoria in October, 1813. Ill luck had dogged the Astorians, and as most of them were former Nor'-westers, it was not difficult for the Canadians to induce them to sell out their interests to the North-West Company and dissolve the Pacific Company. The deed of sale was drawn up and the Union Jack floated over Astoria. The North-West Company now controlled the fur trade west of the mountains.

II. *Fur Trading Life in New Caledonia*

The centre of fur-trading life was the fort. To the fort the Indians brought their furs and exchanged them for blankets and supplies. The fur-traders on principle objected to furnishing the natives with weapons if they suspected that they would be used against their neighbours. On one occasion the McLeod's Lake Indians asked Daniel Williams Harmon, who was in charge of Fort St. James, for guns and ammunition that they might kill some of the Fraser Lake natives. Harmon refused, and told them that if they should bring in a hundred scalps they could not procure with them a pipeful of tobacco or a pint of rum, but if they brought in beaver skins he would trade with them.

The fort usually consisted of two or three small buildings surrounded by a palisade. There was a trading store, a

house for the officers and probably another for the men. Harmon tells us that his fur-trading duties occupied only about one-fifth of his time, the remaining four-fifths being at his disposal. Fortunately most of the posts, however remote, were well supplied with books. Then, too, some of the fur-traders were musical and carefully treasured flutes or violins. If there was nothing else to do the trader could sit down and begin a letter to his friends in the outside world. These letters would be sent out each spring by the express which carried the returns to far-away Rainy Lake or possibly to Fort William. It is to those fur-traders' letters and diaries that we owe much of our knowledge of the life at the forts. Each fort usually kept a journal, in which important occurrences were written down. Harmon's *Journal* was published soon after he retired from the fur trade, in 1819. It gives a fascinating account of life in New Caledonia between the years 1810 and 1819.

In New Caledonia the chief article of diet was salmon. If the salmon run was late, then all, white men and Indians alike, were on very short commons. On August 2, 1811, the entire stock of food at Fort St. James, for ten persons, consisted of five salmon. It was not until September that the salmon were in abundance. In the meantime the inhabitants of the fort subsisted on berries. Harmon planted potatoes and turnips and sowed barley in this year. This provided much needed additions to the fur-traders' diet.

The fur-trader usually moved about from one fort to another in his district. Then each year some one was sent out with the express. The *bourgeois*, or partners of the North-West Company, were expected to accompany the express to attend the annual meeting at Fort William.

Usually the natives were peaceable, but if trouble started the fur-trader was expected to see that justice was done. Sometimes it was rough justice. As a general rule, a boisterous Indian or one addicted to thieving was

given a sound beating. On one occasion Harmon beat old 'Kwah, the chief of the Stuart Lake tribe. But 'Kwah bore him no malice.

3. THE EMPEROR OF THE COLUMBIA AND HIS SECOND IN COMMAND

The Emperor of the Columbia was Dr. John McLoughlin, an Irish-Scotsman, who was born in the Province of Quebec. His second in command was James Douglas, a native of Lanarkshire, Scotland. For over twenty years McLoughlin ruled for the Hudson's Bay Company the vast fur-trading empire west of the Rockies, stretching from California to Alaska. In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company had united, and the reorganized Hudson's Bay Company had absorbed the activities of the North-West Company, west of the Rockies. Both McLoughlin and Douglas were old Nor'-westers, and so also were most of the commissioned officers and clerks of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Columbia District.

The Columbia District, sometimes called the Western Department, was one of the four departments of the great company. Governor George Simpson was placed at the head of the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Company in North America, and he had an oversight over all the departments. He was assisted by a fur-trade council which met at York Factory, at Norway House, or sometimes at Fort Garry in the Red River Settlement. Simpson and the council issued instructions to Dr. McLoughlin, who also received orders from the Governor and committee of the company in London, England. But for the most part McLoughlin was left free to rule his vast empire as he saw fit. New Caledonia was included in the Columbia District.

Dr. John McLoughlin was born at Rivière du Loup, Quebec, in 1784, and was educated in Edinburgh and Paris. At an early age he entered the service of the North-

West Company, and several years later became a partner or *bourgeois*. He opposed the union of 1821, and was even sent to England by the anti-unionists to endeavour to prevent the coalition. But he failed and accepting the inevitable became a chief factor in the new company. Governor Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin travelled with the express from York Factory to the Columbia, arriving at Astoria on November 8, 1824. The next year Fort Vancouver was built farther up the Columbia and on the north bank of the river. By the terms of the Treaty of 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, both nations had equal rights of trade in the Oregon Territory from California to Alaska. But it was evident that this treaty would not be permanent and that some division of the territory would have to be made. So the British authorities requested the Hudson's Bay Company to found a new depot on the north bank of the Columbia. Fort Vancouver was built in 1825 in a beautiful situation about ninety miles from the sea. It remained the depot of the company until 1849.

This Emperor of the Columbia was a fine upstanding man over six feet high. His pure white hair, falling almost to the shoulders, gave him the nickname of the Great White Eagle. He was a severe disciplinarian, and saw to it that his orders were carried out in the minutest detail. But he had a kind Irish heart and was always ready to help any one who was in distress. He was especially good to the American settlers who came into Oregon in the early 1840's. Some of them arrived at Fort Vancouver practically destitute. McLoughlin outfitted them free of charge and encouraged them to take up land on the Willamette River. Unfortunately, the Hudson's Bay Company later charged McLoughlin's personal account with these advances made to settlers.

Fort Vancouver was more than an ordinary trading post. It was the capital of a fur-trading empire. When in all its glory it contained about forty wooden buildings,

surrounded by a palisade enclosing an area two hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty yards. At each angle there was a bastion mounting two twelve-pounders, and there were several eighteen-pounders in the centre of the court. But these guns were for display and not defence, for the natives were entirely peaceable. The quaint residence of Dr. McLoughlin was two storeys high, painted white, and with a broad verandah. The officers and clerks took their meals together in the dining-hall, and usually adjourned to the smoking-room or "bachelor's hall," which one writer tells us possessed the appearance of an armoury and a museum. The women of the fort—they were nearly all either half-breeds or full-blooded Indians—never appeared in public, but lived in a kind of semi-oriental seclusion. Mrs. McLoughlin was the widow of Alexander McKay, who had met his death on the *Tonquin*.

In 1830 James Douglas was transferred from New Caledonia to Fort Vancouver as accountant, and for several years accompanied the express which left the depot on the Columbia early in the spring, and reached York Factory some time in June. He soon won the confidence of Dr. McLoughlin, and became second in command at this depot.

Before the foundation of Fort Vancouver, Simpson and McLoughlin, in November, 1824, sent out an expedition under James McMillan to seek out the site for a trading post on the lower Fraser. Three years later, McMillan commanded a second expedition, which found a suitable site and established Fort Langley in September, 1827. The salmon trade which sprang up there was enormous. McMillan wrote of it in January, 1828: "We could trade, at the door of our fort, I suppose, a million of dried salmon, if we chose—enough to feed all the people of Rupert's Land."

But Fort Langley was built for another purpose than salmon trading. Its object was to drive away the American Maritime traders, the "Boston Pedlars" who were still in control of the coast fur-trade. From the Fort Langley

journal we learn how keen the competition was. At first the Hudson's Bay Company offered one blanket for five beaver skins, but the Americans were ready to trade one blanket for one skin. The commander at Fort Langley had to reduce his price and accept three, and occasionally even two, beaver skins for a blanket.

Fine arable land was found near the fort, and soon Langley was noted for its agriculture. Salmon and potatoes were supplied to the other posts and also to the Russian settlements in Alaska. In 1840 the returns for Fort Langley are given by Douglas as follows: Salmon, 300 barrels; fall wheat, 500 bushels; spring wheat, 250 bushels; barley, 250 bushels; pease, 600 bushels; oats, 500 bushels; potatoes, abundant. These returns, Douglas states, were not so good as those of the previous year. The first fort at Langley was burnt to the ground, in 1840, and the second fort was constructed on higher ground, two miles farther up the river. By 1834 a flour mill had been built at Fort Vancouver and large flocks and heads were pasturing in the vicinity of the depot.

The first steamship on the northern Pacific, the well-known *Beaver*, arrived in 1836 and was sent up the coast to trade. By this time the "Boston Pedlars" had disappeared and the Hudson's Bay Company reigned supreme. But not for long. American missionaries began to arrive, and soon they established themselves in the Willamette Valley and elsewhere. In the early 1840's the covered waggons creaked "the plains across" to Oregon, and it soon became evident that the settler was destined to displace the fur-trader.

McLoughlin, in 1842, instructed Douglas to make a survey of the south coast of Vancouver Island in order to choose a suitable site for a new post. Douglas investigated the coast carefully and chose Camosun, or Camosack, and there, in March, 1843, he constructed Fort Victoria (now Victoria). The Songhie Indians, a local tribe, furnished him with pickets, at the rate of forty for one

blanket. The fort was built without a nail; wooden pegs were used instead. The enclosure of the fort was originally one hundred yards square, within which were five storehouses, officers' and men's quarters, a dining-hall, carpenter shop and other buildings.

The new post was in the course of construction when, on May 2, 1842, the settlers on the Willamette met at Champseg and voted to form a provisional government, until such time as the United States should take over the Oregon Territory. According to tradition the vote was very close, all the Americans voting for the new government, and all the French Canadians except two voting against it. These two French Canadians, one of whom had supported Papineau in his rebellion and had fled from Lower Canada as a result, sided with the Americans, and turned the scale in favour of the Stars and Stripes. The provisional government was accordingly formed.

Agitation in the United States for the termination of the joint tenure of the Oregon country grew day by day, and the British and American governments entered into negotiations. The presidential election of 1844 was won on the cry of "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" but the Americans were willing to accept the line of the forty-ninth parallel. The British tried to keep the north bank of the Columbia but failed. But in the Oregon Treaty of 1846 they did secure the whole of Vancouver Island. Fort Victoria had not been founded in vain.

In 1846 Dr. John McLoughlin severed his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company and became an American citizen. James Douglas was appointed member of the committee of management for the Western Department. In 1849 four notable events occurred on the Pacific coast. The great gold rush to California, the proclamation of Oregon Territory as part of the United States, the moving of the depot of the Hudson's Bay Company from Fort Vancouver to Fort Victoria, and the setting up of the colony of Vancouver Island by the British Government.

The Emperor of the Columbia was now living in retirement at Oregon City, and James Douglas moved the depot north. The glory of the Hudson's Bay Company had departed from Oregon, but a new day was dawning in the British possessions on the far west coast.

READ A STORY

Builders of the West. Edited by F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. The story of colonial days, mining, and frontier life is told in Chapters XXI and XXII.

James Douglas, by W. N. Sage, in the Ryerson Readers, records the career of an empire builder on the coast.

British Columbia: The Making of a Province. By F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1928.

†*The Cariboo Trail.* By Agnes C. Laut. Chronicles of Canada.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

C. SETTLEMENT AND GOLD

1. THE COLONY THAT DID NOT GROW

The first British colony on the far west coast was Vancouver Island. It was evident to Her Majesty's Government and to the Hudson's Bay Company that, if the territory assigned to Britain by the Oregon Treaty of 1846 was to be held, it must be colonized. The Company did not wish the new settlement to interfere with its fur-trading monopoly, and so applied to the British Government for the right to colonize the island. There was considerable opposition in Parliament to this proposal. The Earl of Lincoln (afterward the Duke of Newcastle) spoke in the House of Commons for four and a half hours against handing over Vancouver Island to the Hudson's Bay Company. But he was too late. The company had already obtained its royal grant.

By the terms of the grant the Hudson's Bay Company undertook to send out settlers, and pay all the expenses of the new colony. These expenses were to be met from the revenue derived from land sales, royalties from coal mining, and fees for mining licenses. The Company in return was to pay to the British Government an annual rent of seven shillings. If the Company did not establish a colony within five years the royal grant was to be revoked.

The Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company drew up regulations regarding the price of land, and the amount which each settler was to take up. These regulations were severe. The price of land was fixed at one pound, or five dollars, an acre, at a time when land was selling in Oregon for about a dollar and a quarter an acre. Many of the Hudson's Bay officers and servants bought land in the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria. There was only one independent settler, Captain Grant, of the "Scots Greys." But he soon left the colony and went to California.

Sir John Pelly, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany, suggested to the British authorities that James Douglas would make a good Governor for the new colony; but the Queen's ministers selected Richard Blanshard. When Blanshard arrived in Victoria in March, 1850, he found no colony to govern. There was not even a house prepared for him. For a time he remained on board the warship which had brought him, but later Chief Factor Douglas had a house built for him. Douglas was the real ruler of the territory and Blanshard, although legally the Queen's representative in Vancouver Island, proved to be actually a paying guest of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria. Blanshard resigned in disgust and left Victoria in September, 1851.

On August 30, 1851, Richard Blanshard set up the Council of Vancouver Island, with James Douglas as senior member, to carry on the government of the colony until a new Governor was appointed. Two days later he left Victoria. Douglas was soon after notified that Her Majesty had been pleased to appoint him Governor of Vancouver Island. It was a recognition that the colony was entirely under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. Douglas's duties as Governor were not onerous. The colony did not develop quickly. Few settlers arrived. Those who did had been sent out by the Company to work in the coal fields at Fort Rupert and Nanaimo, and to take up land in the vicinity of Victoria. On one or two occasions there was difficulty with the Indians, but Douglas displayed a bold front and the natives were impressed by a show of force. British warships were usually close at hand in the event of serious trouble.

The discovery of coal at Nanaimo led, in 1852, to the foundation of a new Hudson's Bay post. The bastion of the old fort is still one of the prized and romantic possessions of the city of Nanaimo—a reminder of the long vanished fur-trading days. Nanaimo soon became the second important settlement on Vancouver Island, and this picturesque little town still remains the centre of the coal

trade. One of the prominent coal miners at Nanaimo was Robert Dunsmuir, who later became Premier and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia.

In 1853 the Council of Vancouver Island, under the guidance of Governor Douglas, appointed David Cameron as Judge of the newly created Supreme Court. The outbreak of the Crimean War, in 1854, caused no little anxiety in the colony, and provision was made by the Council for the raising of a local militia. There was, however, no fighting on this side of the Pacific Ocean.

Thus far Douglas had ruled the colony with the assistance of his Council, but, in 1856, the Governor was much perturbed at receiving a dispatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies ordering him to summon a Legislative Assembly. Obedient as always to instructions, Douglas did so, and the Council drew up regulations regarding the franchise and the electoral districts. Seven members were duly elected for four constituencies, and on August 12, 1865, the first Legislative Assembly in British North America west of the Great Lakes was officially opened by Governor Douglas. The Governor's speech stressed the fact that this was the first occasion that representative institutions had been granted in the infancy of a British Colony.

The Assembly got to work at once under the able leadership of its speaker, Dr. J. S. Helmcken, son-in-law of the Governor. But there was really very little for it to do, since almost all the revenues of the colony were controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company. Governor Douglas suggested levying customs duties, but the Assembly would not agree to them. They claimed that, since there were so few settlers on the island, the cost of collection would be more than the revenue obtained.

2. THE DAYS OF GOLD

California had its great gold rush in 1849, Australia in 1851, and British Columbia in 1858. Roderick Finlayson in his memoirs tells us that when he was in charge of Fort Victoria, in 1849, just before Douglas arrived from Fort Vancouver, a strange vessel sailed into the harbour with a queer-looking crew on board. Finlayson thought they were pirates and ordered the men to man the bastions. But they were only picturesque adventurers, "Forty-niners," wishing to trade gold nuggets for supplies. The blacksmith tested the gold at his forge and Finlayson decided that it was genuine. He then accepted it in trade. This was the first appearance of the American gold seekers at Victoria.

The next year gold was found on the Queen Charlotte Islands, and when the news reached San Francisco a small gold rush took place. But the gold soon gave out. Douglas was made Lieutenant-Governor of Queen Charlotte Islands, but except for issuing a few proclamations, had little to do. In 1856 the discovery of gold on the mainland was reported, in 1857 its existence was proved, and early in 1858 the gold rush to Fraser River began.

The miners came north from San Francisco in their thousands. Between the months of April and July nearly thirty thousand gold-seekers left California for the diggings on the Fraser. Victoria became a city of tents, crowded with adventurers from all corners of the earth. At first there were not sufficient steamers to transport the prospectors to the mainland. Some rash enthusiasts attempted to cross the passage in canoes but were never heard of again.

Governor Douglas at once took the situation in hand, issuing proclamations and imposing fees for mining licences. Technically his authority as Governor did not extend to the mainland, but that mattered little to him. He did not forget his dual position as Governor and chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, accordingly, attempted to

protect the trading rights of the company on the mainland. In his dispatches to the Secretary of State for the Colonies Douglas was careful to report all his actions in minute detail, and to send the latest information regarding the gold rush.

Fortunately the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, was a man of vision. He determined to set up a new colony on the mainland, and offered the governorship to Douglas on condition that he sever all connections with the Hudson's Bay Company. Queen Victoria was asked to name the colony and she christened it with the patriotic title of British Columbia. A few months later she bestowed upon the new capital of the Gold Colony the name of New Westminster.

To maintain law and order, and also to assist in opening up British Columbia, Lytton sent out a special detachment of the Royal Engineers under the command of Colonel Richard Clement Moody. A judge for the new colony was found in the person of Matthew Baillie Begbie, who maintained the peace and made the land unwholesome for evil-doers. Thus was Governor Douglas given able assistants in the government of the new colony. On August 2, 1858, the British Parliament passed an act establishing the Colony of British Columbia, marking out its boundaries and providing for the machinery of its government. At the same time the exclusive licence to trade with the Indians enjoyed by the Hudson's Bay Company came to an end.

While the new colony was in the process of formation Douglas paid several visits to the gold fields. The California miners at Hill's Bar—probably the richest "bar" on the Fraser—had already held a meeting and drawn up regulations for control of the "bar." Most of the gold in the Fraser was found in the sand bars, and the diggings were usually named after the "bars." Hill's Bar, worked by a Mr. Hill, was especially rich. In six hours four men, including Mr. Hill, had secured six ounces of fine gold

worth one hundred dollars. This they got by using a "rocker." A "rocker" was built like a child's cradle. One man shovelled in the "pay dirt" while another washed it and poured in water. The top and one end of the "rocker" were open. The sides sloped towards the bottom. Along the bottom were cleats, or "riffles," so arranged as to catch the gold. When the rocker was in motion the water carried away the pebbles and the gold stuck to the riffles. In the case of very fine gold a blanket was placed on the bottom of the rocker and the miners used quicksilver to catch the tiny flakes of the precious metal.

In prospecting the miners used a "pan," and whenever they caught a glimpse of the black sand in which the gold was lodged they eagerly shovelled up a panful. Then, washing and sifting away the stones and gravel, soon they had only the black sand left at the bottom of the "pan." If they were lucky there were a few flakes of gold or perhaps some rare nuggets in the black sand.

Onward and ever onward up the Fraser the gold-seekers pressed. Some of them even reached Tête Jaune Cache in the region of the Yellow Head Pass. The Thompson was carefully prospected and some good "strikes" were found. But most of the valuable diggings in 1858 were between Fort Langley and the Fountain, sixty miles above the "Forks" of the Fraser and the Thompson. The settlement at the "Forks" was soon named Lytton, in honour of the energetic Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The Indians resented the influx of the American miners, and in August, 1858, bloodshed occurred. The miners despised the natives, who on their part cordially detested the "Boston-men." A skirmish occurred at China Bar, where Ned Stout and five companions successfully defended a rude fortification from Indian attacks until reinforcements arrived from Yale.

When Governor Douglas heard of the Indian troubles he set out for the gold fields accompanied by thirty-five men, a mixed force of Royal Engineers and Royal Marine

Light Infantry. By the time the Governor reached Fort Hope all was peaceful again. Douglas heard the complaints of the natives, forbade the sale of liquor to them and restored harmony between the Indians and the gold-seekers. He also appointed constables and magistrates, and arranged for the surveying and sale of land. At Yale the Governor addressed the miners, explaining that the laws would be administered with justice and impartiality.

The proclamation of the new colony took place at Fort Langley on November 19, 1858. The ceremony was held in the large building of the fort while the rain streamed down in torrents outside. Douglas gave Begbie his commission as judge and Begbie then swore in Douglas as Governor. Among the proclamations issued on that occasion was one establishing the English Common Law as the law of the colony.

Colonel Moody arrived in Victoria on Christmas Day, 1858. To him had been entrusted the task of picking out the site for the capital of the colony. Rejecting Douglas's choice of old Fort Langley, or Derby, as it was then called, Moody wisely selected a site on high ground on the north bank of the Fraser. The Royal Engineers set to work to clear the site of the new capital, and in a few months New Westminster was built.

Early in 1859 the new colony was thrown into turmoil by reports from Yale that lawlessness had broken out, that the miners had forced the gaol, and that there was a conspiracy to annex the country to the United States. Colonel Moody, under instructions from Governor Douglas, in mid-winter went up to Yale with a force of Royal Engineers and marines only to find that the whole story was badly exaggerated. Two petty magistrates had quarrelled, one had arrested the other and had freed a prisoner from gaol. Ned McGowan, a notorious "bad man" from California, who had fled from San Francisco with a price on his head, was involved in the disturbance. When Colonel Moody arrived McGowan pacified him and the threatened tragedy

ended in farce! This incident has been dignified by the title of "Ned McGowan's War."

Prospectors in 1859 left the main stream of the Fraser, and late in that year came upon Cariboo Lake, where they found gold. In 1860 the creeks of the Cariboo, soon to be world-famous, were discovered. Two of the richest, Antler Creek and Williams Creek, were found in that year; two others, Lightning and Lowhee, in 1861. From one claim in Antler one thousand dollars' worth of gold was taken in one day. On Lightning Creek a claim yielded seventeen hundred ounces in three days. In the re-survey of Williams Creek "Twelve-foot Davis" obtained a small claim of twelve feet. From this tiny claim he took twenty thousand dollars in gold. Official statistics for 1861 gave the yield of gold from Cariboo as over $2,500,000.

The result was the gold rush of 1862. Cariboo was a magnet which drew gold-seekers from all parts of the world, from the British Isles and the continent of Europe as well as from the Eastern States, the Canadas and California. Probably the most interesting party came overland from Canada by way of the Yellowhead Pass. But the majority came up the Fraser, or by way of the Harrison-Lillooet Trail which avoided the lower canyons of the river and reached the upper Fraser at Lillooet.

A wagon road to Cariboo was a necessity. In 1862 Governor Douglas planned a road from Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser, to Barkerville on Williams Creek in the heart of the gold fields. With the assistance of the Royal Engineers and private contractors, the road was built between 1862 and 1865. In the Fraser canyons the trail had to be blasted out of solid rock. The Fraser was crossed by the Alexandra Suspension Bridge at Spuzzum and the Thompson by Cook's Ferry, replaced in 1864 by Spence's Bridge. The completed road was 385 miles long and eighteen feet wide. It was a triumph of engineering and daring.

Along the road one could see the red-shirted miner

with his corduroy trousers tucked into his top boots, with pack on back trudging to the gold fields. Then would come the "covered waggons" drawn by oxen, or the mule trains—fifty or sixty mules with the white bell-mare in the lead—each mule laden with from three to four hundred pounds of freight fastened on by the well-known diamond hitch. For a time camels trod the Cariboo road, but the stones were too rough for their feet. The Concord stage-coaches then arrived, gorgeous in their colouring, black, red, white, and yellow, drawn by four or six horses, and travelling at the average rate of eight miles an hour. At the stations, or rest houses, situated from twelve to fifteen miles apart, the travellers could alight and obtain refreshment while the horses were changed. The journey from Yale to Barkerville was made by Barnard's Express in four days.

The "golden days of Cariboo" were over by 1865. By that time the precious metal was becoming exhausted. Deep diggings which required more capital and machinery had taken the place of the shallow diggings of the early days. British Columbia was essentially a gold colony. Mining was the only industry. There was as yet practically no agriculture. Lumbering and fishing were yet to be developed. When the gold began to fail in Cariboo the colony faced bankruptcy. Since Vancouver Island was also dependent for its prosperity on Cariboo, and Victoria was the commercial capital of both colonies, the outlook there was also very black.

READ A STORY

Builders of the West. Edited by F. W. Howay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. The struggle for responsible government and the Confederation issue are described in Chapters XXIII and XXIV.

James Douglas, by W. N. Sage, and *Robinson and Begbie*, by F. W. Howay, in the Ryerson Readers, are fuller accounts of the outstanding leaders of the period.

Early History of the Province of British Columbia. By B. A. McKelvie. Dent, Toronto. A racy outline reprinted from a newspaper serial. Illustrated.

The Romance of British Columbia. By Arthur Anstey. Gage, Toronto. A simple, connected story of the province. Illustrated.

D. BRITISH COLUMBIA JOINS CANADA

1. CONFEDERATION

In recognition of his services to the two colonies Governor Douglas was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1863. The next year Sir James Douglas retired from the governorships of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. In his stead two Governors were appointed, Arthur Edward Kennedy for Vancouver Island, and Frederick Seymour for British Columbia. Just before his retirement Sir James Douglas opened the first session of the Legislative Council of British Columbia. This legislature was set up by the British authorities in response to a demand from the settlers in the gold colony for a measure of self-government.

Governor Kennedy soon became involved in difficulties with the Legislative Assembly of Vancouver Island. As a result the Legislature refused to pay him any salary. The Governor on his own initiative borrowed eighty dollars from the Bank of British North America, and the Legislature demanded to know by what authority the bank had lent the money to the Governor. The bank manager refused further advances and the Treasury stopped payment. Government officials received no salary, and even the butchers' bills for Government House remained unpaid. Government House was itself a cause of strife. The Legislature voted money for a Governor's residence, but objected strenuously when Kennedy purchased "Cary Castle," one of the most expensive houses in Victoria. Peace had not been restored between Legislature and Governor when Kennedy was recalled, in 1866, on the union of the colonies.

Times were bad in both colonies. One steamer, in 1866, took away fourteen or fifteen families who were going to California to make a new start. Both governments were getting deeper into debt each day. The only solution

was to unite the colonies. Vancouver Island desired union, but British Columbia opposed it. At length the British Government took the matter in hand and passed an act uniting the two colonies. Governor Seymour of British Columbia remained as Governor of the united colony. But the union of the colonies did not solve the financial problem. It was expected that Governor Seymour could reduce the cost of administration by getting rid of unnecessary officials, but this he did not do. There was difficulty over the situation of the capital. At first it was at New Westminster; but, in 1868, it was transferred to Victoria.

Three courses lay open to British Columbia between the years 1866 and 1871. She might remain as she was, an isolated British possession thousands of miles from the nearest sister colony; she might join the Dominion of Canada; or she might annex herself to the United States of America. Canada was far away, separated by the solid barrier of the Rocky Mountains, the miles and miles of prairie and the rock and muskeg north of Lake Superior. On the other hand the United States was very near. California was the natural outlet for British Columbia. There were regular sailings from Victoria to San Francisco. The vast majority of the inhabitants, whatever their nationality, had come up from California. The mail was taken up by United States express companies, and American stamps were sold in the post offices of British Columbia to pay United States postal charges.

In view of these facts the formation of an annexationist group was to be expected. The wonder is that the annexationists were not more numerous. But the majority of British Columbians was not ready to join the United States, no matter how attractive the proposals of the annexationists might be. Men like Amor De Cosmos, a native of Nova Scotia, and John Robson, who was born in Canada, headed a movement in favour of federation with the Dominion of Canada. A Confederation League was formed in Victoria, in 1868, and branches spread over the

mainland and Vancouver Island. Cariboo came out in favour of Confederation, and in September the confederationists held a convention at Yale.

Opposition to Confederation came from Governor Seymour and the Legislative Council. The Governor at first had rather favoured union with Canada, but he was a weak man and was soon won over by the majority of the Legislative Councillors. The "official" or appointed members of the Council were in the majority, and they feared that they would lose their positions if British Columbia joined Canada. The elected members were divided. In the sessions of 1868 and 1869 the Legislative Council—a new council was formed in December, 1868—rejected Confederation.

Governor Seymour died suddenly in June, 1869. By that time the agitation of the confederationists was growing greater and greater. The Dominion of Canada now took a hand. Sir John A. Macdonald suggested that Anthony Musgrave, who had been Governor of Newfoundland, be sent to British Columbia. When Governor Musgrave arrived it was clear that he intended to carry through Confederation. He soon won over his Executive Council and discussed terms of union with them. The cession of the prairies to Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company also strengthened Musgrave's position.

When the Legislative Council met in 1870 its chief task was to debate the proposed union. Opposition was still strong. Dr. Helmcken proclaimed, that "no union on account of love [for Canada] need be looked for"; and that the only bond of union would be "the material advantage of the country and pecuniary benefit of the inhabitants." But the majority of the council did not agree with Dr. Helmcken, and the terms of union were passed. Three delegates, Messrs. Helmcken, Trutch and Carrall, were appointed to go to Ottawa to discuss Confederation terms with the Dominion Government. In the meantime the annexationists had made their last stand in Victoria and

had failed. The sentiment of the people was now overwhelmingly in favour of union with Canada. Governor Musgrave had done his work well. The delegates were favourably received in Ottawa, and the terms as proposed were agreed upon with minor changes. On July 7, 1870, a telegram conveyed the welcome news that the basis of union had been settled.

Canada agreed to take over the colonial debt, and to make an annual grant to British Columbia. More important was the promise that the Dominion would commence within two years the construction of a railway to connect the Pacific seaboard with the railway system of Canada. Canada also promised to provide a fortnightly mail service to San Francisco and twice a week to Olympic on Puget Sound.

The terms agreed upon had to be ratified by the Legislative Council of British Columbia and the Parliament of Canada at Ottawa. The Council was reconstituted, and a majority of elected members substituted for the official majority. The elections for the Council were held in 1870, and the confederationists obtained every seat. When the legislature met in January, 1871, it passed the address ratifying the terms without debate. The House of Commons and the Senate passed their address in April. On July 20, 1871, British Columbia became a province of Canada.

The new province obtained a Legislative Assembly after the model of Ontario, and responsible government and the cabinet system were introduced. The first Premier of British Columbia was the Honourable J. F. McCreight. There were no political parties at first, but each leader was surrounded by a group of personal followers. The Premier chose his ministers from among his supporters,or gained the co-operation of some other group or groups by giving them representation in the cabinet. It was an unstable system at best but it served its purpose for the

time being. Thus was the Pacific Province launched upon its career. But the terms of union were yet to be carried into effect.

2. THE COMING OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has played a unique part in the building up of Western Canada. It was essential that the old provinces be joined to the prairies and to British Columbia if Canada was ever to attain a geographic unity. To British Columbia the construction of the railway was a matter of life or death. Unless she had access to Eastern Canada within a reasonable time she could not hope to gain anything from becoming part of the Dominion. For it should not be forgotten that although British Columbia was intensely British in feeling, she was at first Canadian merely from necessity. In the Confederation Debate, in 1870, Dr. Helmcken has put the case well when he stated: "Love for Canada has to be acquired by the prosperity of the country and from our children."

Canada, on her part, needed British Columbia as an outpost on the Pacific, just as she required the prairies as a field for westward expansion. But the young Dominion was not in a strong enough financial position to pay for the construction of the railway out of the public revenue. The cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald decided that the building of the road should, in the main, be turned over to a railway company, but that the federal government should construct certain sections and then transfer them to the company.

Preliminary surveys for the railway were carried out, in 1872, under the direction of Sir Sandford Fleming, who favoured the Yellowhead Pass as the lowest gradient across the Rockies. At first Esquimalt was selected as the end of the road, and there on July 19, 1873, the first sod of the Canadian Pacific Railway was turned. The two

years allowed by the terms of union for the commencement of the building of the road were up on July 20, 1873. The Macdonald government fell from power in that year, owing to the Pacific Scandal, and the Liberal ministry of Alexander Mackenzie did not favour the plans of Sir John A. Macdonald.

British Columbia became extremely restless as year after year passed and nothing was accomplished. Alexander Mackenzie was a very honest man, but he did not appreciate at first the determination of the people of British Columbia to have the railway built at all costs. He sent out Mr. James D. Edgar as special commissioner to British Columbia. But the premier of the province, Mr. Walkem, and the envoy of the Dominion failed to come to terms. Mr. Edgar finally left British Columbia, having accomplished nothing. The Walkem Government then appealed to Queen Victoria. Lord Carnarvon was appointed by the British Government as arbitrator, and he brought in a report which provided for the building of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway on Vancouver Island, the completion of surveys on the main line of the transcontinental railway, the immediate construction of a telegraph line and a waggon road across continent, and the completion of the railway by December 31, 1890, from the Pacific seaboard to connect with the United States railroads and Canadian steamboats on the Great Lakes.

Mackenzie tried to pass an Act through the Parliament of Canada providing for the construction of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, but the Senate defeated the bill. He then offered the Walkem Government $750,000 in lieu of the Island Railway. The people of British Columbia considered this merely another attempt to bribe the province to accept money in place of Confederation terms. Soon after, the Walkem Government fell from power.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, arrived in British Columbia, officially on a state visit, actually on a

diplomatic mission to attempt by his genial charm to solve the railway problem. In Victoria he was greeted by an arch bearing the ominous sign, "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." The Governor-General wittily remarked that if one letter was changed and "R" substituted for "S," he would pass under the arch. Lord Dufferin's visit calmed the popular clamour somewhat, but since he did not promise the immediate construction of the railway it was a distinct disappointment to British Columbia.

Finally, in 1878, Mr. Walkem, who had been leading the Opposition since 1876, was returned to power and introduced a policy of "Fight Ottawa" and "Secession." A drastic resolution was passed, stating that if the Dominion did not commence the construction of the railway by May, 1879, then British Columbia would withdraw from the Canadian federation. But by May, 1879, Sir John A. Macdonald was again in power at Ottawa. The secession resolution was quietly dropped.

Sir John A. Macdonald announced his intention of keeping faith with British Columbia. During the Mackenzie Government the surveys had been completed and the Fraser Valley route chosen. The terminus was to be on Burrard Inlet and not at Esquimalt. Sir John, after some hesitation, due to pressure from Vancouver Island, accepted the Fraser Valley route. Construction was started in the autumn of 1879, and the people of British Columbia realized that the Dominion intended to fulfil the terms of union.

In 1880 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was formed, an event of outstanding importance in the story of Canada. The Dominion Government undertook to build a line from Port Moody on Burrard Inlet to Savona's Ferry, near Kamloops, and also certain portions near the Great Lakes. The company was to build the remainder and to receive a subsidy of twenty-five million dollars, and also twenty-five million acres of land.

Two years later the Onderdonk Syndicate obtained the

contract for building the line through the Fraser canyons. Yale became the great construction camp, and thousands of white men and Chinese were employed. The Chinese were brought in to do the rough work and to make up a shortage in white labour. It was heavy work blasting tunnels through solid rock, cutting down mountain sides and bridging chasms. The old Cariboo Road from Yale to Spuzzum was destroyed to make room for the railway.

The first plan was to build the railway up the North Thompson to the Yellowhead Pass. But Major Rogers found a suitable pass through the Selkirk Mountains, and this allowed the company to build a more direct line through Rogers Pass and the Kicking Horse Pass, in the main chain of the Rockies, to Calgary.

Construction was pushed ahead at a tremendous rate. Every day the "front train" from the east, laying its steel as fast as the gangs could put the ties into position, approached nearer and nearer to the "front train" from the west. Construction gangs prided themselves on their speed in getting the material in place. Mighty men with sledge hammers would drive home a spike with two blows.

At last on November 7, 1885, the last spike was driven by Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona) at Craigellachie, about seventeen miles east of Sicamous Junction. It was a great occasion. Sir William Van Horne, the first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, made a speech notable for its brevity: "All that I can say is that in every way the work has been well done." The conductor of the special train from the east shouted, "All aboard for the Pacific." The terminus at first was at Port Moody on Burrard Inlet—which is still legally the end of the main line—but in 1887 the railway was continued to Vancouver. The first train arrived at the great Pacific port on May 23 of that year. It was suggested that the new city be termed Van Horne, but the President of the railway named it Vancouver after the great navigator. The infant settlement was incorporated in April,

1886. On July 13 of that year the "Great Fire" laid it in ashes. But such was the spirit of its inhabitants that it was rebuilt at once. To-day the city of Vancouver has nearly 250,000 inhabitants.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway meant that British Columbia was actually a part of the Dominion of Canada. The terms of union had been carried out to the letter. Canada had reached the Pacific.

3. CANADA'S WESTERN GATEWAY

The Pacific is the ocean of the future. British Columbia holds a key position on the north-west coast of North America. Victoria, Vancouver and Prince Rupert are the nearest ports to the Orient. In 1886 the first cargo of tea was landed at Port Moody from the clipper ship *W. B. Flint.* Soon after, the Canadian Pacific Railway obtained its contract to carry silk from Shanghai for the New York market. The silk trains still have the right of way, ahead of even the fastest expresses.

In 1887 the Dominion Government granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway a mail subsidy, provided that the railway would begin a regular steamship service between Hong Kong and Vancouver. In 1891 the first of the C.P.R. boats, the *Empress of India*, arrived at Vancouver. A public banquet was held in honour of the occasion. Two years later the first ship of the Australian line left Sydney, New South Wales, for Vancouver. For years steamers had been running to California.

Sir Sandford Fleming, the great engineer of the C.P.R., dreamed of the construction of a cable from Vancouver Island to Australia and New Zealand. In 1894 a conference met at Ottawa, where representatives from Great Britain, New Zealand, the Australian colonies and Canada discussed the project. The result was the Pacific Cable, completed in 1902. Another link of empire had been forged.

In 1903 Richard McBride became Premier of British Columbia. A native son of the province, McBride had great faith in its future. What is more, by his inspiring personality he made British Columbians share his enthusiasm. When he came into power he found a province torn by petty political strife, an empty treasury, an immense deficit and public credit almost exhausted. He thereupon introduced party government, and formed his ministry entirely of Conservatives. Before this time party lines had not been drawn in provincial politics, and the result had been a system of groups devoted to particular leaders. The ministries had been of short duration, and the general public had lent little confidence in the political situation.

McBride changed all this. He turned the deficits into surpluses and restored public confidence. From 1871 to 1905 the annual deficits had produced a demand for "Better Terms" from Canada. It was urged that British Columbia was paying a larger amount to the Dominion than she should, and was receiving less than her due from the federal government. At the same time, owing to the physical character of the provinces and the remoteness of the outlying settlements, British Columbians were paying a larger amount of provincial taxes than were other Canadians. In 1905 McBride took up the question of "Better Terms," and in 1906 a conference was held in Ottawa. The Dominion Government agreed to a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars a year for ten years, as "a final and unalterable settlement." McBride accepted the contribution, but objected to its being a final settlement. In the end he gained his point.

During "the Reign of Richard McBride" agitation against the Orientals in British Columbia reached a head. The Chinese had come into Cariboo in the Gold Rush, and many thousands had been brought to build the C.P.R. After some difficulty between the Provincial and Dominion governments a head tax of fifty dollars was placed on

Chinese immigrants in 1885. This was later increased to one hundred dollars, and finally to five hundred dollars. In 1923 further immigration of Chinese was forbidden. In 1907 the Japanese began to arrive in large numbers, and there was a great outcry against them. In September of that year riots occurred in Vancouver. "Chinatown" was damaged, but the determined Japanese fought off the assailants. An agreement made in 1908 between the Japanese Government and the Government of Canada regulated the immigration of Japanese into the country. This agreement has worked well, and has been renewed and modified so that now only one hundred and fifty Japanese a year are admitted. East Indians began to arrive in 1905, and in 1914 a Japanese steamer, the *Komagata Maru*, brought several hundred to Vancouver. The East Indians were refused admission, and, after considerable difficulty, the vessel steamed away back to the Orient.

Relations with the United States have always been important. A dispute over the ownership of the San Juan Archipelago began in Governor Douglas's days, and was finally settled by arbitration, in 1871, when the German Emperor, William I, awarded the islands to the United States. Difficulties over the sealing industry were also referred to arbitration, and in 1893 the matter was settled. A further arrangement entered into, in 1911, between Great Britain, the United States, Japan and Russia, provided a final solution of the problem. The Klondike gold rush, of 1898, brought to a head the dispute over the Alaskan Boundary. This, too, was referred to arbitration, and although the award of 1903 met with much opposition in British Columbia, it was in the end accepted. In 1923 the "Halibut Treaty" between Canada and the United States regulated fishing for halibut in the northern waters of British Columbia. Recently a convention regarding salmon fishing has been signed by both countries.

Fishing, lumbering and mining are three of the greatest industries in British Columbia. Space does not

allow a description of the fishing fleets of Steveston on the Fraser River, or of Prince Rupert, or the activities of the canneries which are dotted all along the coast. The lumber trade has reached huge proportions; much of it is with the Orient but a great deal of lumber goes to the prairies and to Eastern Canada. There are great pulp and paper mills at Powell River and Ocean Falls—to mention only two of the most important. Coal is mined on Vancouver Island, in the Crow's Nest Pass and at Princeton.

Agriculture has been steadily developed in British Columbia. The lower Fraser Valley possesses good arable land. Fruit is grown in the Okanagan Valley, on Vancouver Island and on the lower mainland. There are extensive cattle ranches in the Chilcotin country. The Peace River district beckons the hardy immigrant.

The educational system of British Columbia, from the elementary schools to the University of British Columbia, is well developed. In 1924 a school survey resulted in the introduction of many interesting reforms, and British Columbia is attempting in every way to solve her educational problems. The University of British Columbia, on its unrivalled site at Point Grey, bids fair to become one of Canada's leading educational institutions.

The outstanding feature of British Columbia's development since the Great War has been the growth of the Port of Vancouver. Since certain difficulties regarding freight rates have been adjusted, most of the grain from Alberta and much from Western Saskatchewan is shipped through Vancouver, the all-year ice-free port. The Alberta Wheat Pool constructed a large elevator in 1928, which is only one of many dotted along Vancouver's waterfront. In 1928 over eighty million bushels of wheat were shipped from Vancouver.

Thus we have traced the story of British Columbia from the early days, when the first explorers came across the Pacific and sighted her snow-capped mountains and her

long indented coastline, to the rise of Western Canada's greatest sea-port. It is a fascinating story and one of which every Canadian may well be proud. For British Columbia, although separated by the rocky barrier from the rest of Canada, is intensely Canadian in its feeling. It is the last link in the chain of sister provinces stretching from sea to sea. It looks out on the vast Pacific, confident that Canada will play her part in the destiny of that mightiest of all oceans.

V

OUR OWN TIMES

By George M. Wrong

1. THE LIBERALS WIN AND LOSE

It is a fault of great leaders that they rarely train their successors. When Macdonald died in 1891, no one was marked by public opinion as the person to take his place, and his successor, Sir John Abbott, a Montreal lawyer, chosen chiefly on the ground of seniority, was not widely known. His death in 1893 led to the choice of Sir John Thompson, a Nova Scotian, a capable man, with a keen mind. Unhappily he died in 1894, and then Mackenzie Bowell, the Orange leader in Ontario, a man of no special capacity, headed the government.

Again it was the west which brought a puzzling crisis at Ottawa, when, in 1890, Manitoba abolished denominational schools and thus invaded the former right of the Roman Catholic Church to its own schools, supported by taxes on its members levied by the state. This situation is more fully described on page 294 and it brought a crisis at Ottawa. When the courts decided, after long delay, that the federal government had the needed authority to override this decision, the Roman Catholics insisted that it should be used to correct an injustice.

The situation was not without its humours. At the head of the Government at Ottawa, called upon to force Manitoba to have Roman Catholic separate schools, was the Orangeman, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, while at the head of the Liberal party, which denounced such interference and cried "Hands off Manitoba," was the Roman Catholic leader, Wilfrid Laurier. Bowell gave way in 1896 to Sir Charles Tupper, a man of remarkable force of character, who had long been absent in London as the High Commissioner of Canada. Already he was an old man, but he knew no fear, and he introduced a Remedial Bill, the effect of which would be to coerce Manitoba into changing its school policy. The Roman Catholic bishops warned Laurier that, if he failed to support the Bill, they would oppose him. It was a supreme test of Laurier's courage,

and he met it resolutely. No word of bitterness, he said, should pass his lips against the church to which he adhered, but he would take no dictation from its bishops. He was, he declared, the leader of Protestants as well as of Roman Catholics. An injustice, he believed, had been done; but the remedy was not to be found in coercing Manitoba.

An election followed, with astounding results. The appeals of the bishops to the Roman Catholics failed; three-fourths of the elected members supported Laurier, while, by strange irony, Manitoba voted for its own coercing. Laurier became Prime Minister in 1896 with a great majority behind him, made up largely of Roman Catholics from Quebec. He remained Prime Minister until 1911, and he led the Liberals from 1887 to his death in 1919, a period nearly as long as that of Macdonald's remarkable leadership. He induced Manitoba to make some concessions, but the Roman Catholic separate schools were not restored.

Laurier had long attacked a high protective tariff, though he agreed that in Canada free trade was impossible, since the chief revenue came from duties on imports. On some things he now reduced the tariff, but not on many. A low tariff would flood the country with goods from the United States, while its high tariff was a barrier to Canada. Accordingly, the Liberals decided to give tariff favours to countries which did not raise barriers against Canada. Britain was the only important free trade nation, and, in 1897, Canada gave to Britain a preferential tariff which, in the end, amounted to one-third of the duties levied against other countries. This was intended to stimulate British exports to Canada and it brought quick recognition in England. In 1897 when Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, Laurier represented Canada at the Jubilee, and was received with distinction which made him, next to the Queen herself, the most marked figure. The old view in Britain that Canada might go, and the sooner the better, had, by this time,

changed to a real affection for Canada and to the desire for closer co-operation.

In 1899 war broke out with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in South Africa, over which Britain claimed the right to regulate their foreign affairs. This was the outcome of past conflict, and the republics resented the claim. In addition, Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, refused the demand of the thousands of British engaged in mining for the right to vote. Boer farmers, he said, must control their own country. Kruger was ignorant and obstinate; but in frontier warfare he and his fellow Boers had shown skill and resource, and he scoffed at control by the British, whom he regarded as weak and cowardly. He had large revenues from the rich mines and he secured supplies of arms which gave him confidence. Germany, he believed, would not fail him, if he could help her to humble Britain; and in 1899 the arrogant old man ordered the British to withdraw their troops and to accept arbitration of the differences between the two governments. When war followed, patriotic feeling ran high in Canada. Within a few weeks of the outbreak a contingent recruited by the Canadian government sailed from Quebec for South Africa, and, in all, seven thousand soldiers were sent—more than Wolfe had had on the Plains of Abraham. It was Canada's first adventure in war overseas.

The Canadian troops made a creditable record in South Africa, and this stimulated national self-reliance. Other things fostered it. The population was now increasing rapidly. In the Liberal Cabinet sat Clifford Sifton, a member from Manitoba, who showed remarkable capacity. The stagnant west was a reproach to the Canadian people, and Clifford Sifton set about to promote new life. The result was that, after 1897, a multitude of settlers poured into the west. The United States had no longer any great area of unsettled fertile land, while Canada had many millions of acres still unbroken. By skilful methods Sifton attracted American settlers, until,

in a single year, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand Americans moved into the west, while in the same year one hundred and fifty thousand immigrants poured in from Great Britain. Many came, too, from continental Europe. In about fifteen years three million immigrants arrived in Canada. Never before had a nation of five millions faced the task of assimilating so vast a horde of newcomers.

This movement brought a new outlook in Canada, and confidence, even exaggerated confidence, was soon apparent. The west needed railways, and now railways were built with an outlay of capital which astonishes us by its profusion. The single line of the Canadian Pacific across the continent had seemed an amazing feat but, twenty years after its completion, two other lines were being built from coast to coast. The Grand Trunk Pacific was built in close alliance with the Grand Trunk Railway of Eastern Canada, which was ambitious to rival the Canadian Pacific in the west. The other line—the Canadian Northern—was conceived and carried out by the private enterprise of two remarkable men, MacKenzie and Mann. Unhappily, hope and courage ran beyond the limits of caution; the scattered population of the west was not adequate to support the cost of these stupendous enterprises, and, in the end, it became necessary for the Government to take over both lines.

During half a century the people of Canada had desired access to the markets of the United States. After the Reciprocity Treaty made by Lord Elgin was ended by the United States at the close of the Civil War, each political party in Canada sought in turn a renewal of some measure of reciprocity, but always in vain. The United States was committed to Protection, and the Republican party in power was the citadel of the high tariff policy. Even within its ranks, however, was growing the conviction that Protection had been carried too far, since the United States, with manufactures on a vast scale, needed foreign markets and could compete with other nations only by

lowering the cost of production. Compared with the hundred million of the United States, the eight million people of Canada seemed unimportant, and in time American opinion favoured the trying of the experiment, on a small scale, of freer trade—an experiment which might lead to the opening of the American markets to the whole world.

The people of Canada were surprised when, early in 1911, an agreement was reached at Washington for a wide measure of free trade between the two countries. Canada's grain, her cattle, her fish and her timber—the staples of her production—were to have free access to the markets of the United States. At the same time Canada was to retain her own market for her manufactures. The farmers of the west welcomed the plan, and so did the fishermen of Nova Scotia. Soon, however, doubts began to arise as to the effect both on Canada's independent position and on her relations with Great Britain. Many were startled when leaders in the United States pointed out that reciprocity in trade would bring Canada under the financial control of New York and lead her in the end to join the American union. This aroused the old resolve in Canada never to become an annex of the United States. It was felt, too, that, if the bargain should prove favourable to Canada, the United States might quickly revoke it as it had revoked the earlier reciprocity treaty. Bankers and railway magnates, manufacturers, imperialists, all disciplined their forces to fight reciprocity, with such effect that in September, 1911, the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was defeated at the polls, and a Conservative ministry was formed, with Mr. Robert L. Borden as Prime Minister. He was a Nova Scotian, and, with fine integrity of character, he was destined to lead Canada through the most trying period in her history.

2. THE GREAT WAR

As a sorrowing world now knows so well, the nations were being carried on the tide of events to the awful climax of a world war. After the South African War Britain had realized that she had few friends, and the minds of some of her statesmen had turned to plans for so drawing together the whole British Empire that it should be secure from attack. In 1902 Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, laid before the Imperial Conference in London a plan for a Parliament of the Empire. Each part should bear its fair share in the common defence. As matters stood, Chamberlain pointed out, Britain was paying for defence seven dollars a head, while Canada was paying fifty cents. In reply to Chamberlain Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that Canada should bear her fair share of the cost of defence. She was, however, engaged in the heavy task of taming the wilderness and of creating roads, bridges, railways, settlers' houses, and hundreds of things which the older civilization of Britain already possessed. Absorbed in these tasks, conscious of no pressing danger, Canada was not easily aroused to the need of defence, and she would not surrender any part of her independence to a Parliament of the whole British Empire.

Danger, however, drew nearer. Germany was building a great fleet, and this menace was directed against Britain. By 1910 the whole British Empire was awaking to the danger, and, in that year, Canada made her first step toward naval defence by acquiring two men-of-war as training ships and by creating a naval college which was, in 1911, opened at Halifax. The French Canadians had always been suspicious of designs to draw Canada into Imperial wars, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had to walk warily. Mr. Bourassa, a former follower, attacked him bitterly for a naval policy which, he declared, would drag the simple habitant from his home to serve in remote wars with which he had no concern. During the election of

1911, this cry was so pressed, that, without doubt, it played a real part in the defeat of the Liberal party.

The peril, however, remained, and it was Canada's duty to act. Borden had condemned the Liberal policy as inadequate; Australia was creating a navy; New Zealand and South Africa were contributing to the support of the British fleet, while Canada was doing nothing effective. Since there was urgency, Borden proposed that, pending the shaping of a permanent naval policy, Canada should provide three "Dreadnoughts" to be added to the British fleet. This caused a fierce party fight at Ottawa. Laurier stood out for a Canadian fleet. So bitter was the struggle that, for the first time in Canada, the closure was adopted to end debate, and in this way the measure was forced through the House of Commons in 1913. Then the Liberal majority in the Senate rejected it, and, with the greatest crisis which the world has ever known approaching swiftly, Canada did almost nothing for defence. By the next year, 1914, the world was in the throes of a great war, and the British Empire was fighting for its life.

However feeble had been Canada's course regarding naval policy, she did not hesitate when confronted by the realities of war. No one who lived through the momentous days of the summer of 1914 will ever forget their tension. Russia and France were already at war with Germany when, on August 4, Britain entered the conflict. There had been doubts whether the whole British Empire would be a unit in the face of real danger, but these were at once dispelled. Australia, Canada, and every other part of the Empire sprang to arms. The Canadian Minister of Militia was Sir Sam Hughes, who showed amazing, if not always wisely-directed, energy in the crisis. An army was quickly gathered at Valcartier, near Quebec, and, seven weeks after the outbreak of war, thirty-four thousand Canadian soldiers were on the ocean, speeding to the scene of war. They were only the first of very many thousands. Contingent followed contingent, and, during four long and

wearying years, Canada emptied her young manhood into Europe.

In the South African War the Canadians had fought creditably. It was, however, one thing to make war in the primitive conditions of South Africa, and quite another to confront on the battle-fields of Europe the disciplined soldiers of Germany, the greatest military power in the world. There was nervous anxiety in Canada. The strain was almost intolerable, but, in April, 1915, it had a tragic easement. Before Ypres, Canadian troops had been attacked by the Germans with the fumes of poisonous gas. Though by this barbarity many died in agony, the Canadian line held. Had it broken, it seems certain that nothing could have kept the Germans from reaching the Channel, and once there they could have made that highway of ships unsafe, and could even have thrown shells into English towns. After this incident Canada was not nervous as to whether her men could fight. They ranked, in truth, among the best troops in the fighting-line.

It seemed as if a war so intense must be short, but it lasted for more than four years. Almost from the first, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan stood together, and, in the end, the United States and China and a multitude of smaller powers joined them. Germany and Austria-Hungary secured only two new allies—Turkey and Bulgaria. The Germans still boast, with truth, that it took a whole world in arms to defeat them; but never before had a nation so equipped itself for war. Secretly it had secured powerful howitzers, which blew to fragments forts supposed to be impregnable. When the allies numbered their machine-guns by tens, Germany had hundreds; and these formidable weapons mowed down whole battalions. Before the war ended, Germany had a gun which threw shells into Paris from a distance of seventy miles—much more than the distance from Toronto to Niagara Falls as the crow flies. One of these shells fell upon a Paris church on Good Friday, 1918, and killed many of the congregation. In

the use of their formidable weapons the Germans showed no scruple. Since the aim of war, they said, was to break the will to resist of the enemy, it was right to inflict any suffering which would aid this purpose. When, at the beginning of the war, the more quickly to reach and crush France, the Germans invaded a neutral country, Belgium, they shot civilians, in order to terrorize the people into abject submission.

Never before had the world seen so many millions of men confront one another in war. To destroy and to kill was the aim of each side, for only so could resistance be broken. From Belgium to Switzerland, the north-eastern frontier of France became a long line of defence, manned by millions of men. Nearly two thousand years earlier, the Romans had built across the north of England a long wall guarded night and day against the savage invader; for a distance of more than three hundred miles France was now so patrolled; but instead of a high, dry wall, her line of defence was a ditch. Canadian troops, helping to defend France, stood in mud and slime behind earth embankments, watching, always watching, that the enemy should not break through. Facing them the German trenches stretched their long line and in places the two lines were fewer than fifty yards apart. To show a head above the embankment was to attract instantly deadly rifle-fire. From each line men watched for one another as the hunter watches for his game, and by this "sniping," as it was called, thousands of lives were lost. Hovering above the hostile lines, aeroplanes dropped deadly bombs. At times the airmen flew so low as to be able to use machine-guns against the soldiers with desolating effect. There were amazing battles in the air. Zeppelins, great air-ships, crossed the North Sea, dropped bombs on London, and caused dreadful loss of life. The British invented "tanks" —armoured vehicles like small moving forts, which could advance over trenches and rough fields. Before the war ended some small "whippet" tanks reached a speed of

thirty miles an hour and were deadly in attack. Poison gas, first used by the Germans, in the end caused them terrible losses. No means to destroy life was spared in the awful struggle.

3. THE LONG ROAD TO VICTORY

While the war raged over the whole world, it was on the struggle to crush France that the eyes of Canada chiefly centred. The ancient city of Ypres will always have a melancholy interest for Canada. It was before this place, at St. Julien and Langemarck, that, attacked by poison gas, the Canadians held the line in April, 1915, until relief came. Here, in 1916, they fought on almost the same ground at St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood, and other spots. Here, in 1917, they were again fighting, and in November of that year they were pushed forward in rain and mud against the Ridge of Passchendaele. For a mile, it was said, one could walk over the backs of horses and the heads of men, who in this attack had been drowned in liquid mud. But the Canadians took Passchendaele. Farther south they fought before the mining city of Lens, held by the Germans. In the end the British drove the Germans out, but only after the city had been completely destroyed. Farther south still the Canadians fought near Arras, to drive back the Germans from the dominating position of Vimy Ridge, and in April, 1917, in a great combined British movement, the Canadians were so fortunate as to carry the Ridge.

The British fleet drove German commerce from the seas and fought in 1916 the one great naval battle of Jutland. At the time it did not seem decisive, but never again did the German fleet put to sea. Impotent to meet in battle the gigantic naval forces of Britain, the Germans sought to destroy her by submarine warfare. They believed any methods justified which might bring victory, and so they sank without warning merchant-ships laden

with passengers. There was a cry of horror throughout the world when, in 1915, they sank the *Lusitania*, with more than a thousand people. One hundred of them were Americans, and the act caused angry protest in the United States. But the Germans paid little heed, and, in 1917, just when Russia collapsed, the United States entered the war, and with her vast resources hastened the end. The efforts of the British in the Moslem world read like a page of romance. They failed in 1915 to force the Dardanelles and secure Constantinople, but, in 1918, they took two other ancient and world-famed eastern capitals, Bagdad and Jerusalem.

Trench warfare ended when on March 21, 1918, the Germans attacked on a scale not known before. In an effort to take Amiens, they hurled forty divisions against fourteen British divisions. To take Amiens meant to control three lines of railway, to separate the British army on the north from the French army on the south, and to have a route open to the English Channel. The British line broke, with losses beyond anything known before in British annals. Later, the Germans broke the French line farther south, crossed the Marne, and seemed likely to take Paris itself. Those were dark days for the anxious, watching people of Canada. Even Passchendaele, won at so ghastly a cost, was retaken by the Germans. But they overreached themselves. They lacked the force to push their attack to final success. August 8, 1918, is, in some respects, the most memorable date in the war. On that day the Canadians played an important part in driving back the Germans before Amiens. An observer said that the Canadians cut through the German lines as if they had been dummy defences. Not only was Amiens saved; the Germans now realized that they had lost the war. The allied armies, united under the lead of Marshal Foch, advanced steadily, taking hundreds of thousands of prisoners. Early in September the Canadians took the Drocourt-Quéant Switch, and after that they were not in

front of but behind the chief German defence, the Hindenburg line. There was still hard and costly fighting. Sir Arthur W. Currie, the Commander of the Canadian Corps, spared his men; but, at vital points the Germans fought desperately to gain delay and to save themselves from utter rout. The battle fought in October before Cambrai was one of the most desperate in the whole war, and on October 9, the Canadians were the first to enter the ruined city. It was at Mons, in Belgium, that the British had met their first great reverse in the war, and, on November 11, the last day of the war, the Canadians entered Mons as did also a British troop of Lancers, which had been part of the army driven back in August, 1914. The cycle beginning there in defeat ended there in final and overwhelming victory.

To all future generations of British people the war will remain a sad but inspiring memory. Two hundred thousand wounded and sixty thousand dead were Canada's sacrifice, and these great numbers were only a part of the vast cost to the British Empire for its share in the victory. In 1919 peace was signed at Versailles—peace in which Germany admitted utter defeat and agreed to pay vast sums to repair the losses of the victors. The war left Canada no longer a colony but a British nation, which had fought side by side with the other nations within the British Commonwealth. As such a nation Canada signed the treaty of peace, exactly as Great Britain signed it. As such a nation, Canada, like Great Britain, became a member of the League of Nations, which aims so to unite the nations as to make recourse to war difficult. It is a far cry from this to the struggling colony on the St. Lawrence with its sixty thousand people who came under the British Crown in 1760.

Canada, like all the nations which shared in the labours of the war, had to carry a heavy burden of debt, a burden, however, much less heavy in proportion to her population than that of the United Kingdom. Chiefly

in consequence of the war, Canada owes some two hundred and fifty dollars for every man, woman, and child of her population, and her people had to learn by thrift and hard work to recover from their exhaustion. War can never be anything else than a curse, for it brings not only the tragedy and sorrow of death and disease but the ruin of property. Its one compensation is in the spirit of courage and sacrifice which it stimulates.

The war caused a deep cleavage in the Liberal party in Canada. Its leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, drew his chief support from the French in Quebec who, long separated from the land of their ancestors in Europe, were reluctant to see Canada drawn into a European war. As time passed, it seemed necessary to unite to carry on the war, and in 1917 Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, proposed a Union Government divided equally between the two parties. Laurier hesitated; his mind was wholly on the side of the allies against Germany; but he knew the difficulties which would come from his fellow countrymen in Quebec; and when he saw that a union government was linked with compulsory military service he drew back. While many in Quebec enlisted and showed the old military ardour of their race, there was, at the same time, wide-spread resentment at being forced by law to serve. The result was that, while the greater number of Liberals outside of Quebec supported the Union Cabinet, Laurier refused to join it. The division embittered his last two years until his death in 1919, a lonely man, with few followers in Parliament.

The framers of peace at Versailles in 1919 aimed to prevent future wars by creating a League of Nations. The war had shown that all nations are now so united by the ties of commerce and other interests that what affects one is likely to affect all. A dream of earlier ages had been to banish war by the methods of peace, and now in great offices at Geneva, in Switzerland, the officials of the League of Nations are working for this. The members are pledged

to bring causes of dispute before the League, and not to go to war until three months after a decision has been given on their claims. A Court of International Justice sits at the Hague in Holland ready to pronounce upon issues referred to it; and any nation going to war in violation of the conditions named by the League is to be subject to economic and even military pressure by the other members. At least once a year come together at Geneva to the League's Assembly as many as three representatives of each nation. There is a standing Council of the League, meeting whenever summoned, and on it sit, by right, the five great powers, Britain, France, Italy, Japan and Germany, and nine other members chosen by the lesser nations. At the present time (1929) Canada sits as one of these elected nine.

Already the League has done marked service in preventing war; and its work is only beginning. With the bitter memories of recent strife, the nations of Europe are suspicious of each other; as yet they have done little towards the reduction of armed forces which is one of the urgent aims of the League. Since neither the United States, nor Russia, nor some of the important nations of South America have joined the League, its range is not world-wide. Other agencies are, however, working also for peace. In 1928, the United States invited the nations to sign a Pact renouncing war as a means for effecting political aims, and this the great nations, including Russia, have accepted. Such agreements on paper have not yet been followed by what is the vital thing, to lessen the vast cost of armed forces; but it means something that the nations of the world are agreed in declaring their abhorrence of war. One great cause of war is the restlessness due to poverty among the workers, and at Geneva an International Labour Bureau is occupied in promoting peace by improving the conditions of labour throughout the world.

4. CHANGES IN CANADIAN LIFE

The most striking changes in our time are due to the increased rapidity of movement in both things and ideas. From the earliest time Canada had excellent transport by water; the St. Lawrence stretched to the Great Lakes and from the Great Lakes it was easy to reach streams flowing into the Mississippi, and so to the Gulf of Mexico. La Salle made this great trip by canoe. Others have gone by canoe from the waters of Lake Superior to the distant prairie country and to Hudson Bay, on the one hand, and also down the St. Lawrence past Quebec to Labrador. The sailing boat was to be seen on the Great Lakes nearly a hundred years before the fall of French power. By land movement was more difficult. Not until a hundred years after the death of Champlain was there a road from Quebec to Montreal, and not until the year 1817 was there one for travel from Montreal to Toronto. Hard as it was for boats to pass the rapids on the St. Lawrence River, this was an easier route than that by land.

When the steamship appeared, it quickened travel by water and soon after this the steam railway quickened it by land. As early as 1809, before the coming war with the United States, a steam vessel plied between Montreal and Quebec; and it was a ship, built in Canada and manned by Canadians, the *Royal William*, which, in 1833, was the first to cross the Atlantic under steam alone. She made a record in other ways; she was the first British seagoing steamer to arrive at a port in the United States, and the first vessel under steam to fire a shot in action. One of the shareholders in the *Royal William* was Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, founder of the line which went first from Halifax to England. In time ships of steel replaced those of wood; and to-day, both on her inland waters and on the oceans, Canada has a vast fleet. Canadian Pacific Steamships are known in almost every port in the world. The sea is indeed the home of many people in Canada, for she

and Newfoundland together have the greatest fisheries in the world. Few realize that the hunting of the whale and the seal are still important in Canada. The fur-trade is of enormous value, and the Hudson's Bay Company, founded two and a half centuries ago to carry it on, remains one of the greatest trading bodies in the world.

When the Dominion of Canada came into being in 1867 the steamship and the railway were changing transport and commerce. It is the railway which makes possible the movement of crops from vast inland regions; the steamships carry these products to markets overseas; and this has led to the settlement of hundreds of thousands of people in the interior of Canada. To this work done by steam is now added that done by electric power. One of its astounding uses is in the automobile, where the gas is exploded by the electric spark. The automobile has changed greatly the outlook on life of millions of people. With it they may travel readily to remote places, see other types of social life, and, however remote their homes, come quickly into touch with populous centres. Rapid travel by automobile has made good roads necessary and fine highways now exist or are being built at heavy cost.

A more rapid means of movement, linked with electricity, is the wonderful invention of the aeroplane. We know the part it played in the great war; and now, in time of peace, it is so rapid a means of transport as to cross the Atlantic in about a day and a half and is proving of value in covering Canada's vast distances. Passengers travel by air; letters are sent by air; the forests are watched from the air to prevent fires; maps are made from surveys by air; and distress in remote parts is relieved quickly by means of the aeroplane. It is destined to play an ever greater part in Canadian life.

It is a truly wonderful feat that the water of the Falls of Niagara should be made to light the streets and houses and move the street cars in a great city like Toronto. Electric light and power are now to be found in remote

villages. Sometimes a farmer cooks his food, cuts his firewood, and milks his cows by electric power; even by providing a copy of sunlight to his poultry he makes his hens more productive.

In circulating ideas, too, movement has become rapid; and in this the post office has played a great part. Prior to the federation of Canada in 1867, the post office had been carried on, first by Great Britain and then by each of the different colonies. It was handed over to the new federal government and then, with rapid transport by steamship and railway, it was easy for people living far distant from each other to keep in constant touch. At the present time it is not even necessary in many rural districts for the farmer to go to the post-office for his letters. The mail is delivered at his door and he may receive before noon the morning's paper, published perhaps at a distance of two hundred miles. The telegraph made instant intercourse possible. When the telephone was invented and placed in hundreds of thousands of houses, intimate relations could be carried on with other households. At last has come the radio with the message cast into the air, so that it is possible for Canadians living on the borders of the Arctic Ocean to receive constant information as to what is happening in the outer remote world.

This movement has greatly affected trade. It has tended to build up populous centres from which goods can be quickly sent, and has led also to the creation of large business houses at such centres. At the present day the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a capital of $700,000,000, is an example of organization on a vast scale, and other business has copied it. In the cities great departmental stores have appeared, dealing in every kind of commodity and distributing these to far distant points by post and by express, both served by the railway. It is a striking feature of development in Canada that many small towns have not increased in size, and some have declined. This is due to the ease with which the larger centres can be

reached. In 1867 the country store was a centre in each community for gossip by the men of the neighbourhood, on religion, on politics and on other interests, but now it is less important, since the farmer can so easily go by motor to the larger town. Next to the country store, perhaps the blacksmith shop, where horses were shod, was a feature of rural life, but now it is more rarely seen, owing to the use of the motor. A third feature of the earlier village, the tavern, has also tended to disappear. During the last twenty years, every province in Canada has placed severe restrictions upon the liquor traffic, ranging from complete prohibition to strict control by the government; and in no province is now to be found the former bar-room, stocked with beer and whiskey, to which so many resorted, as they still resort to the public-house in England.

In 1867 the riches of Canada lay almost wholly in agriculture. It is still the most important industry but it now employs rather less than half of the population. Another product of growth on the land, the forest, has created a great lumber industry and also an enormous one for the manufacture of paper; many newspapers in the United States depend for this on Canadian forests; and the Canadian industry employs a large population. In parts of Canada, especially on the northern shores of Lake Erie, tobacco of such good quality is grown that it is now in demand in both England and the United States. In the Niagara district the grape is creating a great fruit and wine industry and the export of Canadian apples is growing in importance.

Our age is an age of machinery. While the farmer of sixty years ago had little more than a plough and harrow, and cut his grain with a scythe, invention now gives many complex implements, including even an engine-drawn tractor, cutting perhaps a dozen furrows at a time. A reaping machine can now thresh the grain as it is cut. A machine, the separator, now takes the cream from the milk and saves much hard labour. There is a multitude

of other inventions, with one result, that fewer workers are required on the farm. In the older provinces of Canada the population of rural districts has tended to decline, but it is some compensation that, by the use of machinery, production has, at the same time, greatly increased.

Perhaps the most striking change in Canada is the increase of mining. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the mines are producing a great variety of wealth, little known or even suspected in 1867. The proximity of coal and iron has made Nova Scotia a chief centre of the steel industry. Sydney in Cape Breton, not long ago a quiet town, has become an industrial centre with varied elements in its population. When, soon after 1900, rich deposits of gold were found in the Yukon district near the Arctic circle, a mad rush followed, with harrowing scenes of failure, but also with the reaping of great fortunes. Gold in British Columbia had led earlier to similar scenes; and now Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec are all digging for gold. Some mines are now worked at a distance of more than half a mile below the surface of the earth. Such is the success that Canada now ranks only next to South Africa and the United States in producing gold. Canada has almost a monopoly of the useful metal, nickel, and this and also copper have become the sources of astounding wealth. While Ontario and Quebec have no coal, the far east and far west of Canada have abundant supplies.

Canada is now much more than a producer of raw materials. The making of machinery needed on the farm, and the highly complex manufacture of motor cars, have helped to create great industries. These have been among the chief causes of the enormous growth of the cities. In the year 1867 Montreal had about one hundred thousand people and Toronto about sixty thousand; while to-day each of them has a population likely soon to reach a million, and some small towns and frontier settlements of sixty years ago have become important cities. In both

natural products and manufactures Canada has built up a great foreign trade which now ranks fifth in volume among the nations of the world; she is the largest purchaser from the United States and absorbs one-fifth of the foreign commerce of that country; she ranks fourth—perhaps, if statistics are corrected, even third—in all the world in the production of wheat.

Low wages inevitably tend to hold back a society, but now wages have so advanced that people of fifty years ago would be staggered by present standards. The increase is more than that in the cost of the bare necessaries of life. Girls working in factories appear in the streets well dressed, in gratifying contrast with what is to be seen in some factory districts in England. Better wages mean usually better food and better housing; and with this better health. A striking change of the present day is in the dress of women; no longer do they wear dragging skirts or clumsy headgear. Their clothing is light, their movements are free, and this has tended to make a healthy body. Education in health has helped such changes; many schools are under medical inspection, and young Canada has many means for increasing the physical energy which already marks her people.

Modern change has stimulated education. One of the means of education is the newspaper; and from every important centre the daily newspaper goes into the humblest houses. Some small towns now have a daily paper and, however trivial may be the contents, the community at least knows what is going on in its midst. Whether for good or for evil, the day has passed when the farmer had for reading only a few well-thumbed books, the Bible, some volumes of history, perhaps Shakespeare and other poets; for now the newspaper is apt to occupy much of his spare time. This brings loss as well as gain, since there is not the old study of good books. The wider extension of schools furnishes some corrective; and now in every province of Canada there are colleges for higher education.

Though the fishing and hunting of earlier times, and the pursuit of salmon and trout and of wild animals, such as the deer, the caribou and the moose, still furnish sport to many, amusements have greatly changed since the federation of Canada. In earlier times cricket was to be seen in even the smaller villages, while now it is hardly found except at the larger centres. The charm of summer life at the sea-coast and on lakes and rivers now attracts almost every family which has the means for such a change. Tennis and golf, little known fifty years ago, are now the engrossing pursuit of many, while a game, formerly popular, lacrosse, has almost disappeared. Even in villages, the population may now be constantly amused, and perhaps instructed, by the wonderful invention of the moving picture. The gramophone brings music within the reach of the humblest; and through the radio the remote farmer may listen by his own fireside to concerts and public speeches at distant points. Machinery has made furniture cheap for the comfort of the house. Fifty years ago, few but the large towns had hospitals; now they are found in small towns, and are even at scattered centres still in rough pioneer conditions. In England, for some time, medical service has been supplied at the public cost and pensions have been provided for the old. While in this respect Canada lags behind England, pensions for old age have had a beginning, and care for the weak and helpless occupies a great place in public thought.

There are now (in 1929) three people in Canada to one sixty years ago. At that time women had no right to vote, while to-day they are in this respect the equals of men; and interest in politics has thus been greatly increased. The old British tradition of two parties, one in and the other out of power, though still strong, has tended to break down; and impatient reformers sometimes form groups outside of the older parties. The Labour movement is not as highly organized or as widely extended in Canada as in England, and is still weak in voting power, but it is

alert to watch conditions affecting the workers. All this indicates active thought and interest in politics, but has not tended to simplify them. Canada is a hard country to govern, for its vast extent makes difficult unity of thought on national questions. No one daily newspaper can circulate freely beyond limits which it can reach on the day of publication; and each region so reached is apt to fix attention on its own problems, to the neglect of wider ones.

Two chief influences change the political life of a nation. One comes from a sudden crisis such as war, which turns energies from the daily routine of quiet lives to meet a startling danger. The other influence is due to natural growth. While backward nations seem to remain unchanged for centuries, incessant change is the rule for others. We used to speak of "the changeless East"; but we may do so no longer: Japan, isolated for centuries, is now one of the nations changing most rapidly; China has thrown off her ancient monarchy and become a restless republic; India is fermenting with a new spirit.

The Great War brought political changes to Canada. Her young men had fought on the battlefields of Europe and they returned with a broader outlook and a new pride in their country. Her statesmen had shared in the making of peace on equal terms with those of the great nations. The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, had given wise counsel in world affairs and when, owing to the strain on his health, he retired in 1920, Canada had become a nation, treating with other nations in her own right. It was inevitable that such events should affect the whole fabric of the British Empire. It became, in the words of King George V, "a Commonwealth of Nations," and the Imperial Conference in 1926 defined the relations of the self-governing states of the British Empire as "equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common

allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

There was no mere luck or accident in this change; it was the outcome of a slow growth brought to its fruit by the sudden climax of war. Canada was to be as free as Great Britain in ruling herself. The Governor-General in Canada was no longer an agent of another Government but the King's representative, with powers like those of the King in the United Kingdom. Britain sent to Canada a commissioner to deal with the relations of the two governments as Canada had long done by an agent in London. Canada soon sent ministers to the United States, to France and to Japan to watch there her own interests. Much remains to be done to make real the position outlined in 1926. Britain still defends the whole Empire, including Canada, and in this work Canada has still to learn to take her fair share. The seed is, however, planted, and in time it will bear its full fruit.

READ A STORY

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by T. G. Marquis, and *Canadians in Action*, by T. G. Roberts, both Ryerson Readers, are interesting.

†*The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.* By O. D. Skelton. Chronicles of Canada.

A People's Best. By O. J. Stevenson. Musson, Toronto. A gallery of Canadian artists, writers and musicians.

Builders of the Canadian Commonwealth. By George H. Locke. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Orations by Canadian leaders from Papineau to the present.

Canadian Cities of Romance. By Katherine Hale. McClelland, Toronto. Short sketches of fourteen cities of the Dominion.

The Laurentians: The Hills of the Habitant. By T. M. Longstreth. Century, New York. A vivid account of the habitant and his native hills.

An Outline of Canadian Literature. By Lorne Pierce. Ryerson Press, Toronto. A record of Canadian writers, both English and French, from the earliest times to the present.

† Books of value to the teacher as source material.

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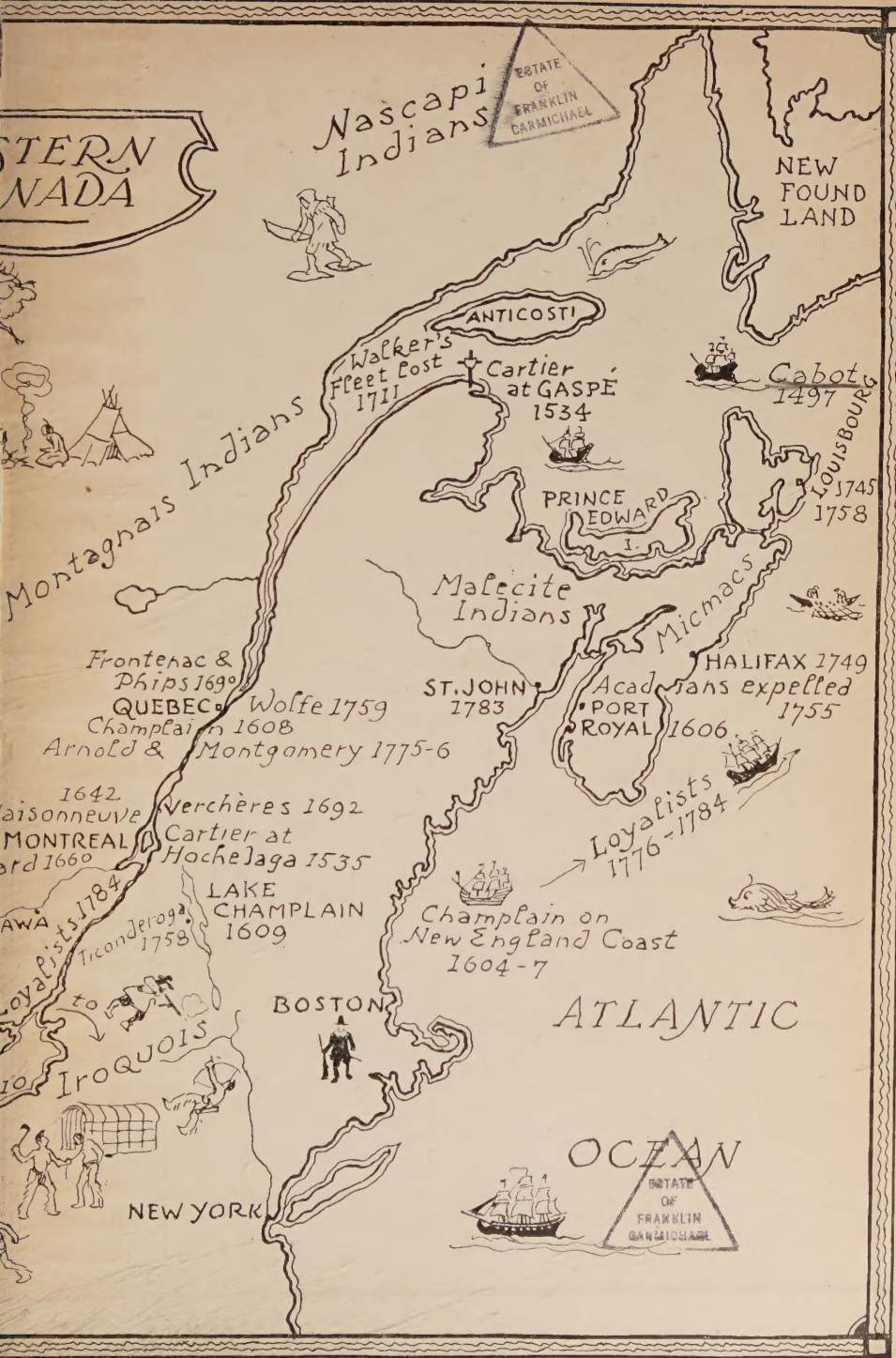
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Walker's Fleet lost 1711
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QUEBEC
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